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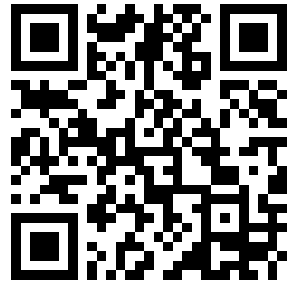

# ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE

## VOL. XXVIII. 1910

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# St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER

FOR

# THE "OLD AND BOLD."

*"Quo fata*

*Vocant."*

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## VOL. XXVIII.

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 325.]** **Monday, 31st January, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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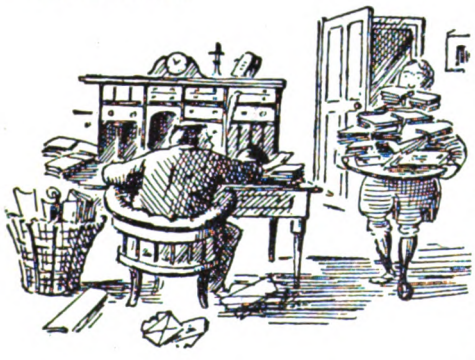
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*

*31st January, 1910.*



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We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

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"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
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## BIRTHS.

DURHAM.—On the 7th inst., at South Front Married Quarters, Dover, the wife of Colour-Sergeant P. Durham, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

MAYNARD.—On the 1st ult., at South Front Married Quarters, Dover, the wife of Sergeant J. H. Maynard, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

WILKINSON.—On the 3rd November, 1909, at Rawal Pindi, Punjab India, the wife of No. 4170 Sergeant C. Wilkinson, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

CONDON—SMITH.—On the 5th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Rawal Pindi, Punjab, India, by the Rev. W. O'Connor, Colour-Sergeant David Condon, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, to Mrs. Alice Florence Smith, Army Schoolmistress, Northumberland Fusiliers.

NICHOLLS—SCHUYLER.—On the 19th inst., at Marylebone Parish Church, London, W., by the Rev. Canon Cole, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Morrison, Vicar of the Parish, and the Rev. C. T. Wickham, Henry Lewin Faulconer Nicholls, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Colonel Millett Nicholls, of Culverlands, Shedfield, Hants, to Edith Violet, daughter of Captain Edward Schuyler, late Prince of Wales' Own West Yorkshire Regiment, Governor of H.M. Prison, Brixton.

## DEATHS.

ANDERSON.—On the 3rd inst., at Kensington Gore, Philip, only surviving son of C. A. Anderson, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 14 years.

HILL.—On the 28th ult., at Oakfield Road, Strood Green, Emma, wife of Charles Hill, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers and 1st Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.

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EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette* :—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The promotion of Second-Lieutenant F. E. Watkin is antedated to 4th September, 1909, *vice* W. G. M. Sarel, retired. Second-Lieutenant T. E. Gunner to be Lieutenant, *vice* B. Cruddas, promoted, dated 12th September, 1909. Supernumerary-Lieutenant C. G. Leslie is restored to the establishment, *vice* I. M. Bonham-Carter, appointed Adjutant, dated 1st December, 1909, instead of as notified in the *Gazette* of 3rd December, 1909 (dated 11th January, 1910). Supernumerary-Captain C. M. Wood is restored to the establishment, *vice* E. M. Moulton-Barrett promoted (dated 22nd December, 1909).

5TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—A. Irwing, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 16th December, 1909).

6TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain (Honorary-Captain in the Army) G. R. B. Spain to be Major (dated 22nd August, 1909).

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## A RETROSPECT OF 1909.

I HAVE again been honoured by the Editor with a request to write a Retrospect for 1909, but I find myself in difficulties this time, for this reason, that compared with the year 1908, 1909 has been for the FIFTH on the whole a year singularly lacking in interest. We have fought through no great war, we have won no great achievement at arms, we have attained no great distinction in sport, we record no great change in our constitution as a Regiment, or much in the way of minor changes in our dress, establishment, or methods of living. We have marched through 1909 in an average way, because the pace has been the average quick march.

Of course the year closes with the absence of familiar faces, to which it is sad to have to make reference—what year does not? Some, alas, have left us for all time, and others have ceased to take an active part in the life of the 5th Fusiliers. Perhaps this year has taken a heavier toll than usual in those that will not return, Colonels Hackett, Thistlethwayte and Williamson, Major Ormond, Lieutenant Thurlow, and only recently Major-General Henry; and of those who have severed their connection with the Regiment, there are Brigadier-General Wilkinson, Colonel James, "Sunny" Rickman and Sarel. These are great losses, as not only were they good soldiers, but all sportsmen far above the average—fellows we miss every day, and all we have left is the unhappy sensation that their places are not filled, and never can be quite. Why are not "Wilx" and Sarel here at the critical moment, when the result of the cricket is hanging in the balance? Where is "Sunny" on his good horse to show 'em the way in the Point-to-Point? We must rest assured that other cricketers and horsemen will fill their places, and when their time comes to leave, maybe another writer will be slinging the same complaints as I.

Other faces we miss are those of Colour-Sergeants Simpson, Arnold and Fewster, Sergeants Watson, Cowley, J. G. Hamilton and Ridley—though not for all time, we shall meet annually or biennially perhaps on 23rd April.

In writing a retrospect one is supposed to give prominence to the most important events of the past year. It's rather hard when no one event seems to stand out much beyond its fellows, but if I were asked to mention those that come most vividly before my own optic, I should say The New Musketry Course, The Manœuvres, and The Dreadful Epidemic of Matrimony. The latter in itself is good no doubt, but from a selfish point of view, I can but draw the picture of the Orderly Officer dining alone in solemn state during the leave season, and this at times is no exaggeration.

Regarding musketry, an uphill task has left us with good results as a regiment, and at manœuvres never have we known our men do better under adverse circumstances. I have no doubt they have not forgotten the "dinners" at 4 a.m., which they had to carry "*à l'estomac*" to save the cost of transport, or even the *debris* of half-cooked food, and untouched sacks of potatoes which told their own tale on the bare bivouack, or the blanketless, tentless nights, the continual rain, followed by wonderful marching, and cheerful countenances we hardly expected to see under the circumstances. They certainly preserved the "*æqua mens*" under difficulties to a most remarkable degree. The writer at home is naturally not so much in touch with the doings of the 1st Battalion in India, but we understand their hardships in the "Kitchener Test" were not less than ours, and their performances just as good, and quite up to "FIFTH" traditions.

In games and sports we have done well, and though always losing good cricketers someone else seems to roll up to make a bit of the backbone. Bayonet fighting has come much to the fore in the 2nd Battalion; having beaten three regiments in the South-Eastern District, they again qualified for Olympia, and were only put out by five to four after a tie with the Seaforth Highlanders. Boxing, too, has been taken up much more keenly than it used to be, and the stationing of the Fleet at Dover has led to much emulation with the Royal Navy in that line, and we have one really fine fighter in Private Middleton, who ought to do better still.

A Marathon Race from Deal to Dover was run this year and resulted in a fine win for Drummer Knox, and what with regimental runs, football, and the gradients of the Dover hills, the Battalion is as fit as paint.

At football somehow we are always unlucky. We at Dover had a good team last year and have another this. They survived two Rounds of the Army Cup, and then of course on a foul day, in many senses of the word, they ran up against the holders of the Cup and retired to the tune of 2—love. However, they won the Dover Charity Cup.

To turn to musketry, we still have some men who can shoot. Sergeant Gillborn, 1st Battalion, won the Silver Jewel of the All India Rifle Association, and at the South-Eastern Rifle Meeting at home we won many prizes,

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the best of which perhaps was D Company winning the General's Challenge Shield.

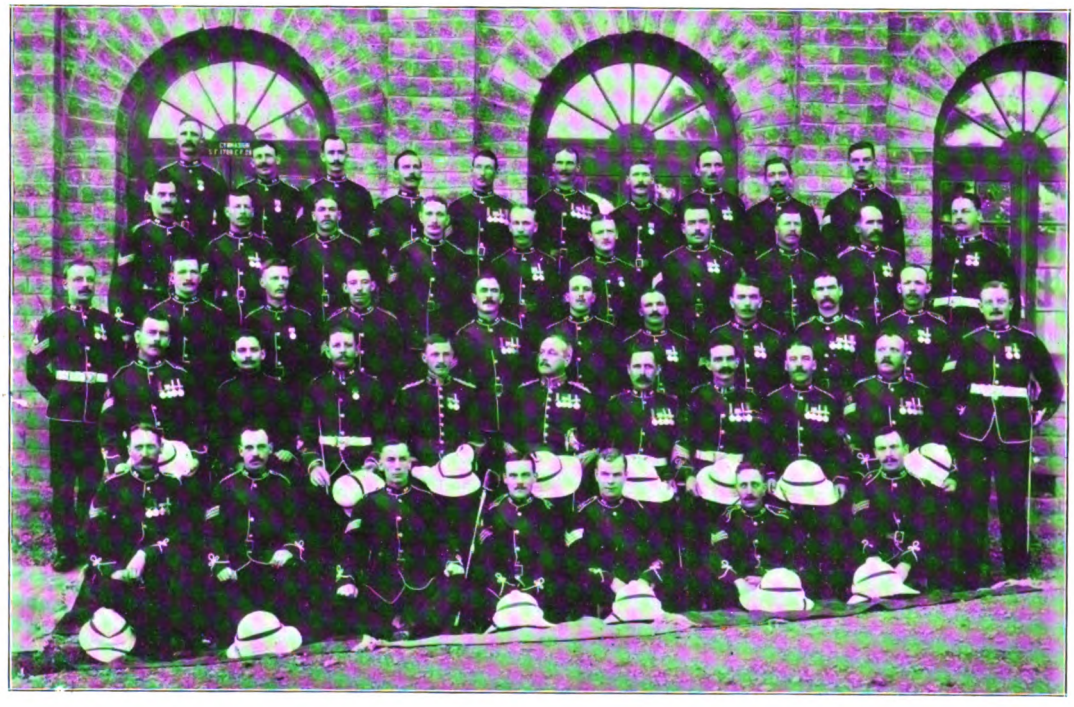
At home we had a Point-to-Point again this year, won by Colonel Wilkinson's "Sapper," ridden by Bobby Auld. We hope this will become an annual event. There were eight entries, and whilst on this subject I may say that Brigadier-General Wilkinson is presenting the Battalion with a very fine trophy to be competed for as a Point-to-Point Challenge Cup.

St. George's Day was kept in the usual way at home, except that very few old officers put in an appearance. I don't know whether they funked the South-Eastern Railway or the Dover Hill, but the fact remains Dover does not attract many old officers. Unfortunately the 2nd Battalion were unable to Troop the Colour, owing to weather, but they observed the day in other ways, and for them the past year seems remarkable for the number of moves they have had, in fact they have been on the "*Quo fata*" a good deal lately.

Of honours we can record as the first that we are now permitted to carry "St. Lucia" on the Colours; and of others, Lieutenant Platt received a D.S.O. and Privates Baines and Carruthers medals for Distinguished Conduct in the Field, and Private Stephenson the medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

We now enter on another decade of our life. Volume XXVII. has come to an end. We still owe and pay in words our debt of gratitude to the Editor, who has carried the *Gazette* through another year. What 1910 will bring us Heaven only knows! January will be an anxious month for the Army and the Sister Service. We trust nothing will arise to dim or quench the light of the "Fifth Fusiliers," and that, putting aside self and party, we may be enabled to do our duty to the King and Country as we have hitherto done.

"TICKLETOBY."



THE SERGEANTS, 1ST BATTALION.
(*From a local photograph*).

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

RAWAL PINDI, PUNJAB,
5th January, 1910.

ON the 3rd December the Regiment marched out in company with the West Yorkshire, the Royal Sussex Regiments, and the Black Watch, forming the 4th Infantry Brigade, to take part in Brigade training and Divisional manœuvres. The first march was a portion of the Kitchener Test and was rounded off with an Outpost scheme, also part of the Test, camp being pitched for the night at Jani-Ka-Sang (also known as Johnny-can-sing), the native way of pronouncing John Nicholson. From Jani-Ka-Sang we proceeded by two marches to Burhan, where we halted for six days' Brigade Training, and then proceeded on Divisional manœuvres. The latter started with a sanguinary battle against the Jhelum and Gurkha brigades, whose intrepidity called forth the admiration of some and the wrath of others, whose most rapid and concentrated fire was manfully disregarded. The battle was to have continued on the next day, but before a definite issue could be reached the rain came and brought about the declaration of peace. The return march to Hasan Abdal and the night spent round big fires with drenching rain from overhead and a muddy swamp under foot, without tents, will not be readily forgotten by anyone who *enjoyed* the experience. Considering the extreme discomfort, the Battalion is to be congratulated on the cheerful spirits and fitness of all ranks and the very small tale of casualties.

Captain Festing rejoined the Battalion from Hythe early in the month and took over command of A Company.

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We hear that the new Musketry Regulations include instruction in the use of the hand grenade and we expect that this year's Kitchener Test will see a grenadier company armed with these missiles.

The Polo team entered for an American Tournament during the month but were unable to finish owing to the manœuvres. The only goals scored against them up to that time were scored by the 10th Hussars.

Christmas week was spent by some officers at Lahore, some at Peshawar and others in the Salt Ranges. Those who went to Lahore met General Pilcher and Colonel Sitwell, the former of whom won two races.

Rugby football has claimed the attention of most Companies owing to the near approach of the Inter-Company Cup. A Regimental match against the 14th Regiment resulted in a win by the FIFTH after an excellent game by 1 point.

C Company won the Paget's Horse Cup, playing a close and well contested match with H Company, and gaining the victory by 1 goal.

A card was received from Sir James Willcocks wishing all, from Commanding Officer to Drummer Boys, of the Old and Bold the best of luck, and a telegram from General Anderson to Colonel Sapte wishing a "Happy Christmas to you and all my other friends of all ranks of the 5th Fusiliers." Telegrams were also received from Captain Montagu, Mr. Whytehead, 6th Gurkhas (formerly 5th Fusiliers), the 2nd Battalion, the Depôt, the 2nd Battalion 14th Regiment, and the 47th Regiment, and cards from Major and Mrs. Thomson, Mr. Macartney, 53rd Sikhs, Mr. Forsyth, 72nd Highlanders, Colonel and Mrs. Ray, Mr. Salier, the Editor, *St. George's Gazette*, Colonel Mahomed Aslam Khan, Major and Mrs. Bett, the 2nd Battalion 14th Regiment, the 1st Battalion the Highland Light Infantry, the Royal Army Medical Corps, Peshawar, 37th Lancers, 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs, the 53rd Sikhs (F.F.), the 59th Scinde Rifles and the 5th Gurkhas. We thank all these for their messages and wish them all the best of luck in return.

We have to congratulate Major Fishbourne on the arrival of a son and heir, and Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster Landen on that of a daughter.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated 28th September, 1909 :—

*1st Class* :—

No. 4607 Colour-Sergt. W. Cobban
No. 5367 Lce.-Sgt. T. R. Thompson

*1st Class (passed in Group I.)* :—

No. 5375 Sergeant W. Myers
No. 188 Corporal E. McPoland
" 7858 " G. Hills
" 1142 Private F. H. Jones
No. 862 Private F. Burt

*1st Class (passed in Group II.)* :—

No. 9721 Sergeant A. B. Miller

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1941 | Private | S. Cooper | 1 from | 15/ 7/09 |
| " | 812 | " | A. J. Plane | 1 " | 29/ 8/09 |
| " | 657 | " | W. Steel | 2 " | 6/ 9/09 |
| " | 9622 | " | J. Bryant | 1 " | 29/ 9/09 |
| " | 2157 | " | J. Bradley | 2 " | 6/10/09 |
| " | 1764 | " | M. Doyle | 1 " | 12/10/09 |
| " | 9647 | " | C. Ingram | 1 " | 14/10/09 |
| " | 8339 | " | T. Jennings | 2 " | 15/10/09 |
| " | 8457 | " | T. Smith | 1 " | 16/10/09 |
| " | 488 | " | B. M. Finnett | 1 " | 17/10/09 |
| No. | 9728 | Private | A. Bird | 1 from | 19/10/09 |
| " | 9950 | " | H. Milway | 1 " | 23/10/09 |
| " | 1503 | " | S. Robson | 1 " | 24/10/09 |
| " | 2120 | " | G. N. Render | 1 " | 26/10/09 |
| " | 1045 | " | J. Boughton | 1 " | 27/10/09 |
| " | 2128 | " | W. Starling | 1 " | 29/10/09 |
| " | 1862 | " | T. Jackson | 1 " | 30/10/09 |
| " | 2140 | Boy | W. P. Carlin | 1 " | 31/10/09 |
| " | 2132 | Private | J. McCann | 1 " | 1/11/09 |
| " | 1120 | " | W. Baker | 1 " | 4/11/09 |
| " | 1040 | " | P. Cole | 1 " | 5/11/09 |
| " | 726 | " | J. Galbraith | 2 " | 10/11/09 |
| " | 1706 | " | J. Fawkes | 1 " | 12/11/09 |
| " | 780 | " | C. M. Robinson | 1 " | 13/11/09 |
| " | 730 | " | J. E. Rose | 2 " | 15/11/09 |
| " | 9532 | " | F. Skeys | 2 " | 18/11/09 |
| " | 2152 | " | P. Clarke | 1 " | 20/11/09 |
| " | 8436 | " | J. Scullion | 1 " | 20/11/09 |
| " | 8386 | " | J. S. Cameron | 1 " | 25/11/09 |
| " | 2155 | " | J. Ogilvie | 1 " | 26/11/09 |
| " | 573 | " | B. Johnson | 1 " | 27/11/09 |
| " | 2157 | " | J. King | 1 " | 28/11/09 |
| " | 9734 | " | W. Forebanks | 2 " | 5/12/09 |
| " | 758 | " | R. Baxter | 2 " | 5/12/09 |
| " | 9663 | " | P. Divine | 2 " | 6/12/09 |
| " | 9162 | " | R. Gladwin | 2 " | 9/12/09 |
| " | 634 | " | D. A. Jenkins | 2 " | 12/12/09 |

## FOOTBALL (ASSOCIATION).

The Regimental Team has been entered for the Punjab Cup and the 10th (Prince of Wales' Own) Hussars' Tournament. In the latter we have drawn a bye in the 1st Round, our opponents in the 2nd Round being the 1st King's Dragoon Guards from Umballa. Choice of grounds remaining with us. On the 19th we played the Artillery Brigade and won by two goals to love, which in no way represents the marked superiority of our team. On the 22nd we again faced the 14th (Prince of Wales' Own) West Yorkshire Regiment, on their ground and as this is the team that put us out of the Murree Tournament, a better game was anticipated. Play was fairly even throughout and resulted in a win for the 5th Fusiliers by two goals to *nil*.

The following matches have also been played :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A Company 5th Fusiliers | 2 v. A Company 14th P.W.O. | | 1 |
| H " " | 2 v. H " " | | 0 |
| Band 5th Fusiliers " | 7 v. Band 14th P.W.O. | " | 3 |

## HOCKEY.

The Regimental Team played the Royal Sussex Regiment on the 27th and won by 8 goals to 5, and on the 28th were beaten by the 25th Punjabis by 6 goals to 4. The Company Tournament for the "Walter Locke Shield" starts shortly. It will be conducted on the knock-out system. On recent form H Company should prove easy winners.

## RUGBY.

The Regimental Team played the 14th Regiment on the 19th. Private Lewis scored with a drop kick and Corporal Wadsworth got over the line for us after a brilliant win, Sergeant Longden just failing to convert. Pussley was sound at back, while Wadsworth was the pick of the threequarters. Corporal Fallon did some useful work at half and the front line worked much better than usual, Mr. Milne-Home and Mr. Garnier being especially noticeable. The two tries that the Yorks got were both the result of their superior packing. The points being obtained by Mr. Proudfoot and Private Heath. The final score stood 5th Fusiliers, one try, 7 points; 14th Prince of Wales' Own, 6 points.

The following matches have been played during the month :—

| | | Pts. | | | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E Company 5th Fusiliers | 4 v. F Company 14th P.W.O. | | | | 0 |
| B " " " | 3 v. B " " " | | | | 0 |

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## PAGET'S HORSE CUP, 1909.

(INTER-COMPANY LEAGUE.)

In the finals of the above, C and H Companies met on the 4th inst. Before the match C Company were top with 23 points for 13 games, with 39 goals for and 10 against, while H had 21 points for the same number of games with 35 goals for and 7 against.

C Company won the toss and set their opponents to face the sun and a slight breeze. The game commenced at a quick pace, each end being visited in turn with play slightly in favour of H Company. After a spell of mid-field play, C Company wore down the defence of H Company, and Nicholson scored from a clever centre by Denton. H Company now set up a resolute attack, four corners in succession being conceded by C Company, without result. H Company were still pressing when the whistle sounded for the interval. On resuming the breeze had stiffened and with this assistance H Company continued the pressure, but failed to score, thus C Company win the Paget's Horse Cup for the second year in succession, topping the League with a score of 25 points out of 28. At the conclusion of the game Colonel Sapte presented the Cup to the winners.

The following table shews the final result of the Paget's Horse Cup, 1909:—

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Goals For | Goals Against | Points |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Company | 14 | 11 | 0 | 3 | 39 | 10 | 25 |
| H ,, | 14 | 10 | 3 | 1 | 35 | 8 | 21 |
| D ,, | 13 | 6 | 2 | 5 | 29 | 19 | 17 |
| B ,, | 13 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 26 | 20 | 17 |
| A ,, | 14 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 19 | 25 | 13 |
| G ,, | 13 | 4 | 9 | 0 | 14 | 35 | 8 |
| E ,, | 14 | 3 | 10 | 1 | 19 | 37 | 7 |
| F ,, | 13 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 6 | 35 | 0 |

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

With the exception of the manœuvres very little has occurred to disturb the even tenor of our way since our last notes were sent home. Our Mess room is beginning to look very comfortable now, and after our experiences at Hasan Abdal, Burhan, and other places we are in a position to fully enjoy its comforts.

The Competition amongst the members of the Mess to win the "3rd Battalion Shooting Cup" this year has been very interesting. The conditions were new to most of us. The competitors, with two exceptions, had not previously tried their luck at "Grouping," and our first experience in this kind of shooting was not too encouraging. The 15-round a minute practice at 300 yards was also a proof of the necessity for practice at "Rapid." The final stage of the competition was "Slow," lying behind cover at 500 yards.

Leaving 200 yards, Sergeant-Major Wooll, Colour-Sergeant Lewis, Sergeants Cossey, Gillborn (the winner last year), Harris, Pullan and Fenemore led with 20 points each. The best score at 300 yards was 41, made by Sergeant Hill, Colour-Sergeant Lewis and Sergeant Pullen following with 39 points each. On leaving 300 yards, the last mentioned N.C.O.'s led with a total of 59. Sergeant Harris looked a dangerous rival with 58 points to his credit, and fully maintained his reputation by winning the competition with a margin of two points to spare. A keen interest has always been taken by this non-commissioned officer in all shooting competitions, and his win was justifiably popular. Full scores are given below:—

| Name | Grouping at 200yds. | Rapid 15rds. a minute at 300yds. | Slow 500yds. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sergeant Harris | 20 | 38 | 17 | 75 |
| ,, Pullan | 20 | 39 | 16 | 75 |
| Colour-Sergt. Lewis | 20 | 39 | 14 | 73 |
| Sergeant Hill | 15 | 41 | 14 | 70 |
| ,, Cossey | 20 | 26 | 18 | 64 |
| Colour-Sergt. Price | 15 | 33 | 16 | 64 |
| Sergeant Gillborn | 20 | 29 | 14 | 63 |
| ,, Luke | 15 | 29 | 16 | 60 |
| Colour-Sergt. Smith | 15 | 30 | 16 | 61 |
| Sergeant-Major Wooll | 20 | 27 | 13 | 60 |
| Sergeant Walton | 15 | 27 | 17 | 59 |
| ,, Hills | 15 | 29 | 15 | 59 |
| ,, Bolton | 15 | 30 | 12 | 57 |
| ,, Laws | 15 | 26 | 13 | 54 |
| ,, Vines | 15 | 22 | 14 | 51 |
| ,, Rood | 15 | 19 | 13 | 47 |
| ,, Fenemore | 20 | 14 | 9 | 43 |
| ,, Welsh | 10 | 11 | 16 | 37 |
| ,, Crabtree | 0 | 14 | 15 | 29 |
| Lce.-Sergeant Sistern | 0 | 19 | 7 | 26 |

The usual Christmas Eve Dance was held and was quite a success.

During the month the wedding of Colour-Sergeant D. Condon and Mrs. Smith, Army Schoolmistress, took place at St. Mary's Church, Rawal Pindi. The guests who were present at the ceremony included Major Fishbourne, Lieutenant Milne-Home, the Pay-Sergeants of the Battalion and a number of other N.C.O.'s and men from the bridegroom's Company (Letter "D.") The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. O'Connor, Army Chaplain. A reception was afterwards held at the house of the bride, and in the evening the happy pair left for Lahore amidst the congratulations and good wishes of their many friends.

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
24th January, 1910.

DURING the month there has been little of real interest to chronicle. For some considerable period we have been in the hands of the painters, outwardly we have digested fog, and inwardly paint. During the odd moments, however, when it has not been raining, and the north wind ceased to blow, we have enjoyed life to its utmost.

A large stream of motor cars, headed by the Assistant-Adjutant driving a well-known hunter, with great gusto arrived at the Polling Station, and succeeded in gaining Mr. Wyndham's seat for him at the Election.

Stop Press: Great success of our Hockey Team. At last we have a victory to chronicle, having defeated the Royal Irish Rifles by 3 goals to 2. *Sportsman*, etc., please copy.

We have had several good days with the East Kent Hounds this month, more especially on two occasions, the first of which we had a fast run of twenty-five minutes over nice country. On the second occasion hounds met at Half Way House. A portion of the morning was spent in Woolwich Wood; then, finding in the coverts just above Lydden, hounds got away, and we enjoyed a fine hunting run for an hour and a half, finally having to whip hounds off near Swingfield owing

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to darkness coming on. There were many obstacles to surmount, one of which proved too much for one of our famous hunters, renowned throughout the East Kent Hunt for his big feet. It proved a most enjoyable day and we hope to have many more like it.

Second-Lieutenant G. King-Molineux joined on the 17th October. Mr. Nicholls was married in London on the 19th inst. We tender him our best wishes for his future happiness.

We were delighted to see Majors Somerville and Morley who paid us a visit for a night on the 18th. The former came down primarily to deliver a lecture on the Japanese Army to the Officers of the Garrison, and secondly only to assist Major Morley to present, on behalf of forty officers who had been transferred to other regiments on the disbanding of our late 3rd and 4th Battalions, a magnificent piece of plate to the Mess. Major Morley, in making the presentation, which he did after the loyal toast had been drunk at Mess, said:—"I "have "been "asked "by the "forty "officers "whose "names "are en-"graved "on this "piece of "plate to "come "here "and "present this cup to their old Regiment. The cup is a "copy of an old Cromwellian cup in Bow Church and "we wish it to be kept by the Battalion of the Regiment "serving at home, as a memento of those officers who "through the disbanding of the 3rd and 4th Battalions "have been obliged to leave the old FIFTH and to serve "their King elsewhere. Our idea is that this cup shall "be used a challenge cup for an annual Regimental "Point-to-Point Race, the conditions governing the race "to be laid down at the next conference of commanding "officers. . . ." In reply, Major Moulton Barrett said:—"It is with the greatest pride and pleasure that "I, on behalf of the officers of the Regiment, accept this "beautiful piece of plate from you, Major Morley, on "behalf of those officers whose names are engraved on "the cup. At the same time there is present on this "occasion an element of sadness to us all. I mean "sadness at the thought that the *raison d'etre* of this "presentation is that we have lost the services and "comradeship of so many fine officers and firm friends. "I thank you for your magnificent gift and I will ask "those officers of the Regiment who are present to join "me in drinking health and prosperity to all old Fifth "Fusiliers."

WATERLOO CRESCENT, DOVER.
*(From a picture post card).*

"Quo fata vocant" being our motto and the powers that be seeming very keen on the matter as well as being quite firm about the execution of the work, we, that is to say, "The Wart," "Beau Brumond," "The Old Man of the Woods," and "The Scribe" set forth one bright morning in the month of January of this present year of grace and political confusion, accompanied by some eighteen stalwart representatives of the line, to disclose and discover much varied and interesting not to say exciting information concerning the neighbourhood of Ashford. Ashford! what ideas and thoughts the very name conjures to one's mind. A quiet, peaceful hamlet we think, with a gentle river wending its winding path through rich meadows and plantations of ash that indicate the ford where rustics may safely drive their lowing herds across the deep cool water of the river. Or if our mind is of a practical turn, we imagine a modern town with its tall chimneys and smoky atmosphere and deriving its name from some ford which, in the days of its primitive existence, had its position indicated or was built by the ashes of the pioneer factory which started the great industry now in full swing. But no! you would be quite wrong and like "The Scribe" you would be wasting your valuable time, for a more monohippic town than Ashford it would hard to discover. However, having got there, and deposited our clean dickies and cuffs in the "Turk's Toe" we set out to explore. As to what we found, is it not written more or less illegibly on paper more or less thumb-stained *(rather more than less thank you—"The Scribe")* and deposited in the confidential safe of the————? but no! we will not disclose to our friend German Willie where this valuable accumulation of information may be found, nor will we more than hint at, knowing the cunningness of American millionaires in extracting national gems of art from the lands of their creation, the beauty and exquisiteness of workmanship evinced

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in the panoramic sketches of "The Wart" and "The Old Man." At nightfall we were deserted by the supernumerary rank and file and left to battle with wild fauna of the country concealed in the thickets of the "Turk's Toe," but we are happy to say there were no casualties reported, and having concluded our investigations we returned to Dover and civilization.

The following are particulars of the services of non-commissioned officers and men who have left the Colours during the month :—

No. 5307 Private R. BENNETT.—Enlisted, 10/1/98; discharged on termination of engagement, 9/1/10; service, 12 years; served in 2nd and 4th Battalions.

No. 6306 Private W. MUMFORD.—Enlisted, 10/1/98; discharged on termination of engagement, 9/1/10; service, 12 years; served in 2nd and 4th Battalions and at the Depôt.

No. 2376 Sergeant H. HUCKANS.—Enlisted, 21/1/89; discharged on termination of second period, 20/1/10; service, 21 years; served in 1st and 2nd Battalions and at the Depôt. Foreign service: India, 4 years and 112 days; Singapore, 1 year and 308 days; South Africa, 3 years and 107 days. Queen's and King's South African Medals.

No. 8404 Private W. M. LAMMIN.—Enlisted, 23/1/02; transferred to Army Reserve, 22/1/10; service, 8 years; served in 1st, 2nd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: South Africa, 112 days; Mauritius, 2 years and 307 days; India, 3 years and 30 days. India General Service Medal, 1908.

No. 3076 Corporal J. Bailey has arrived from the 1st Battalion and been posted from the 21st inst. No. 1434 Corporal F. T. Watson arrived from the Depôt on the 8th inst. and embarked for India on the 17th inst. to join the 1st Battalion.

No. 9785 Corporal H. Poole has been appointed unpaid Lance-Sergeant, from the 17th inst., and No. 6557 Private C. Fiddler unpaid Lance-Corporal, from the 14th inst. No. 5045 Sergeant W. Taylor has been attached to the 3rd Battalion for a tour of duty, with effect from the 20th inst.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as follows :—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 8739 | Private | W. Ennis | 2 from | 1/10/07 |
| ,, | 6560 | Drummer | B. R. Harmer | 2 ,, | 14/12/07 |
| ,, | 9514 | Private | W. Atkins | 2 ,, | 20/ 7/08 |
| ,, | 9939 | ,, | S. Carter | 2 ,, | 9/ 2/09 |
| ,, | 8744 | ,, | J. McLean | 2 ,, | 15/ 7/09 |
| ,, | 9254 | ,, | G. Hake | 1 ,, | 10/ 8/09 |
| ,, | 2107 | ,, | C. B. Scott | 1 ,, | 27/ 9/09 |
| ,, | 2106 | ,, | P. Black | 1 ,, | 27/ 9/09 |
| ,, | 2111 | ,, | W. Lewis | 1 ,, | 7/10/09 |
| ,, | 2158 | ,, | W. Henderson | 1 ,, | 16/12/09 |

## FOOTBALL.

### KENT AMATEUR CUP—FIRST ROUND.

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. R.M.L.I.

On the 15th inst. we had for our visitors the Royal Marine Light Infantry in the 1st Round of the Kent Amateur Cup. The visitors were completely outplayed in every department, our team running out winners by 10 goals to 1. The goal-scorers were Lance-Sergeant Todd 5, Sutton 1, Lockhart 3, and Corporal Brown 1. The team was as follows :—

*Goal :*
Drummer Thompson
*Backs :*
Bandsman Cox Private Patterson
*Half-Backs :*
Corporal Brown Corporal Groves Lance-Corpl. Mudd
*Forwards :*
Private Lockhart Lance-Sergeant Todd Bandsman Sutton
Lance-Sergeant Hiorns Bandsman Drummond

### FOLKESTONE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. R.M.L.I.

On the 19th inst. we again entertained the Royal Marine Light Infantry in a Folkestone and District League match. The Marines played one man short throughout the game. Our team won easily by 8 goals to *nil*. Lance-Sergeant Todd was again very much in evidence with his shooting abilities, getting no fewer than four out of the eight. The other scorers were Sutton 2, Mudd 1, and Patterson 1 (penalty). The team was as follows :—

*Goal :*
Drummer Thompson
*Backs :*
Bandsman Cox Private Patterson
*Half-Backs :*
Corporal Brown Corporal Groves Lance-Corpl. Mudd
*Forwards :*
Bandsman Cunningham Lce.-Sergt. Todd Bandsman Sutton
Private Lockhart Bandsman Drummond

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Owing to many of our members being away on leave and elsewhere our Christmas festivities were somewhat restricted, though those who were here spent a very enjoyable time. After seeing the men in our Companies comfortably settled down after dinner, we adjourned to the Mess where we spent the remainder of the day in the usual approved style. In the evening we were joined at dinner by Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Morgan and a few more of our married members and their wives, and after dinner we had an impromptu concert.

At present a good many are engaged in the work of preparing the recruits, of whom there are a large number, for their musketry course, for which purpose a party leaves Dover at the end of the month for that outpost of civilisation, Lydd, or as it is termed by some "The brink of the Great Sahara."

## *2nd Battalion (Mounted Infantry Detachment) Notes.*

LONGMOOR CAMP,
25th January, 1910.

AS regards Mounted Infantry work, the last lap has been reached; we have turned into the straight and within a week shall be mounting the Citadel hill, possibly with very mixed feelings, pleasure without doubt predominating in anticipation of a well-earned furlough.

The 1st February is being eagerly awaited, many of the Detachment taking it upon themselves to strike off the days one by one in their turn; and why? Your correspondent can only suggest that Longmoor is a long way from anywhere and one and all grow tired of its superfluity of mud and bad roads and eagerly look forward to a more civilised station. No doubt when Company Training bids us shoulder the rifle and carry an ungainly pack, all will exclaim "Roll on the M.I.," the summer course for preference, if beggars can be the choosers.

Our Christmas was very quiet, passes being granted to a

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certain percentage, and those that live near availed themselves of the privilege. Passes in a like manner were also granted for the New Year.

Since Battalion Training commenced, several very entertaining excursions have been indulged in, the most popular being to Fenchurch Common, about ten miles from Longmoor. We came in contact with the enemy near the Devil's Jumps, drove them over the Kettlebury Hill, then partook of a very acceptable sandwich, having first "nose-bagged" the horses. The country reminded us somewhat of our "summer outings" on ground north and south of the Ickmeld Ways between Churn and the Devil's Punch Bowl.

On the 19th inst. the Mounted Infantry Inter-Battalion Point-to-Point Steeplechase took place at Fielders Farm, near Farringdon, about seven miles distant from camp. The course was a very severe one, about three-and-half miles in length, with seventeen difficult jumps. Owing to the excessive rainfall the going was very heavy, and the "take off" for the jumps left much to be desired. On the afternoon previous to the race the course was "walked" by most of the officers, and the heavy going and the magnitude of the jumps was much discussed at Mess that night. When the time for the race arrived, an enormous field of thirty-three faced the starter, and it was amidst shouts of tally-ho and whoo-hoops that the first fence was charged at full speed. The race was eventually won by the 50th Battalion (our Battalion), the first man home being Mr. McGrath (Inniskilling Fusiliers). Of the 49th Battalion, Mr. Sidney finished ninth on "Alice," a very creditable performance, as he had the misfortune to "crock" his horse "Fru-fru," when hunting with the Drag a few days previously, it having sustained a very severe over-reach, necessitating his riding his second string, "Alice." Captain Wild's "Policeman," as forecasted in the betting, was not counted in the first ten, but surprised all by finishing the last mile in a style that exceeded all our most sanguine expectations.

With reference to Football we are still undefeated. The following matches have been played :—

| | |
|---|---|
| v. Longmoor Company Royal Engineers. | Won 8—3 |
| v. A Mixed Side .. .. .. | Draw 1—1 |
| v. Black Watch .. .. .. | Won 8—1 |
| v. Longmoor Company Royal Engineers | Won 3—0 |
| v. Cameron Highlanders .. .. | Won 1—0 |

We have two more matches to play to complete our programme and hope to retain our unbeaten record. All the team have played well, but the following deserve special mention :—Langford at back, and Freestone at forward. A. J. Clark is also entitled to a word of thanks for his untiring efforts in arranging matches.

## Depôt Notes.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
24th January, 1910.

CAPTAIN Wreford-Brown joined us on the 4th inst. We are glad to find him looking well and hearty again. Captain E. B. Gordon paid us a visit on the 14th inst. We believe this officer is house-hunting, and wish him joy in the pursuit.

The one topic of conversation this month has been the elections. We regret to record that Newcastle has shown with no uncertain voice that it will have nothing to do with the Unionists, a Liberal and a Labour Candidate having been returned by sweeping majorities with the two Unionist Candidates nowhere.

The Annual Christmas Treat of the combined Depôt was held in the Gymnasium, on Friday, 7th inst. The numbers were again rather formidable, 191 children having to be provided for. However, both the commissariat and toy departments stood the strain nobly. The proceedings opened with tea, which was followed by the Christmas tree and a cinematograph entertainment. Dancing and games were then the order of the day, the more vigorous spirits keeping it up till 10.15. The thanks of all are due to Mrs. Ainslie and Mrs. Long for their trouble in organising such a capital entertainment, to Lieutenant-Colonel Roddam for his present of the tree, and to all who so ably assisted to make the gathering a success. Sergeant-Bugler Crosse's band, composed entirely of members of his family, was one of the most striking and pleasant features of a very enjoyable evening.

### FOOTBALL.

#### Garrison Football League.

The first half of the Garrison League having concluded and the majority of the players returned from furlough, a start has been made with the return matches. Two games have been played, the winners of the first match No. 1 Northumberland Fusiliers put up a good game against their opponents, the 27th Battery Royal Field Artillery, gained the maximum points, Lance-Corporal Dixon scoring from a crowd of players within a minute or two of time.

The 36th Battery proved just a trifle too good for No. 1 Company Durham Light Infantry, scoring 3 goals against 2 obtained by their opponents. The following table shows the position of all clubs up to date :—

| Team. | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Goals For | Goals Against | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 27th Battery, R.F.A. ... | 7 | 5 | 2 | 0 | 34 | 7 | 10 |
| No. 2 Northd. Fus. ... | 6 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 14 | 9 | 9 |
| No. 1 Northd. Fus. ... | 7 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 14 | 17 | 8 |
| 36th Battery, R.F.A. ... | 7 | 4 | 3 | 0 | 24 | 11 | 8 |
| No. 1 D.L.I. ... ... | 7 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 10 | 19 | 6 |
| 60th Battery, R.F.A. ... | 6 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 18 | 4 |
| No. 2 D.L.I. ... ... | 6 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 32 | 1 |

### SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The members of the 5/68th Regimental Depôt Sergeants' Mess held their Annual Supper and Social on Old Year's night. The proceedings opened with supper at 7.30. One hundred and thirty partook of the various dishes which had been provided and prepared by Colour-Sergeant Ahronson and his committee. Supper finished, a move was made to the concert room, which occupied a great part of the Gymnasium, and had been elaborately decorated. During the evening we were honoured by the presence of Major H. S. Ainslie, Captain Gordon, and Lieutenant Thornton, who, apparently, thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment. At midnight the entire company joined hands and gave vent to their feelings by singing "Auld Lang Syne." All good wishes were offered and accepted, and then the programme was proceeded with, the last item finishing at 2.30 a.m. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Sergeant-Major

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Challons, the chair was occupied by Sergeant-Major Shea, the vice-chair being taken by Sergeant-Major Honeyball. Dancing occupied a good part of the programme, fourteen dances being down on the list.

A word of thanks is due to the committee for their hard work and untiring energy in the course of this annual function. The following members formed the Committee :—Sergeants Bettany, Wilkinson, Taylor, Northumberland Fusiliers ; Sergeants Jackson, Meehan, Mann, Durham Light Infantry ; under the direction of Colour-Sergeant Ahronson.

The members of the 5/68th Sergeants' Mess, met the members of the Royal Field Artillery Brigade Mess, in a series of games, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th inst. The first, a hockey match, was played on Tuesday afternoon. The game, which was hotly contested from start to finish, ended in a win for our team by 6 goals to 1.

Another start was made on Wednesday, at 6 p.m., with a six-a-side Billiard Tournament, and a series of games of cards, which lasted until 9.30 p.m. At the conclusion of the games the evening ended up with a Smoker.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
25th January, 1910.

THE General Election has considerably interfered with our usual Winter Instructional Courses, some of our members being too busy working for the reds or blues to be able to devote any time to merely military matters. However we hope to resume early next month, a series of Lectures now being arranged at Hexham, which all Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers will be invited to attend.

For the first time for many years we are not able to hold the Annual Camp during "Race Week," the dates arranged being the 23rd July to the 6th August.

Colour-Sergeant Fewster from our 1st Battalion joined us on the 30th ult., and has been posted to Haltwhistle. Colour-Sergeant Beecroft who has been doing temporary duty at Haltwhistle has joined the 3rd Battalion.

We are to hold a Staff Ride in the Hexham-Haydon Bridge District on the 12th and 13th March next.

## 5th Battalion Notes.

WALKER-ON-TYNE,
21st January, 1910.

SECOND-LIEUTENANTS G. T. Forrest and A. H. S. Woodward qualified at an examination held at Newcastle on the 29th December, 1909, in subject A.

It would appear that officers' qualifications for promotion are altered on an average once a month, these continual alterations make it very difficult for an officer to know what he is really expected to do. An Army Order, dated the 1st August, 1909, states:—"Officers of the Terri- "torial Force who have already qualified for any rank under "the old regulations will not be required to undergo further "examination to qualify for promotion to that rank in the "same branch." G.O. dated the 3rd January, 1910, states:—"It has been decided that the qualification for the "rank of captain gained by a second-lieutenant under the "Special Reserve, Militia, Imperial Yeomanry, or Volunteer "Regiments will not count towards qualification for the "rank of captain." Now, if lieutenants who hold a captain's certificate are asked to qualify a second time, in subjects which probably no captain in their battalion has qualified, it seems rather hard, and to put it in plain language, if this new C.O. is to be carried out, there will be numbers of good, keen, hard-working lieutenants sending in their resignation.

Our Headquarter Companies celebrated on the 1st inst. the Jubilee of their New Year Shooting Handicap, this "hardy annual" having scored 50 (years) on that date. A very satisfactory entry was received, although the prize list was not nearly so valuable as in previous years. Two new features were introduced, one being that the Handicap was "sealed," the other the abolition of orthoptics and slings, and although the shooting all round was good, there was an entire absence of "possibles." "First-footing" in the "wee sma' hours," and the absence of an old and reliable friend from the equipment of the rifle might have had something to do with the latter circumstance. Two of last year's recruits, with scores of 30 and 6 points start, won the first and second prizes, whilst another young shot, Drummer Harman, with a score of 33 and 1 start, won third prize, as he did last year with the same score and 2 points start. Bravo! the young "Terriers."

Our new Instructor, Gosforth Detachment, Colour-Sergeant Goodall, has arrived at that station direct from the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, Murree Hills, India.

The chief topic has been the alteration in date of our Annual Training, instead of being held as usual during the race week holidays in June, we are to go from the 23rd July to the 6th August, a most inconvenient time for most of us.

During the holidays our Drill Hall has been in the hands of the decorators and looks much better for their visit.

During Christmas and New Year week the Newburn Detachment held their Annual Prize Shooting Competition, the recruits giving a good account of themselves.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
28th January, 1910.

WE think a word of explanation is perhaps necessary in this month's *Gazette* to explain a correction and an addition to the Succession List, which, according to custom, we gave our readers in our issue for December. That list was absolutely correct as far as the official announcements in the *London Gazette* were given up to the end of last year. On the morning of Wednesday,

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the 12th inst., our dismay may be imagined when we received Army Orders of the previous day, giving certain amendments, etc., to those already published, and various alterations in so far as the *London Gazette* was concerned, including two concerning ourselves. These two we have therefore had to notify in our columns, the amendment and correction we have printed in the same type as the entries from the Succession List proper, thus those interested will be able to keep their Succession List Book posted up to date. It was of course unfortunate we were unable to give absolutely accurate information, but in self defence, we must point out that the fault was none of ours.

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The final paragraph in Editorial Notes last month on the subject of £ s. d. and our need to study economy in running *St. George's Gazette* in future has caused some alarm in more quarters than one; a correspondent from the Emerald Isle wants to know the reason why, etc., adds he was on the eve of writing to suggest we should occasionally give a coloured supplement and concludes that now we shall never give a supplement of any sort again. Others write mournfully asking is the *St. George's Gazette* going to die, etc., etc. Briefly we assure our correspondents, we do not anticipate the early death of our paper, and with regard to supplement pictures, we hope at any rate to have these occasionally, at least in our April and December issues, in some shape or form they are pretty sure to appear as usual.

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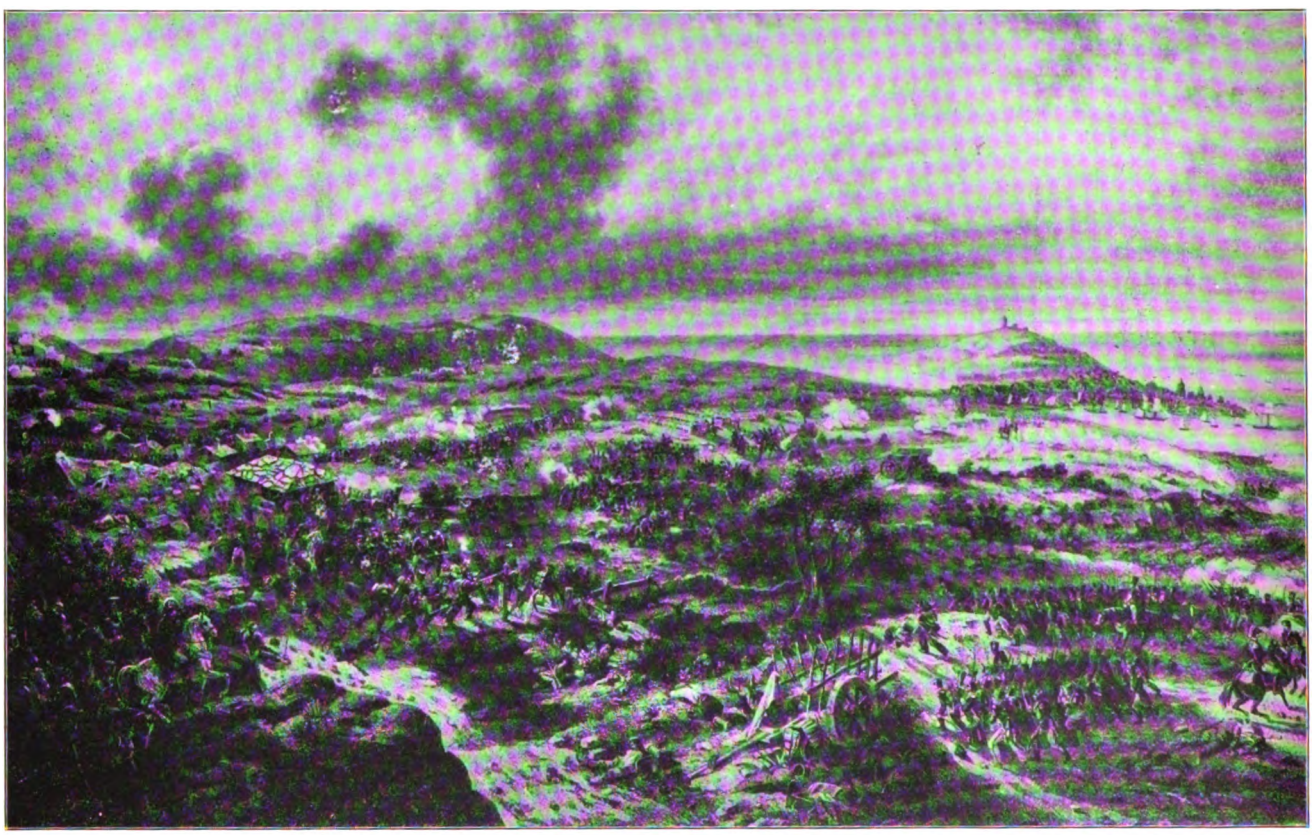
Nobly have the readers of *St. George's Gazette* come to our rescue during the past two months with kind donations to our funds, a hint only has been necessary, for gifts to augment our income have come in from all parts, with the result we have now been able to pay our printer's bills up to last November. Cordially do we thank all the kind senders of cheques. We must not forget to place on record our gratitude to the 1st Battalion, 2nd Battalion, and the Depôt, all of whom have refunded the cost of postages incurred in sending copies in bulk to them during the past year; in addition to this, all these units have sent their annual donations, the 1st and 2nd Battalions sending £15 each, and the Depôt £2 10s.



THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA, 16TH JANUARY, 1809.

*(From an engraving, after the painting by H. L'Evèque, in the possession of Augustin Rischgitz, The Studios, Linden Gardens, W. Lent by Editor, "The Army and Navy Chronicle.")*

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We much regret that we omitted to record, in our November issue, an extract from the *London Gazette*, which appeared in that publication on the 23rd of the month under the head of "Memoranda," as follows:—

The following Brevet-Colonels, Half-Pay List, to be Colonels:—

* * * * * * * * *

Cyril H. L. James, Northumberland Fusiliers.

We can only explain the omission as an oversight,

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which we cannot account for, as we always search the *London Gazette* carefully for any announcement having reference to our Regiment, but somehow Colonel James' appointment was overlooked. Sincere congratulations are tendered to the Colonel, and at the same time, apologies for our lapse.

A correspondent from Newcastle writing on the subject of our full page Supplement last month, expresses the hope that someone will show "Some of the Old and Bold" to its originals, otherwise, to use his own words—"These "good old soldiers may go to their graves and never "know their portraits appeared in their Regimental Paper"; we hasten to assure our correspondent that all have long since seen their portraits, a copy of our December issue having been sent to each of them.

## *Letters to the Editor.*

SERGEANTS' MESS, MOUNTED INFANTRY,
LONGMOOR CAMP, EAST LISS, HANTS,
28th January, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the M.I. Detachment Notes for December, 1909, there is a slight mistake which I should like to bring to the notice of your readers. In the third paragraph appears the following—"Then advanced to section drill and section training, later the drill was carried out by *boys*." It is obvious that the word boys is incorrect. It should read—"Later the drill was carried out by Companies." In my MS. I used the abbreviation *coys*, which being badly written looked like *boys*. Under the circumstances I feel I must consider myself as partly responsible for the mistake, as the printer being a civilian is not expected to understand the military abbreviations.

Thanking you in anticipation for granting me space for this explanation,

I am, yours truly,
"THE WRITER OF THE 2ND BATTALION M.I. NOTES."

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
30th January, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The officers who had the misfortune to be transferred, after the disbandment of the 3rd and 4th Battalions, from their old Regiment to others, have made a very handsome present to the Regiment as a memento of their former service in it. This memento takes the form of a replica of a very handsome silver Cromwellian tankard, which will be illustrated and described in the *St. George's Gazette*. On behalf of the officers of the 2nd Battalion, and if I may take it on myself, on behalf of those of the 1st Battalion, and the Depôt, I offer our sincere thanks for this kindly mark of the affection in which the transferred officers hold their old Regiment. The tankard is to be held by the home Battalion, as a Challenge Cup for a Point-to-Point Race. Should both Battalions be abroad, the Depôt will hold it.

I remain, yours truly,
E. S. HEARD, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Commanding 2nd Battalion Fifth Fusiliers.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VERAX."—*Replying to yours of the 21st, we believe your procedure in the matter you mention, is quite in accordance with the best traditions of the service.* "NEMO."—*The matter you send on will keep, it now rests in our file to make use of as the occasion may demand.* "BANDSMAN W. S."—*The photograph you send on is too small for reproduction, hence its non appearance with 1st Battalion notes; many thanks for it, all the same.*

## CORRECTION AND ADDITION TO THE SUCCESSION LIST OF OFFICERS, PAGE 213, *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, DATED 31ST DECEMBER, 1909.

Page 22, for

| | |
|---|---|
| F. E. Watkin .. .. .. | 1st October, 1909 |
| read | |
| F. E. Watkin .. .. .. | 4th September, 1909 |
| and below, add :— | |
| T. R. Gunner .. .. .. | 12th September, 1909 |

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST JANUARY, 1885.

REGIMENTAL ODDS AND ENDS.—Captain and Adjutant C. G. C. Money has been appointed Acting-Paymaster to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (32nd Regiment) on probation, from the 19th inst.

The following extract from the remarks of the Major-General Commanding the District to the Officer Commanding the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers appeared in Regimental Orders at the end of last month:—"The Major-General is much gratified "at the marked improvement in the signalling of the Battalion "under your command, and at the much higher position in order "of merit it has obtained this year."

The following was the official report of the Inspector of Army Signalling:—"1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers had im-"proved very considerably since last inspection, style of sending, "and accuracy in reading with the flag. The rate of sending "with lamp was also very good, and reading accurate. The "Battalion stands 32nd in order of merit this year against 62nd "of last, showing that considerable pains had been taken in "training the men during the past year."

The Regiment was unfortunate in having a bad day for its signalling inspection, so the good place it has obtained in order of merit is highly creditable.

DUBLIN NOTES—Very little worthy of note has happened in Dublin during the past month. There have been a few private dances, and several more are in prospect for next month. It is a Dublin fashion to send invitation cards to officers of the different Regiments for "At Homes," &c., who, perhaps, are quite unknown to the hostess. At this rate one ought scarcely to complain of the want of gaiety during the Dublin season, though perhaps one may occasionally fight shy of an "unskirmished" house.

The examination of the Garrison Class and other officers, for the rank of Major and Captain, took place in Trinity College, from the 6th to 9th of the month.

The Regimental Shooting Box is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Liffey, near where it takes its source in the Kippure Mountain. The drive thither is very beautiful, and the residence, though unfurnished, is very commodious. Guards come round so rapidly that it takes an accurate knowledge of the Roster in order to select a hunting day.

We understand that one officer has already greatly distinguished himself in Westmeath. "Floating over the pastures," to the admiration of all who recognised his well known figure.

DEPÔT NOTES—Newcastle-on-Tyne, 31st January, 1885.—The annual Christmas Dinner of the Non-Commissioned Officers of the Permanent Staff Northumberland Hussars, took place on the 29th ult., at the Central Station Hotel.

On the 9th inst. we were all delighted to see Major Kilgour, who came to pay us a visit on his way "down South."

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Quartermaster J. Cartwright, 3rd Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers, is performing the duties of Adjutant to that Corps during the absence of Major Kilgour on leave.

NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION, ALNWICK.—The Permanent Staff of the Battalion paraded at 11.30 a.m., on the 8th inst., with their new busbies for the inspection of Major and Adjutant H. Kilgour.

Lieutenant L. M. Crossman of this Battalion, is attached to the 2nd Battalion, Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers, at Portsmouth, for a course of drill.

## ASTRONOMIC PILLS.

### SECOND SERIES, BEING No. 12 DOSE OF THE INSTALMENT.

IT is now a year since I commenced rolling these Pills and I must confess that the time has passed quickly. I did not think that the treatment would last so long. It only shows what a very big subject Astronomy is, and what a great deal there is to digest in it. Here we are still loitering in the Solar System when all Space is before us. Let us get on.

But wait a moment, I must digress a little. Since writing the last Pill, I have seen in the papers announcements to the effect that certain of the best known Astronomers have decided that there are no canals on Mars. Thus another of our fond illusions is shattered. For years we have been told about these wonderful canals and now, alas! they are no more. We were told positively not only that these canals existed, but also, by some Astronomers, that they were double! I admit that over this last statement there was much controversy, but at any rate there were canals. But now, the best telescopes and the unsentimental and prosaic eye of the camera, that all piercing eye that never makes a mistake, these modern adjuncts of Astronomy have evaporated the canals on Mars. No, what we all fondly thought were canals, the colossal work of a super-enlightened people, we are now told are no more than spots, lots of spots so close together that they look like lines. Now perhaps these scientific worthies will kindly discover and explain to us what these spots are. Why are they so close together and why in lines? If one of these Astronomers only had the energy and enterprise to go and see for himself and let us know the result of his researches, it would be useful. But perhaps when he got there he would find his surroundings so novel and interesting that he would never think of coming back to enlighten such a lot of backward barbarians as we must be, compared to the Martians.

You must forgive me for digressing just here, but I had to after making my brave statements in the last Pill about the canals on Mars.

We will now leave Mars and move on to visit the largest of the Planets, the stupendous globe of Jupiter. Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter is a space of nearly 350 million miles. It seems a great leap into the void, seeing that Mars is only about 140 million miles from the Sun. Surely, one would think, this gap must be occupied by something. Well, I am going to give you another curious coincidence. I am going to tell you about Bode's numbers and the subsequent discovery of the minor Planets or Asteroids.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Bode found a curious progression of numbers with reference to the distances of the Planets from the Sun. He took the following numbers, each of which is double the one preceding it, viz.:—3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96. Making 0 the first of the above series and adding 4 to each, he made the progression as follows:—4, 7, 10, 16, 28, 52, 100. Now, suppose the distance of the Earth from the Sun was represented by 10, then the actual distances of the other Planets from the Sun are in the following ratios:—Mercury 3.9, Venus 7.2, Earth 10, Mars 15.2, Jupiter 52, and Saturn 95. Does this not approximate the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th and 7th numbers in Bode's series? Compare them and you will see for yourself. Then Uranus was discovered and his distance in the above ratio was found to be 192 and the 8th number in Bode's series should be (2 × 96 plus 4) = 196. Not so far out either. You will now observe that in the 5th number of the series, 28, there is no corresponding Planet. It was surmised that something ought to be there to complete the coincidence with Bode's numbers, so they set about to carefully search that gap between Mars and Jupiter, and sure enough, on the 1st January, 1801, the first Minor Planet was discovered by the Astronomer Piazzi, at Palermo. He called this little body Ceres, and found that it filled the gap near the number 28 of the series I mentioned above. Since then, hundreds of these little Planets have been discovered, especially since photography came to the assistance of Astronomers. They lie in a zone about 192 million miles in breadth, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. The largest of them is Vesta, about 248 miles in diameter and the smallest measures only a few miles. Professor Barnard, however, says that Ceres is the largest and is 600 miles in diameter. Let them fight it out between them, they are small enough anyhow to be members of the great Solar System. They are all invisible to the naked eye, except Vesta and Ceres, which sometimes may be seen without the aid of a telescope by anyone blessed with good sight—if they know where to look. The orbits of these hundreds of Asteroids are so interlaced and mixed up that if they were solid like hoops and we took one up, all the rest of the hoops would be so tangled that we should raise the whole of them. How it is they do not collide is a wonder, for many of them must pass quite close to each other. It is, of course, a cause of much conjecture how they came to be there. Is it possible that once a Planet did revolve round the Sun in an orbit between Mars and Jupiter, a Planet perhaps larger than Mars but smaller than the Earth? Did this Planet then explode into fragments and so form the swarm of little Asteroids? Who knows? Perhaps this may explain the mystery. And are any of these minor Planets worlds swarming with life? Why should we deny that there is life on them because they are small? Look at a drop of water through a microscope and see the swarm of minute life in it.

> Big fleas have little fleas,
> Upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas,
> And so—ad infinitum.

which, though perhaps coarse, is true.

The force of Gravity on these little bodies is naturally very weak. Suppose Nelson's Pillar, in Trafalgar Square, was erected on one of them, and you climbed up and threw yourself from the top. The attraction of Gravity would be so slight that instead of falling with a velocity to take your breath away, and being dashed to pieces at the bottom, you would fall as gently as a feather and reach the ground unhurt, and surprised at your luck—bad luck if you meant to make an end to yourself.

And now we will leave these interesting little bodies, and proceed onwards to that great globe shining beyond us, Jupiter the magnificent! We sometimes see him from the Earth, shining with a brilliancy when at his best, second only to that of Venus at her brightest. But what must he look like from the Minor Planets, a splendid orb, surely!

We are accustomed in our little conceit to think of our world as the centre of the Universe, and that the Sun, Moon and Stars shine only on and for us, but wait. What is our old World compared to Jupiter? He has a diameter eleven times that of our Earth, 88,000 miles. And our little pill of a World the centre of the Universe! Our little parties squabbling and arguing round the Parish Pump as if nothing else existed or mattered, and never a thought given to the grandeur of Space, nor an eye raised to the wonders of the Universe. Funny little peoples! Let us transplant them to Jupiter as an object lesson. We will do it in the next Pill.

"AUDIOR."

## SOME NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE USE OF MISSILES IN MODERN WARFARE.

MISSILES, says a writer in the *6th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine*, have been used since the "dim red dawn of man" to the present day, and with varying results to the recipients. It was David who chose five smooth stones from the brook and Goliath who received them from David, and it was David who narrowly missed getting a javelin in the small of his back from that musical critic Saul; Meleager was also distinguished for throwing the javelin, in fact, he slew the Calydonian boar with it. The fates declared that he would die as soon as a piece of wood then on the fire was burnt up, whereupon his mother snatched the log from the fire and extinguished it, but after Meleager had slain his maternal uncles, his mother threw the brand on the fire again, and Meleager died—and there are still bores in Caledonia.

Jove habitually threw thunderbolts when irritated, and the guards at Inkerman held the Sandbag Battery till the ammunition ran out and they then pelted the Russians with lumps of rock, effectually holding the position till the end of the day. It is still

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conventional to throw shoes and eggs at weddings and political meetings.

Shooting stars are said by the Arabs to be firebrands hurled by the angels against the inquisitive ginns, or genii, who are for ever clambering up on the constellations to peep into Heaven, and the Japanese used hand grenades in Manchuria; indeed the latter fact is so notorious that no self-respecting military writer could fail to introduce this information into his work. The words "hand grenades" are used in any discussion between soldiers to lend emphasis to final remarks and to complete the discomfiture of a verbal adversary. The past teems with instances where missiles were used with effect and the future will also do so; aeroplanes and dirigibles will soon be with us or on us, and the writer feels that the authorities are not paying that attention to the matter which is essential for the defence of the Empire; it behoves every thinking person in the country to co-operate in evolving further weapons of offence, and it would be therefore ridiculous for the writer to apologise for the following list of missiles—incomplete it may be; but none will deny it opens up new vistas in modern warfare:—

*The Caber.* Much used by Scotchmen; can be tossed on to the enemy from behind walls or railway embankments or into defiles without unduly exposing the tosser. It has the advantage of being useful for fuel, or in the construction of rafts or bridges.

*The Boomerang.* A native Australian missile which will return to the thrower; useful when all ammunition has been used, or the troops have been wrecked on a desert island. Distinctly a frontiersman's missile.

*The Discus.* An ancient Greek weapon in the form of a flat metal disc about nine inches in diameter. Can be thrown incredible distances by ungarbed athletes, and thus might be used by troops on bathing parades. It also could be utilized as a substitute for a plate during the dinner hour.

*Fish Refuse.* A very good missile. Can be obtained at all seaports and fishing centres. Single men can be stationed by day and night outside the outpost line on the tops of trees, chimneys or houses with large plates of this missile, and with written instructions to throw the contents on to any enemy approaching. The plates should be returned to store and the officer commanding outposts should make his own arrangements as to replenishing exhausted supplies.

*The Bolas.* A South American missile composed of lumps of lead and string, and could easily be made in the home. It can be thrown so as to entangle the feet of cows, deer, horses, or elephants, and thus would be of great advantage to the Army Service Corps or yeoman. Also a frontiersman's weapon.

*Tollas*, or throwing knives, used by "the Greys" in "King Solomon's Mines" with great effect. A Rider Haggard sort of missile.

*Tomatoes.* A succulent fruit which makes an admirable missile, and has the additional advantage of being exceedingly nutritious. Should be thrown before closing with the enemy. Some authors insist that this missile should be thrown in the original tins.

*Teacakes.* These useful objects will always remain one of the chief weapons of the subaltern. They cost about 2d. each, or four for 6d.

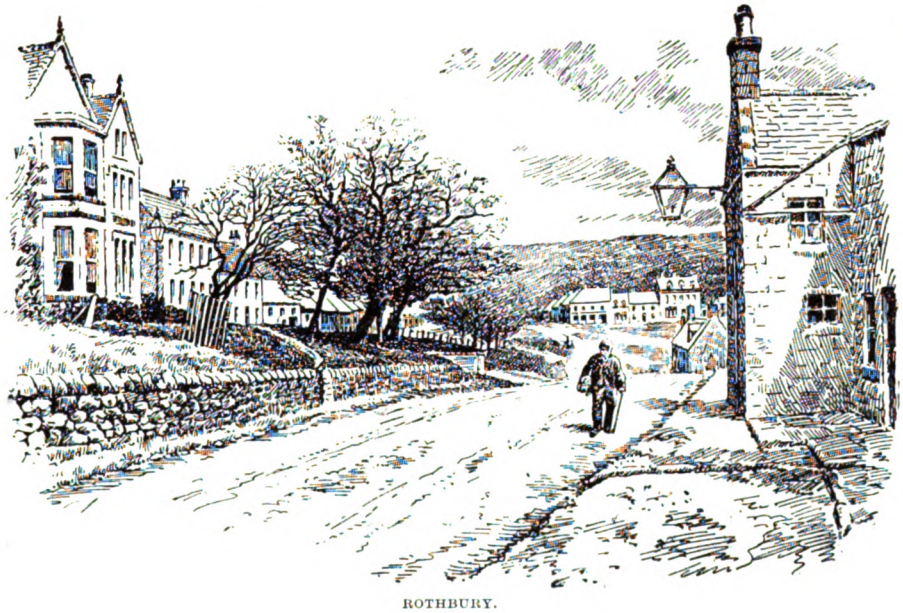
*Quoits.* The national weapon and missile of the Sikhs, and thrown by twirling. They usually destroy something. An exciting missile and most stimulating.

*Aspersions.* Cast on the enemy the night before battle.

## ROTHBURY TOWN.

IT is hundreds of years since invalids first went to Rothbury for benefit to their health and strength, and there went through certain prescribed courses which they imagined did them good. Hither of old, as some do now, came many consumptives and weaklings to drink the milk of the goats that jumped from crag to crag on the moors and hills around the town. So great was the demand for goats' milk that large flocks of these shaggy creatures were kept by the farmers in the valley to the west. The little Coquetdale town is one of the healthiest of places, and the fresh breezes that blow from the green slopes of the Cheviots and the ozone that is wafted from the blue sea fill hollow-worn cheeks, and put colour into the complexion of the most wan and care-ridden. The hills all round the basin in which Rothbury lies shut out the inclement winds that sweep the bleak moors; and the mountains in the vicinity rise, in some cases, to the stupendous—for this part of the country—height of over 2,000ft. What stimulant can equal in potency the exhilaration produced in the spirits and nervous system by a few days spent in the unrivalled air of Rothbury?

The charms of the Coquet are tenfold multiplied if you can wield with anything like dexterity the fascinating rod and line. But, not being an expert, you need not despair of learning to become one. I met while in Rothbury a veteran angler, old Walter Mavin, well known to all who are acquainted with Coquetside. This fine old sportsman is seventy-six years old, and for over sixty years has been an adept disciple of old Izaak Walton. He is still vigorous as an angler, and can induce the wary fish to hook themselves at the end of his line when others whip the stream in vain. You can see his fishing tackle shop in the main street of Rothbury.



ROTHBURY.

This main street of Rothbury is highly characteristic of a Northumbrian village. The road from Weldon Bridge rushes down precipitously from Cragside to the bridge and the Church, and then immediately begins the main street, which broadens out into a wide thoroughfare where merchants would exhibit their wares and the farmers from the neighbouring sheepwalks would expose their stock in the days before the railway and the auction mart. It is peculiar to villages in the hilly county of Northumberland to have one side of the street higher than the other. It is so at Stamfordham, so at Bamburgh, so at Bellingham, and so at Rothbury. This main street at Rothbury contains all the principal shops and warehouses and establishments and public buildings of which its inhabitants are so proud. It is a quaint old street, and has not yet lost its old-fangled air. The thoroughfare rises and widens to the west end of the town, where is a pleasant green sward, with some trees, and the imposing building of the County Hotel. Around here, under the trees, are seats on which the short-winded valetudinarian can rest awhile in the shade and watch the sunshine lighting up the warm colours on the opposite hill, look on the trees which hide Whitton Tower, and catch the varying hues of Simonside. It is a pleasant, airy street, and clean and neat, like the rest of Rothbury.

"The town in the clearing," which is the term commonly accepted as the interpretation of the name Rothbury, is a phrase that has lost a great deal of its old meaning; for it is now not much more in a clearing than the hills that surround it. Nearly all is a clearing, and the town lies in the bottom of a great basin,

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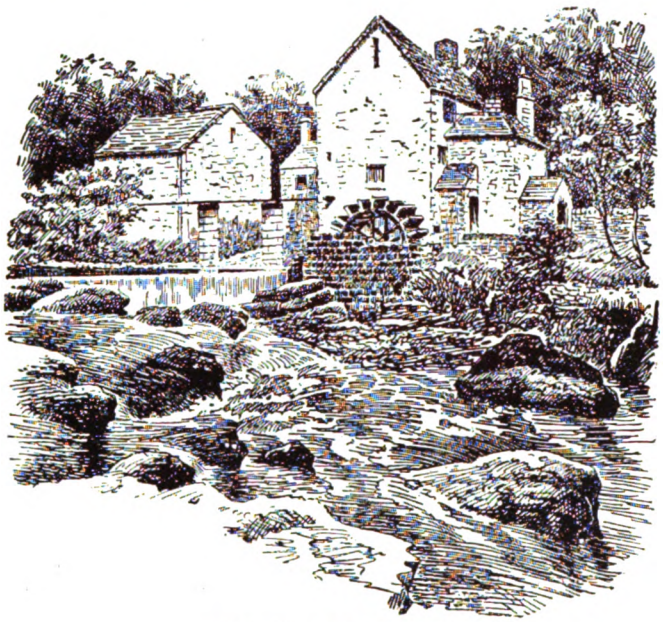
protected by green and heather-covered hills—a singularly beautiful situation, which reminds one of, though it does not equal, in my mind, the picturesque position of Blanchland.



THE THRUM MILL, ROTHBURY.

The Church of All Saints, with its early English chancel and transepts, was mostly rebuilt (as to its nave and tower) in 1850. It is the third built on the same site; the first was Saxon, the second was early English, and the third was built, as stated, in 1850. In the porch are fragments of sculpture and an incised cross in memory of a child. The font, of red sandstone, is curious. The basin is inscribed 1664, but the pedestal is of Saxon sculpture. The lower part of the font, indeed, is composed of a portion of a Saxon cross. During the re-building of the Church, in 1850, the limbs and a portion of the shaft of the ancient cross were found beneath the floor. These were claimed by the contractors as old materials, but were at last safely housed in the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. The stem of the font was afterwards discovered to be a portion of this same cross.

It was from the pulpit of this Church that Bernard Gilpin, the famous "Apostle of the North," courageously interfered between two clans who were at deadly feud with each other. The incident has been worthily perpetuated by William Bell Scott in his fresco on the walls of Wallington House, the home of the Trevelyans.

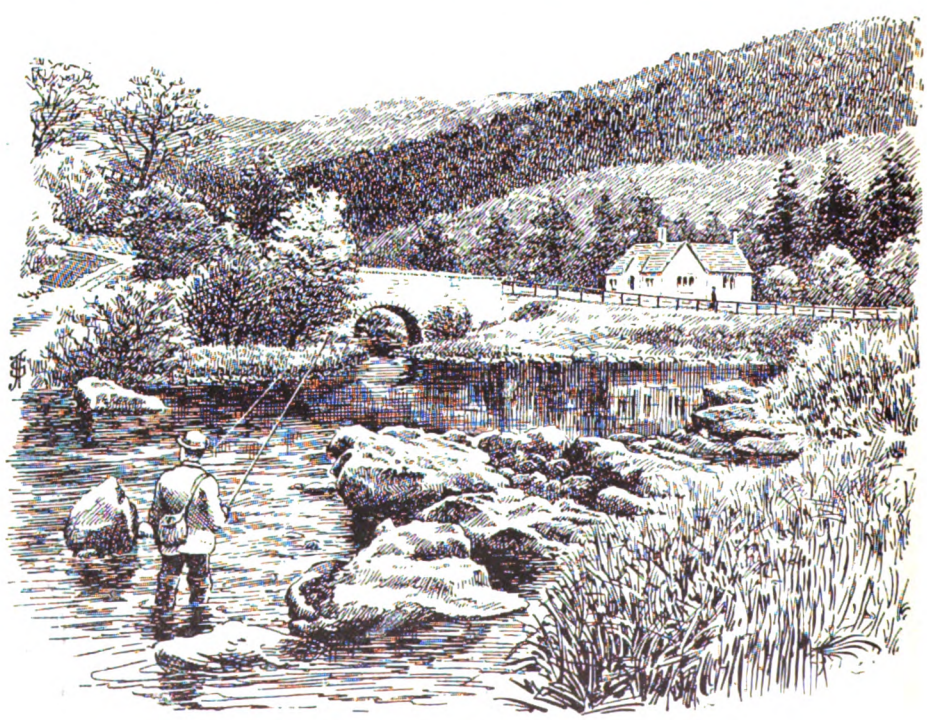
There is in the chancel a gorgeously painted monument in red, gilt and black, erected to the memory of the "truly vertuous matron," Mary, the wife of John Thomlinson, rector of Rothbury, and her husband "on her right side."

Close to the Church is the Coquet—

> The crystal rivulet, that o'er
> A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
> And swarms with silver fry.

The bridge which spans the stream at Rothbury is a noble structure, well worthy of Rothbury town and Coquet river, and its quaint, triangular buttresses have propped it up against many a winter's flood.

The visitor to Rothbury never dreams that the Coquet has come all the way from the Borders of Scotland even a little to the north of the much more westerly stream the Reed. But from its source to Rothbury it receives many subsidiary streams in passing through the northern hills, and it is a stream of some dimensions when it rushes noisily over its pebbly bed at Harbottle. From this last place it meanders down to the foot of the Simonside hills, and then, winding eastward, visits Rothbury. Thence it descends in a rocky bed through a fine vale, and is not long in reaching a famous place known as the Thrum. Here the river flows through a gully in the freestone, and the Coquet, hemmed in by the rock and surrounded by leafy trees, with the old watermill in the background, is, besides being a favourite scene with artists and lovers of the beautiful, likewise a spot much beloved of anglers. Through its contracted passage it glides silently and rapidly. And it is deep besides, for its waters are a couple of fathoms deep, even in the driest summer. Formerly the distance between the rocks in the narrowest part was only one yard, and was easily stepped over; but an unfortunate boy in an intrepid moment attempted to jump across, and was drowned; hence the chasm was considerably widened, and since then the rush of the stream has worn away the rock till now it is much honeycombed. Mr. Hutchinson, in a bilious mood, wrote of this part of the Coquet:—"We were led to view a natural curiosity, "as it is termed, called the Thrum, which is almost a mile from "the town—a cut formed by nature in the rocks of the river's "channel, where the stream, for about 160yds., is pent in such "narrow bounds that a man may leap over—not at all curious, or "worthy our attention; little preferable to a mill-race. But here "we had the misfortune to meet with an impertinent drunken "innkeeper, whose over-officiousness and loquacity led us out of "the way." But such language is almost blasphemy to the frequenter of the Coquet. Near the Thrum is the old corn mill, where formerly there was a great fall in the river, but this was lowered long ago to facilitate the ascent of the salmon up stream. The Pool, situated below the Thrum, is a favourite haunt of the followers of the "silent sport." It is a lovely spot.



POOL, BELOW ROTHBURY.

From the *Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend*, October, 1891.

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 326.]** **Monday, 28th February, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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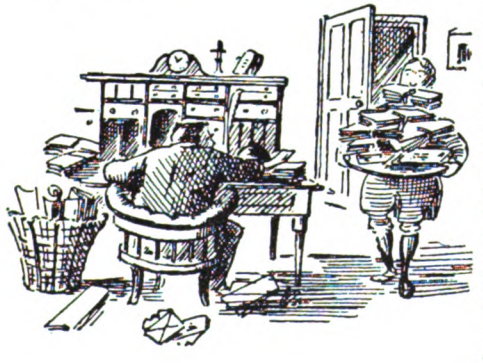
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*

*28th February, 1910.*



*Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.*

*Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.*

*Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.*

*It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor* NOT LATER *than the 23rd of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on* ONE SIDE *only of the paper.*

*Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.*

*All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.*

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal" "79th News"
"Military Mail" "The Regiment"
"The Queen's Own Gazette" "The London Scottish Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel" "The Household Brigade Magazine"
"The Green Howards' Gazette" "H.L.I. Chronicle"
"The Naval and Military Record" "The Sapper"
"The XXX." "The Journal of the Royal Artillery"
"The R.M.A. Magazine" "The Chinese Dragon"
"The Aldershot News" "The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The Antelope" "The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine"
"The Tiger and the Rose" "The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Black Horse Gazette" "The Green Tiger"
"The Hampshire Regimental [Journal" "The Acorn"
"The Eagle" "The White Lancer"
"The Lion and the Rose" "The Ranger" [ment"
"The Snapper" "The Journal of the Leinster Regi-
"The Essex Regiment Gazette"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, 1st Battalion, per Business Editor ... ... ... | to 30/11/09 | C. Mitchell, Esq. ... ... | to 31/12/10 |
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| | | Lieut.-Col. A. Marshall ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
| Mr. W. Swales ... ... | ,, 31/12/09 | Miss C. Groves ... ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
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| | | Captain R. S. Fletcher ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
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| Sergeants' Mess Detachment, 5th Battalion, per Mess Secretary ... | ,, 31/12/10 | Mr. H. T. Welsh ... ... | ,, 28/ 2/11 |
| | | Mrs. J. Wool... ... ... | ,, 28/ 2/11 |
| Lieut.-Col. E. S. Heard ... | ,, 31/12/10 | E. W. Crispin, Esq. ... | ,, 28/ 2/11 |
| | | Mr. G. Barker ... ... | ,, 30/11/11 |

## BIRTHS.

BRYANT.—On the 15th inst., at Holcombe, the wife of E. P. Bryant, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

FORSTER.—On the 26th inst., at Felixstowe, the wife of Edwin Forster, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

SCOTT—ATKINS.—On the 12th inst., at St. Cuthbert's Church, Gateshead, by the Rev. J. W. Parish, M.A., John, son of John Scott, Gateshead, to Mary Ann, elder daughter of George Henry Atkins, late Sergeant-Major the Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## DEATHS.

HUTCHISON.—On the 30th ult., at Rawal Pindi, of tuberculosis of the lungs, No. 5547 Lance-Corporal H. Hutchison, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 29 years.

WRIGHT.—On the 24th inst., at Richmond, Yorkshire, C. H. Wright, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 42 years.

YOUNG.—On the 11th inst., at Alnwick Infirmary, Private Thomas Young, 7th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 36 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain A. E. Girdwood, D.S.O., is seconded whilst a student at the Staff College (dated 22nd January, 1910). Captain and Brevet-Major H. T. Crispin is seconded for service on the Staff (dated 22nd January, 1910). Supernumerary F. P. Braithwaite is restored to the establishment, *vice* Brevet-Major H. T. Crispin (dated 1st February, 1910).

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE (SHERWOOD RANGERS) IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.—Major and Hon. Colonel (Captain, Reserve of Officers), A. E. Whitaker to be Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 1st January, 1910).

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## 1st Battalion Notes.

RAWAL PINDI, PUNJAB,
3rd February, 1910.

THE past month—January—has been one of terrific military activity. There have been weekly divisional *exercises*, and weekly regimental tactical *incidents*, and, to crown these, a Q test. The writer regrets that owing to circumstances over which he had no control he was unavoidably detained on all the above occasions, but by the reports of returning warriors, the Battalion seems always to have had its own way in the *incidents*, and from the haggard and careworn appearance of certain Majors in this Division the fiendish ingenuity with which the *accidents* were carried out seems quite up to standard.

The General Election has excited great interest. The policy of the Tory party, in the opinion of many, points to more pay and a series of bloody wars, whereas the return of the Liberals is inclined to make some of us remember previous reductions and fear more.

Mr. Sutherland joined us this month on first appointment, and signalized his appearance by helping his Company to win the Inter-Company Rugby Cup.

We congratulate the Regimental Team on winning the 10th Hussars' Football Cup after a very hard struggle. We also congratulate C Company on winning the Paget's Horse Association Football Cup and also the Rugby Cup.

West Ridge has developed into a kind of holiday resort, where those who are jaded by the bustle of Rawal Pindi come for refreshment. Three days a week they can skate on the roller rink in the Gymnasium at a very small cost, and every Monday they can be entertained by a variety show in the Regimental Theatre. The rink has proved a pronounced success and all ranks must feel very grateful for the trouble Mr. à Beckett, Royal Artillery, has taken in getting it up.

We have tasted the joys of two Inspections in January. One by General Young, our Brigadier, in square drill, rifle exercise and physical training, and the other by the Inspector of Gymnasia. Both passed off satisfactorily and we think that in the five minutes in which Mr. Selby was left alone with the Inspector of Gymnasia, he conclusively proved that *his* method of securing the neck-lock was the correct one.

The Regiment has become the proud possessor of a new trophy, namely one of the late Queen's chocolate boxes. The War Office had several over and decided to send them to those Regiments which were longest in South Africa during the war, and so both Battalions of the FIFTH obtain this distinction.

SHIKARI BOAT ON THE JHELUM.
(*From a photograph by Second-Lieutenant E. L. Salier.*)

The following memo. from the Principal Medical Officer will be of interest to all of the FIFTH at home and abroad, as showing the present state of the Battalion:—

"I wish to bring to notice that in spite of the fact that the "Northumberland Fusiliers left fewer men behind than any other "British Battalion which proceeded on divisional manœuvres, they "sent in very few sick. This is very satisfactory, in view of the "state in which the Regiment arrived from Peshawar, and I think "the Commanding Officer of the Northumberland Fusiliers should "be congratulated on the improved condition of the men."

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

*To be Colour-Sergeant:—*
No. 5203 Sergeant T. Somerville — from 1/1/10

*To be Sergeant:—*
No. 5464 Lance-Sergeant J. Duncan — from 1/1/10

*To be Corporal:—*
No. 566 Lance-Corporal H. Feeney — from 1/1/10

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*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2390 | Lance-Corporal | H. T. Kite | from 1/1/10 |
| ,, 1530 | ,, | F. Smith | ,, 1/1/10 |
| ,, 1130 | ,, | J. Smith | ,, 1/1/10 |
| ,, 1446 | ,, | J. H. Harvey | ,, 1/1/10 |

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 5883 | Private | P. Pearson | from 11/1/10 |
| ,, 1999 | ,, | G. Ives | ,, 11/1/10 |
| ,, 1001 | ,, | H. Wood | ,, 28/1/10 |
| ,, 1421 | ,, | W. Ward | ,, 28/1/10 |
| ,, 1840 | ,, | C. Stratford | ,, 28/1/10 |

Lieutenant H. C. Stephen (distinguished), No. 4282 Colour-Sergeant G. D. Fewster and No. 4917 Colour-Sergeant G. H. Lewis qualified in musketry and maxim gun at the examination held at the School of Musketry, Changla Gali, Class C, on the 22nd and 23rd October, 1909.

No. 7098 Sergeant T. Cassey has re-engaged to complete 21 years' service, dated the 8th ult.

No. 8223 Private C. Lee has been permitted to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 5464 Sergeant J. Duncan has re-engaged to complete 21 years' service, dated the 22nd ult.

No. 8701 Private T. Parsons is appointed Bandsman, from the 1st ult.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 9557 | Private | D. Marney | 1 | from | 10/ 8/09 |
| ,, 9877 | ,, | E. Hogan | 1 | ,, | 24/ 8/09 |
| ,, 710 | ,, | T. Thompson | 2 | ,, | 16/ 9/09 |
| ,, 824 | Drummer | W. Harris | 1 | ,, | 10/10/09 |
| ,, 8072 | Private | E. Fisher | 1 | ,, | 5/11/09 |
| ,, 165 | ,, | C. Byrne | 2 | ,, | 19/11/09 |
| ,, 828 | ,, | C. Thurgood | 1 | ,, | 12/12/09 |
| ,, 1945 | ,, | G. H. Chapman | 1 | ,, | 12/12/09 |
| ,, 1096 | ,, | P. Shoesmith | 1 | ,, | 17/12/09 |
| ,, 638 | ,, | E. Nesbitt | 2 | ,, | 19/12/09 |
| ,, 9812 | ,, | M. Keirsey | 1 | ,, | 26/12/09 |
| ,, 767 | ,, | W. Craze | 2 | ,, | 28/12/09 |
| ,, 993 | ,, | R. Pilkington | 1 | ,, | 4/ 1/10 |
| ,, 2163 | ,, | W. Mellors | 1 | ,, | 6/ 1/10 |
| ,, 645 | ,, | S. Porter | 2 | ,, | 7/ 1/10 |
| ,, 3261 | ,, | W. Dawson | 2 | ,, | 13/ 1/10 |
| ,, 1066 | ,, | M. Bestwick | 1 | ,, | 14/ 1/10 |

No. 9812 Private M. Keirsey and No. 1356 Private J. Girdlestone passed in nursing duties at Murree, dated the 17th October, 1909, and are awarded certificates.

No. 9675 Lance-Corporal T. McMahon, No. 949 Private T. Hayes and No. 1019 Private E. Naish have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education, dated the 29th ult.

No. 5547 Lance-Corporal H. Hutchison having died at Rawal Pindi, on the 30th ult., from tuberculosis of lungs, is struck off the strength of the Battalion.

## POLO.

We drew a bye in the 1st Round of the Sialkot Polo Tournament, which commenced on the 17th ult., and were drawn against the Black Watch in the 2nd Round. The teams were :—

| 5TH FUSILIERS. | 2ND BLACK WATCH. |
|---|---|
| R. M. Lamb, Esq. | Major G. H. Hamilton |
| W. N. Herbert, Esq. | N. G. B. Henderson, Esq. |
| Captain H. R. Sandilands | Captain L. P. E. Evans |
| G. O. Sloper, Esq. | R. E. Forrester, Esq. |

It was the third match in the afternoon and the light was bad towards the end of the game, the ground which had been playing well earlier in the afternoon had cut up a good bit and was rather bumpy. Despite these somewhat unfavourable circumstances we had a most enjoyable game, never sticky, and it proved the closest match in the Tournament. Our opponents secured their first goal within two minutes of the ball being thrown in, adding a second goal to their score before the end of the first chukker. This was a bad start, but in the second chukker Lamb scored a goal for us. The game from this point was very level. In the third chukker after having narrowly missed a goal by Lamb's pony falling on the enemy's back line and stopping the game, Sloper equalised by a good back-hand shot from the throw in, bringing the game to 2—2 at the end of the chukker. Early in the fourth chukker the Black Watch scored a third goal, but in a keen galloping game we managed to again equalise before the end of the chukker. Goals were widened and extra time played. Both sides playing all they knew twice missed the opposing goal by inches, but finally Henderson from a good run put the ball between the posts, and the match ended as a victory to the Black Watch by 4 goals to 3.

Our team was most hospitably entertained by the Officers of the Black Watch during the Sialkot Week.

## FOOTBALL.

The Regimental team entered for the 10th Royal Hussars' Association Football Cup, and succeeded in winning the handsome Cup presented for competition annually. They were the most skilful team entered and became strong favourites after beating the King's Dragoon Guards so decisively in the 2nd Round, but found the Royal Sussex and the Black Watch tougher opponents. Results :—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Round .. .. .. .. .. .. | A bye |
| 2nd Round—beat King's Dragoon Guards .. | 7—0 |

Private Hobday was in great form at centre-forward and scored five goals.

| | |
|---|---|
| Semi-Final—drew Royal Sussex Regiment .. | 2—2 |
| (Replay)—beat ,, ,, .. | 3—2 |
| Final—drew Black Watch .. .. .. .. | 1—1 |
| (Replay)—beat ,, .. .. .. .. | 1—0 |

Throughout the Tournament Lance-Corporal Maden played exceedingly well at centre-half-back and worked untiringly. Private Lees was also very good at right back, kicking and clearing well. The following was the team in the second match v. the Black Watch :—

*Goal :*
Private Helwig
*Backs :*
Private Lees Private Breeze
*Half-Backs :*
Private Hills Lance-Corporal Maden Corporal Griffin
*Forwards :*
Pte. Ward Pte. Craze Pte. Hobday Pte. Saunders Pte. Forebanks

Private Mattison and Lance-Corporal Allen played in some of the preliminary matches.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The Roller Skating craze has been taken up by the Sergeants, the Gymnasium being at their disposal from 10 p.m. to 11.30 p.m., on Saturday nights. During this hour and a half, some of our members may be seen vainly endeavouring to maintain their equilibrium at impossible angles.

The married families have been invited to partake of the "joys of Roller Rinking" also, but so far the gentler sex have "kept off the ice."

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## FOOTBALL.

### Sergeants v. Corporals.

This match was played at Rawal Pindi, and resulted in a victory for the "Backbone" by 3—1. Your correspondent cannot remember a previous occasion when the Sergeants beat the Corporals at "Soccer." Two of the goals for the Sergeants were scored by Sergeant Wilkinson, Sergeant Hills scoring the goal which gave us the lead.

The return match against the Corporals turned the tables against us, the scores being reversed, although owing to an accident to their captain (Lance-Corporal Maden), they were obliged to keep the field with only ten men.

---

### Sergeants 5th Fusiliers v. Sergeants West Yorkshire Regiment.

In this match our team was much strengthened by the introduction of Mr. Charman, our new schoolmaster. The match resulted in a win for the 5th Fusiliers by 2 goals to 1, Sergeants Hill and Poole scoring.

---

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

The Citadel, Dover,
25th February, 1910.

UNTIL the announcement of our impending move from Dover in the coming autumn, we make bold to say that the collective knowledge throughout the Battalion of the town of Sheffield would have been found to be uncommonly sketchy. Our interest now is deeply stirred, and will no longer remain content with the solitary fact—if fact it is in these days of foreign competition—that to the skill and industry of that doubtless thriving town (or is it city?) we owe the knives and forks that decorate our tables.

---

Adding up the total information gained from various sources, and eliminating rumours of the wilder sort, it appears, firstly, that the Battalion will not be at Sheffield at all, but only four Companies of it, three others being stationed at Strensall, five miles out of York, a place familiar to some of us, and a fourth, or part of it, at Fleetwood in Lancashire; secondly, that, distance apart, the industrial atmosphere for which the neighbourhood of Sheffield is famous, preludes all hope of communication by helio. or otherwise between these detachments; thirdly, that those who hunt or are interested in League Football will be able freely to indulge their tastes; and lastly, that the slums of London compared with those of Sheffield are simply nowhere, a statement we shall no doubt realize to the full when we come to live, as we shall do, in the middle of them.

---

Meanwhile the rival winds of the North Sea and the Channel seem to have made Dover their permanent place of meeting, and not even the labyrinthine tunnels and staircases, that form the Citadel's chief feature, avail to shelter one from their persistent and penetrating violence. It is truly anxious work for the chin strap, but as a rule he stands the strain nobly. As for sleep at nights it is the hard of hearing who should fare best. Most people, what with doors banging and windows rattling and chimneys moaning, get what they can by fits and starts and are thankful.

Captain Toppin has returned from his travels in Senegambia. Though unsuccessful as far as elephant was concerned, that he did not return empty-handed may be judged by the fact that his bag included buffalo, roan, hartebeeste, kob, bushbuck, reed-buck, gazelle, duiker, oribi, wart-hog, and last, but not least, porcus spinosus something or other, which in homely English turns out to be our friend the porcupine.

---

Lieutenant Fletcher has also returned to us from Africa where he has been employed in Northern Nigeria since the end of 1904. It is hardly fair for a Mess, or for any other innocent and ordered society, to be entirely at the mercy of a single African traveller. Experience shows that where more than one are present, the tales related are a shade more probable, and the escapes a shade less hair breadth than usual. But this may be merely prejudice. At any rate the 2nd Battalion has had plenty of opportunity of judging during the last few years.

---

We were very glad indeed to have visits from Captain Matthews and Sarel during the month. The former is home on sick leave from India. The latter has chosen a home for himself in this county near Hawkhurst, and we hope to see him more than once in these parts when cricket is to the fore.

The Mess, after a period of shrinkage, is once more resuming a more nominal appearance as regards numbers. The Recruits' Musketry Party of 200, under Major Moulton Barrett, returned from Lydd on the 19th. They reported high winds, and ice on the dykes of a morning, but for all that good shooting on the part of all engaged. For amusements there was golf. There was also duck shooting. That is to say, there was a moist stretch of ground where you could sit down of an evening (unless you preferred standing) and wait for flighting duck, and then when you had waited a sufficient time you went home. Two officers went coursing, and no doubt would have seen rare sport if they had arrived at the beginning instead of at the end of operations. Finally there was a motor car belonging to some naval officers which shewed an ungovernable temper, slew a dog, a chicken, and a cat, and did its best to add bigger game to its record by colliding violently with another car met on the road. A jolly time altogether.

---

The Regimental Hockey team generally turns out twice a week. Up to date it has won two matches against H.M.'s ships in harbour, 9—3 and 5—1, and lost against Dover College 9—0, Deal and Walmer 3—1, and the Depôt Royal Marines 5—1. The ground has been for the most part slow and slippery, and one match, against a Navy team, was played in a numbing gale of wind and rain. There would have been few undamaged if the falling had been hard. With a larger choice and more practice we hope to do great things yet. The team has varied to a certain extent, but the following, which played in the match against the Marines, gives an idea of its composition:—

*Goal:*
Pte. McLean

*Backs:*
Col. Heard Capt. Wood

*Half-Backs:*
Capt. Archer Lieut. Gething Lieut. Molyneux

*Forwards:*
Capt. Kershaw Lieut. Forster Lieut. Bell Lieut. Fletcher
Sergt. Williamson

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Hunting has not been very successful of late, so few of us having been out owing to the absentees at Lydd. Those who have talk little except to complain of the quality of the sport and the quantity of the mud. On the 19th hounds met at St. Margaret's. The Worcestershire Regiment managed to put up a tent in spite of the gale, and dispensed hospitality. We found at Oxney Court and headed straight for Waldershare across rolling downs, hedged, as those who know the country will remember, with wire. After about two miles of this we ran to ground and so ended quite an enjoyable gallop.

The Garrison Committee of the R.A.T.A. gave a concert in the Victoria Hall on the 24th ult., which General Inglefield, C.B., D.S.O., our Brigadier, attended, as well as several Officers of the Garrison. The programme was arranged by Mr. Cooper, our bandmaster, who is always ready to provide entertainment for the men. The attendance was good and the FIFTH well represented. The General Officer Commanding presented some fifty "honours" to various non-commissioned officers and men, and afterwards addressed the company, advising all young soldiers to join the Association. It is hoped that they will do so, and that some of the old hands will do the same.

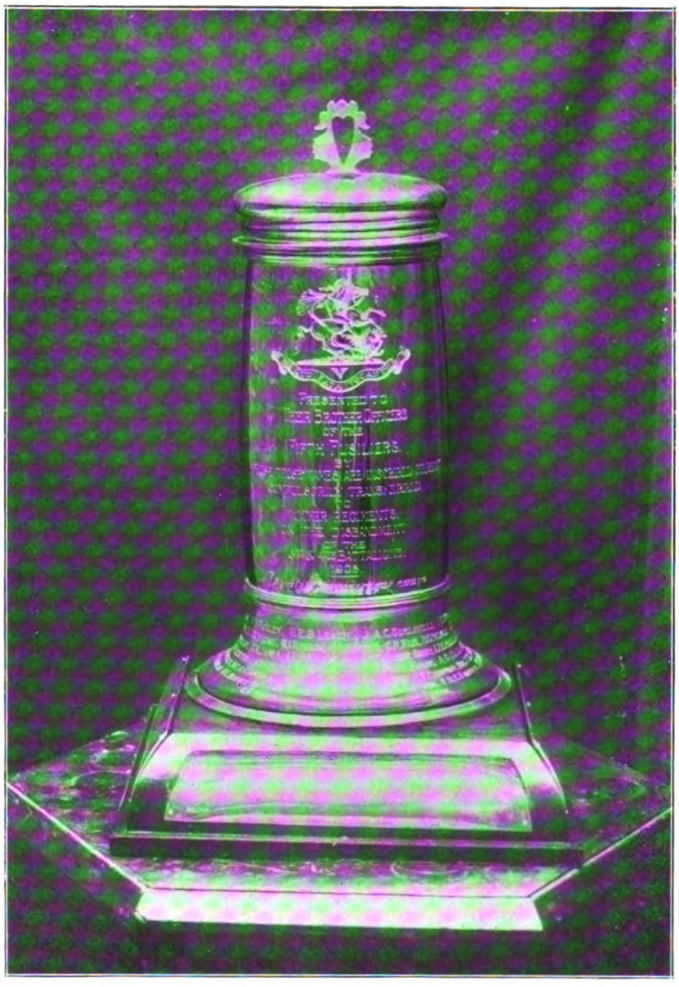
If you want your flesh to creep just read the following letter which has come to hand, dated a few days back :—

"To the Head Gentlemen of
"The army ——Company,
"Citadel Barrack, dover.

"SIR,—I believe you have "got a deserter in the name "of ——— I live in the "naberhood and I know where "he goes in each morning and "I know his sisterlaw dont "hold in with him doing so "but being sisterlaw she cant "say anything but do not say "you have had this letter as "they will gest who it is I am no writter watch the ber house "called the worrior in ———road and his brothers shop same "street at 7 in the morning or at 11 or 12 dinner time but do not "frighten his sisterlaw you will see him go in or out hoping you "wont mention this letter strickly private."

Here's a chance for someone in need of fifteen shillings. Budding Sherlock Holmes's please copy.

No. 1289 Private J. Leal was awarded a 2nd Class Certificate of Education, dated Dover, the 31st ult. No. 2095 Private A. Reed also obtained a Certificate (3rd Class) on the 31st ult.



THE CUP PRESENTED BY THE OFFICERS WHO LEFT THE REGIMENT ON THE DISBANDMENT OF THE 3RD AND 4TH BATTALIONS.

*(From a photograph by C. S. Harris, 77, London Road, Dover.)*

No. 5417 Sergeant J. Haddon re-engaged to complete 21 years' service, on the 8th inst.

No. 2173 Lance-Corporal A. Wood has been granted a 1st Good Conduct Badge, from the 24th ult.; No. 832 Private L. Scarfe, 2nd Badge, from the 6th inst.; and No. 9188 Private J. Grayson one Badge, from the 11th November, 1909.

No. 8221 Private J. P. Carruthers, who left the Service during this month, enlisted on the 10th October, 1901, and transferred to the Army Reserve on the 5th February, 1910, after serving in all four Battalions. His service abroad consisted of South Africa, 3 years and 329 days, and India, 2 years and 285 days. He possessed the India General Service Medal, 1908, and the Distinguished Conduct in the Field Medal.

## FOOTBALL.

The Football record this month has been very encouraging, the Regimental Team having won five matches out of six, and the Junior Team both those in which they were engaged. The former played the 11th Hussars on the 29th and 31st January, and defeated them 3—2 and 1—0. In the first game Private Lockhart scored a goal in the first five minutes, Lieutenant Molyneux getting the other two, one of them from long range. Team :—

*Goal :*
Drmr. Thompson
*Backs :*
Bdsmn. Cox Pte. Pattison
*Half-Backs :*
Bdsm. Cunningham Cpl. Groves
Lce.-Corpl. Mudd
*Forwards :*
Lieut. Molyneux
Pte. Lockhart Dmr. Sutton
Lc.-Sgt. Hiorns Bdsn. Drummond

The second match was the 1st Round of the Hallam Parr Shield, and was an even struggle throughout. Lockhart scored the only goal.

For the 2nd Round of the Kent Amateur Cup the Ramsgate team were our opponents with an unbeaten record behind them. This victory—3 goals to 1—was the more welcome in that the result of the last match against them had been a defeat. Lance-Sergeant Todd brought off a very fine shot which gave us our first goal, and just before half-time Sutton scrambled through with another. Each side scored once in the second half, though the FIFTH had

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the better of the play. Lance-Corporal Draper played left back and Lance-Sergeant Todd centre-forward, with Corporal Brown and Private Graham for his right wing.

For the match against Folkestone, on the 12th inst. (Folkestone and District Senior League), we put the same lot into the field as played against the Hussars, except that Corporal Brown replaced Lance-Sergeant Hiorns. We had none too much of the luck both as regards the play and the referee's decisions, and our opponents had a stiff team. In the end we scored one goal to their two.

In the same League we met the 2nd Battalion of the 60th, on the 16th inst., at Shorncliffe. The weather was against good football and on three occasions we had bad luck in not scoring. Lockhart, Sutton and Todd each shot a goal, leaving us victorious by a margin of one.

On the 19th inst. we met and worsted the Royal Garrison Artillery in the same League. The wind was even more boisterous than it was on the 16th, and rain in addition spoiled the ground. Drummond scored our first goal with a pretty shot from the wing, and on changing sides at half-time the FIFTH had it much their own way with the wind at their backs. We scored eleven goals, to which all the forwards contributed fairly equally, whereas the Gunners failed to get through at all.

The Junior, or "A" Team had an easy win against Elham Valley, on the 9th inst., by 8 goals to *nil*. We were lucky to find Private Robinson such a promising young player. He should prove a very useful man in the future. Two goals were shot by him, two each by Hammond and Brown, and one each by Todd and Pattison. Team :—

*Goal :*
Laws
*Backs :*
Draper Pattison
*Half-Backs :*
Dresser Nunns Cochrane
*Forwards :*
Brown Robinson Todd Graham Hammond

The return match at Dover, on the 19th, ended in a victory of 4 goals to 1. Again rain and wind interfered very much with the play. Crann scored with two fine shots, Broadley adding a last goal. Team :—

*Goal :*
Laws
*Backs :*
Kennedy Pearson
*Half-Backs :*
Dresser Duke Radford
*Forwards :*
Crann Robinson Lieut. Molyneux Broadley Hammond

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

On the 27th ult. we held a Smoking Concert to bid farewell to our oldest member, Colour-Sergeant (Orderly-Room Sergeant) Fenton, more popularly known as "Father Fenton," on his severing his connection with the Battalion by retiring to pension on completion of twenty-one years' service. Sergeant-Major Morgan in proposing the health of our guest, said that he knew he was voicing the sentiments of all present in regretting the departure of Colour-Sergeant Fenton. He would not enlarge on his qualities as a good comrade and a keen sportsman. All who had come in contact with him knew his worth, for when anyone had been in need of help or advice on any matter—especially that connected with his office—he had been only too willing to give any assistance possible. He concluded by wishing, on behalf of all present, Colour-Sergeant and Mrs. Fenton and family, health, happiness and success in their new path of life, and presented him with a souvenir of the years spent in the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Battalion, as a token of respect and esteem from its present members. When the Sergeant-Major had finished, our guest was enthusiastically cheered, and carried round the Mess to the strains of the Regimental March. In reply, Colour-Sergeant Fenton expressed his sorrow in retiring from the Service. It was, he said, a time that would come to all in turn, but it meant a great deal. It meant the breaking off of firm friendships and old habits and customs, all of which were very dear to one, and striking out on an entirely new line, and that, after having spent so many years in the Service, all of them in the same Battalion, it would be a very difficult thing to do. He thanked them all for their good wishes which he knew were heartfelt, and finally wished his old comrades every success and happiness in and out of the Service. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" terminated the evening.

On the 4th inst. Sergeant Haynes left us on posting to the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion, and on the 19th inst. our numbers were augmented by the arrival of the Lydd party.

## *Depôt Notes.*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
27th February, 1910.

CAPTAIN Gatehouse and Captain C. W. Gordon have successfully defeated the examiners in subject "D" for promotion, and are now girding up their loins to tackle subject "C" next month. We wish them success and better weather than was experienced last year, when it snowed continuously throughout the examination.

We have just concluded a Staff ride, for which four special reserve officers turned out, namely :—Lieutenant-Colonel Roddam, Lieutenants Darley-Waddilove, Lambert and Lamb. We hope many others will follow their good example on future occasions.

The new "ship" is rapidly approaching completion. We anticipate having excellent practice in hasty demolitions when the time comes for her to emerge from her shed, as the whole of one wall will have to come down, not to mention the roof.

Scarcely any Football, very little Hockey, and rather less Beagling, sums up the exercise that any one has been able to indulge in this month. Happy are those who roller-skate!

Talking of Hockey we notice that Lieutenant Higson, late of the 3rd Battalion, and now, alas! of the Norfolk Regiment, was selected to play for the Army against one of the 'Varsities. More power to his elbow!

No. 2373 Sergeant W. Nicholls took his discharge to

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pension on termination of second period of engagement on the 20th ult., and awarded a pension of 1s. 6d. per diem for life.

No. 5045 Sergeant W. Taylor is attached to the Depôt for a tour of duty from the 2nd Battalion, from the 21st ult.

No. 4906 Sergeant J. Haynes is posted from the 2nd Battalion to the Permanent Staff 3rd Battalion, from the 5th inst.

No. 7971 Corporal G. Challoner is appointed unpaid Lance-Sergeant, from the 5th inst.

No. 5562 Corporal J. Willson re-engaged to complete 21 years' service.

No. 2406 Private W. Clarke discharged, termination of second period of engagement, on the 17th inst.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
22nd February, 1910.

THE Annual Training is to take place at the usual time after all, intimation having been received that we are to be encamped from the 10th to the 25th June next.

Lieutenant and Quartermaster T. A Hedley is at present undergoing an "Initial Course" at the Depôt; Second-Lieutenants J. R. Robb and L. D. Plummer are to be attached at Strensall for a similar purpose from the 1st March.

Recruiting for the Battalion is proceeding but slowly at present, we are afraid a recent order of the Northumberland County Association that a Territorial recruit is to wear the trousers of his predecessor will not tend to induce a rush to fill up our gaps.

The Northumberland County Association, according to reports in the local press, have recommended that Newburn —which up to some eighteen years ago was included in the area of the 1st V.B.N.F. but was then transferred to the 2nd V.B.N.F.—be included in our recruiting area. It was understood this re-arrangement would have been made when the 4th and 7th Battalions were formed out of the late 1st V.B.N.F., but the obstacles then existing were considered insurmountable; however, one of the chief difficulties has been removed by the closing of the Newburn Rifle Range, and it is probable the transfer will now be carried out.

## 6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
22nd February, 1910.

THE Annual Distribution of Prizes took place on the 16th inst. Colonel Sir Francis Blake made the presentations, and afterwards spoke of the very great difficulties which the County Association has had to contend with in its endeavour to provide rifle ranges for Northumberland. Last year this Battalion had a range for about four weeks (on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons) and it was impossible to get everyone through their class firing.

After the prize distribution, Colonel Sturges presented the Volunteer Decoration to Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Ritson, the Territorial Decoration to Major R. Temperley (retired), and the Long Service Medal to Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Balding.

The Annual Smoking Concert of A (the Quayside) Company, was held in the Crow's Nest Hotel, on the 12th inst. This Company was over strength last year, and already has applicants for entry to replace those who are leaving. The prizes won at the Company Shooting Meeting were presented on "Change" yesterday by Lieutenant-General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell.

The final War Game of the winter training took place between F and G Companies, and resulted in a win for the latter by the narrow margin of two points.

In the Inter-Company Miniature Range Competition the results were as follows :—Shield and Silver Spoons, A Company; Silver Medals, F Company ; Bronze Medals, B Company.

The Sergeants' Shield was won by F Company, and the best score in these competitions was made by Sergeant W. Wood, F Company.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
23rd February, 1910.

ALL in the Battalion will be glad to hear that Sergeant-Major Neville has been granted a well-deserved extension in his appointment for two years. He worked hard during the drudgery of the formation of the Battalion, and deserves to have the pleasure of seeing the machinery work sweetly.

The newly-formed Glanton Section of D Company has had an interesting Morris Tube Competition for prizes from their near neighbour, Captain Mitchell.

D Company has been presented with a photo of the Colours and Drums of the 1st Battalion, from Lance-Corporal J. Bell, an old member of the Company, now serving in India with the 1st Battalion.

Colour-Sergeant J. W. Regan has been posted to A (Morpeth) Company, from the 2nd Battalion the FIFTH, in relief of Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Simpson, who has obtained his discharge.

Headquarters have received the Territorial Decoration for Major Reavell, and we expect soon to see the same Decoration for Major Mackay, attached to us from the Royal Army Medical Corps, and for nearly twenty years associated with the old 1st Volunteer Battalion, our parent Battalion. This will make the third decoration awarded to Officers of the 7th.

It is to be feared that the much needed reform as to time

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of camp will not take place this year as the Tyneside Battalions are practically tied to Race Week. It would not affect us, and the later date would have given Companies much more opportunity for outdoor work prior to camp, an enormous boon for men, the bulk of whose preparatory training must be done in the evening, and cannot, therefore, be done properly in early spring.

The County Association have, at last, been able to arrange for us the Drill Halls at Ashington and Bedlington, and an up-to-date Miniature Rifle Range for Berwick. It is hoped that the actual work will be put in hand very early.

Private T. Young, who died as the result of an operation, was buried at Alnwick, on Sunday, 13th inst., with military honours. The parade was composed of D Company, under Captain G. S. Jackson, and the firing party was commanded by Sergeant T. Forster. The Regimental Band was in attendance. Private Young received the Long Service Medal last year, and in addition to his rank and file service, was a member of the Band formed by D Company for service when on detachment.

The Battalion has lost by the resignation of Major A. Steven an officer of over twenty-one years' service, spent in G Company (Berwick), which for more than half of that time he has commanded. Six years ago he received the honorary rank of major, and last year the Territorial Officers' Decoration. When, owing to the disbandment of the Berwick Artillery at the inception of the Territorial scheme, a second Fusilier Company was raised at Berwick, Major Steven retained command of G Company.

Captain A. H. M. Weddell has been transferred to G Company, *vice* Major Steven. Captain Weddell's first commission was in G Company, but on Captain Hart's retirement two years ago Captain Weddell took over C (Belford) Company. If old associations count Captain Weddell should be much at home in his new command, as, in addition to his previous service, his father, the late Colonel Weddell, V.D., commanded G Company years ago, and he himself is in civil life Town Clerk of Berwick, in which ancient town G Company is raised.

## *Editorial Notes.*

111, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.,
26th February, 1910.

HAVING seen an interesting paragraph on the subject of Regimental Journalism in one of the best of our contemporaries, the *XXX.* for January last, we ventured to write the Editor of that paper on the 5th inst., as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I notice in your issue for January a paragraph to the "effect that with that number of your paper you had entered on your "thirtieth year, having been born in November, 1880; this, you go on "to say, makes the *XXX.* one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Regi- "mental paper in existence, and that you would like to know if any "of your contemporaries could beat your record. I imagine that "few, if any, can do so; personally I was always under the im- "pression that our paper was the oldest, we were born at Mullingar "in January, 1883, and have appeared without a break ever since. "Might I take the liberty of asking if the *XXX.* has had an unbroken "record since 1880? if so, you are much to be congratulated on your "position as the senior Regimental journal in existence. I ask the "question out of curiosity only, but the subject to me, as a brother "Editor, is an interesting one, I should be very grateful if you "could supply me with the information I seek, and thanking you "in anticipation for your reply, I am, etc.,

J. W. Malet, Major,
"Editor, *St. George's Gazette*."

On the 11th inst. we received a reply to the above as follows:—

"Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
"10th February, 1910,

"Dear Major Malet,—Your letter of the 5th inst. has been "forwarded to me to answer while I am on leave; writing from "memory the *XXX.* had a gap of four years between 1884-88, and "again during the Boer war, as we had no one at home to carry "on the paper during our absence in South Africa. So although I "expect we were the first in the field as regards Regimental papers, "I expect you hold the record for an unbroken period from 1883. "With all good luck to *St. George's Gazette*,

"Yours etc.,
"(Signed) George B. Lawrence, Major,
"Editor, *XXX.*"

From the above it will be seen that although we are not quite the oldest of Regimental papers, still we apparently hold the record for an unbroken period, and that for close on twenty-eight years would appear something to be proud of at any rate.

Both Battalions of the Regiment will be interested in seeing the illustration on page 19 of the Cup presented to the Regiment by the past Officers, who on the disbandment of the 3rd and 4th Battalions, were transferred to other units. Much of the inscription is lost in the photograph, therefore we give it as it appears on the Cup:—

PRESENTED TO
THEIR BROTHER OFFICERS
OF THE
FIFTH FUSILIERS,
BY
THOSE WHOSE NAMES ARE INSCRIBED HEREON,
COMPULSORILY TRANSFERRED
TO
OTHER REGIMENTS,
ON THE DISBANDMENT
OF THE
3RD AND 4TH BATTALIONS,
1908.

AMICITIAE DESIDERIIQUE CAUSA.

While on a silver plate on the plinth is engraved:—

MAJORS F. B. MORLEY, H. E. B. LEACH, J. A. C. SOMERVILLE, T. O. MARDEN; CAPTAINS E. J. CAFFIN, W. H. W. YOUNG, R. T. RAWSON, M. M. H. NEVILLE, G. R. WAKE, R. G. PALMER, A. DUNCOMBE SHAFTO, H. W. STENHOUSE, G. M. JAMES, A. E. J. WILSON, HON. N. C. GATHORNE-HARDY, E. P. A. RIDDELL, J. E. V. ISAAC, R. G. COLES, L. W. DE HOCHEPIED LARPENT, C. A. WOODS, R. G. RITSON, B. EVANS, A. G. LE GALLAIS; LIEUTENANTS A. G. TEMPERLEY, N. C. G. CAMERON, F. HIGSON, G. J. JACKSON, A. F. CHAPMAN, HON. J. C. W. S. FOLJAMBE, L. D'A FOX, G. S. A. DOUGLAS, B. E. HERVEY-BATHURST, G. H. P. BOYLE, F. H. CHARLTON, F. R. G. FORSYTH, H. COLMORE, C. W. RITSON, J. C. MAUDE, J. W. LAWSON, O. C. DOWNES, E. W. GOWER.

Early this month comes to hand another rival in the field of Regimental Papers in the *XI. Hussar Journal*, and a very formidable rival it is. No. 1., Vol. I., for January, which is before us as we write, is quite one of the very best of our contemporaries; well printed, full of well written and interesting matter, its thirty-six pages of literary items and advertisements, appropriately bound in cherry coloured cover, this extra smart quarterly's success would seem a foregone conclusion. We are proud to have this excellent journal on our exchange list, we wish it all the success it most certainly deserves, and trust its future will be crowned with success. The printers, Messrs. Parsons,

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of Folkestone, deserve a word of praise for the way they have carried out the work entrusted to them; the whole paper is very good, and does infinite credit to all concerned, and the distinguished regiment to whom it appeals.

The programme of the Army Reliefs for the year 1910-11 (subject to such modifications as may from time to time be necessary) have been published. From this we see that the 2nd Battalion are to move from Dover to Sheffield. The official orders on the subject do not of course give the date, but we have heard from a private source that the move will probably take place in October next.

An anonymous correspondent from Nottinghamshire kindly sends on a copy of the *Worksop Guardian* of the 4th inst.; our contemporary gives its readers an excellent portrait of the first Editor of *St. George's Gazette*, Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Whitaker, who has recently been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel to command the Nottinghamshire Regiment of Imperial Yeomanry (the Sherwood Rangers). Our contemporary, besides the portrait, gives a short resumé of this Officer's career as a soldier, of which all details appear quite correct, and we are glad to note that mention is made of the fact that the Colonel at one time had the distinction of being the best shot of the Officers of the Army; the announcement recalls to us, who write, happy memories of the good old days, for at that time the writer and "Curly" Whitaker were soldiering together at Mullingar. We congratulate our old comrade on his promotion, his case we believe is a record one in that this is the first time an Infantry Officer has got command of a Yeomanry Regiment. On seeing his portrait, we wrote to the Editor of the *Worksop Guardian*, for the loan of the block, he at once kindly supplied us with it, and it now illustrates this page. We tender grateful thanks to our brother Editor, the portrait is quite excellent, and will, we are sure, be much appreciated by Colonel Whitaker's many friends.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALBERT E. WHITAKER.
*(Block kindly supplied by the Editor, "The Worksop Guardian.")*

The Editor greatly needs an assistant, principally for controlling the business side of the *Gazette*; anyone who will offer his services in this direction would be very welcome. The duties, which would not take up much time, would consist of keeping the advertisers and subscribers' accounts, occasionally sending out bills, and forwarding remittances collected to the Editor; an Officer is wanted who would help in getting our paper more generally known among the advertising community, and assist the Editor in correcting proofs, etc. The writer has controlled all departments of the paper for the last fourteen years, and the combination has been no light task. The Officer taking over the above duties could of course do the work in his own good time, but the Editor feels the time has come when he must ask for assistance, for as the years go on, fresh responsibilities and work crop up, the whole he now feels is too much for one man, and reluctantly he must say that if no kind friend comes to the rescue the days of *St. George's Gazette* will soon be numbered. The result of this appeal will be reported in our next.

## *Letters to the Editor.*

7, Almeida Terrace,
S.C. Road,
Kilmainham, Dublin,
15th February, 1910.

Dear Sir,—I note in Editorial Notes in the December number of *St. George's Gazette*, that two of your subscribers ask for Bound Volumes, one for 1900, and another for 1905, for which they were willing to pay 7/6 each. I can supply both at the price quoted, if your subscriber will communicate with me to the above address. Thanking you in anticipation for inserting this letter,

I am, yours respectfully,
R. Allen,
Late Sergeant 4th (line) Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Galston, N.B.,
18th February, 1910.

Dear Sir,—It is gratifying to read in last month's issue that your recent appeal for assistance was so well responded to, and that the financial position of the paper is now fairly satisfactory; but I think it is due to you that some scheme should be devised for increasing the income to a sum sufficient to meet the ordinary expenditure, and so save you from the unpleasantness of having to make periodical applications for pecuniary aid.

If you will allow me I will make a suggestion and will put it in form of an appeal to my brother Officers on the Retired List, to

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whom the monthly arrival of the *St. George's Gazette*—reminding them, as it does, of the years spent in the old Regiment, doubtless the happiest years of all their lives—gives, if possible, greater pleasure than to anybody else. I would ask them to make a small increase (say 10s.) in their subscriptions and to intimate to you their wish to be charged such additional amount in future. I feel sure nobody will grudge this, and that all of us will be glad of the opportunity of paying off in deeds some portion of the debt of gratitude which, as "Tickletoby" says, we still owe but pay only in words.

Yours truly,
J. PEARSE HOBBS,
Lieut.-Col., Retired Pay,
Late 5th Fusiliers.

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8, HIGHAM PLACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
19th February, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Executive Committee Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society beg to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions for 1910:—

| | Subscriptions. £ s. d. |
|---|---|
| F. W. Lambton, Esq. | 1 0 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Forsyth | 2 2 0 |
| ,, J. J. Robinson | 1 1 0 |
| Captain Hon. N. Gathorne Hardy | 1 1 0 |
| ,, A. Duncombe-Shafto, D.S.O. | 1 0 0 |
| ,, F. L. Festing | 1 0 0 |
| ,, H. C. Hall | 1 0 0 |
| ,, W. C. Wright | 1 0 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Darley | 2 2 0 |
| ,, G. Hart-Dyke | 2 2 0 |
| Major-General R. Auld, C.B. | 2 0 0 |
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| Lieutenant-Colonel M. W. Biddulph | 5 0 0 |
| Colonel Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O. | 5 5 0 |
| Lieutenant-General Sir G. B. Milman, K.C.B. | 5 0 0 |
| Major J. W. Malet | 1 1 0 |
| Sir H. R. W. Miles | 1 1 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Hargreave | 2 2 0 |
| Mrs. J. G. Harkness | 1 1 0 |
| Captain J. H. L. White | 1 1 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Whitaker | 5 0 0 |
| Colonel F. Pocklington | 5 0 0 |
| ,, T. Rowland, C.B. | 1 1 0 |
| Major F. W. Saunders | 1 1 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Pagan | 1 1 0 |
| Colonel W. H. Sitwell, C.B., D.S.O. | 2 2 0 |
| ,, C. F. Pollock | 2 2 0 |
| Lieutenant Hon. J. C. M. S. Foljambe | 1 1 0 |
| Colonel W. C. Masters, C.B. | 1 0 0 |
| Captain M. L. Sant | 1 1 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Heathcote | 1 0 0 |
| Captain W. Enderby | 1 0 0 |
| Major A. B. Morley | 1 1 0 |
| Colonel T. G. L. Herbert Armstrong | 3 3 0 |
| Mrs. T. Herbert Armstrong | 1 1 0 |
| Colonel E. W. Dashwood | 1 1 0 |
| Major J. A. C. Somerville | 2 0 0 |
| Major-General T. S. Bigge, C.B. | 2 2 0 |
| Total | £70 17 0 |

Truly yours,
JAS. THOMSON, Major,
Secretary Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society.

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THE CITADEL, DOVER.
21st February, 1910.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would allow me space for a few remarks on the Musketry notes embodied in the "Retrospect for 1909" which appeared in the January number. Mention is made of the creditable way in which D Company of the 2nd Battalion carried off the South Eastern Command General's Challenge Shield. It might also be stated, for the honour of the Regiment, that C Company was second and G Company third in the same competition. It will be seen, however, by the results tabulated below that as a matter of fact A Company 2nd Battalion distinguished themselves even more highly than these:—

1. "N" Cup (Holders 1908): A Company, 4th Prize, £2.
2. Fire Control Competition: A Company, 1st Prize, £8. (35 teams entered).
3. S.E. Command Company Championship: A Company, 1st Prize, Challenge Cup and £13 (35 teams entered).

This Company, apart from individual prizes, won altogether £23 and a challenge cup, a feat which surpasses the performances of any other squadron or company at the meeting.

I think your readers will agree that these results justify some special mention.

Yours truly,
A. F. COLLETT,
Colour-Sergeant, 2/5th Fusiliers.

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, LONDON, S.W.,
22nd February, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—I think you may consider the following extract from a private letter written in September, 1893, by Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, Commanding the Aldershot Division (now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., etc.), worthy of reproduction. It was written during the manœuvres of the Aldershot Division, then marching down to the manœuvre area. It is dated Idstone, Shrivenham, September 3rd, 1893:—"The feet of our "boyish soldiers are, I suppose, hardening, as we had only seventy-"three who were non-effective the evening before last, out of some "13,000 or 14,000. Colonel Burnett (then Assistant-Adjutant-"General Aldershot Division, now Lieutenant-General Sir C. J. "Burnett, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., G.O.C., in C Western Command) told "me last evening a fine story of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers. "They boast no man ever falls out in the Regiment. He watched "a man walking in the ranks; an officer carried his rifle, a man "held him under each arm, and with his tongue out and closed "eyes, he plodded on, apparently unconscious, till the Colonel "halted, and gave him some whisky and water, when he revived. "We have seen officers carrying two rifles."

Yours faithfully,
"THE FRIENDLY."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D.T.L."—*We are always glad of hints, but your idea is quite unworkable for more reasons than one.* "NEMO."—*You must learn to labour and to wait, nevertheless it is quite true as you say that the labourer is worthy of his hire, that is to say when the labour undertaken is completed.* "SENEX."—*Yours dated 13th inst. to hand, we will adopt your idea one of these days if our funds allow, more at the moment we cannot say.* "COLOUR-SERGEANT."—*Our grateful thanks in anticipation.*

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*,
28TH FEBRUARY, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS. — The undermentioned officers have passed in subjects "C" and "D" for promotion:—Captain J. W. Malet, for promotion to the rank of Major; Lieutenant E. W. Dashwood, for promotion to the rank of Captain.

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The Levée on the 3rd of the month was largely attended by the Regiment—the officers being presented by our Colonel, General the Earl of Longford. A very fine guard of honour, under Captain Malet with Lieutenant Sitwell, was posted at the entrance to the Castle. From the *Dublin Express*, of the 4th inst., we extract the following:—"Among the twelve men composing the guard of honour of the Northumberland Fusiliers at the Levée yesterday, were forty-three good conduct badges, and twenty-six war medals! besides several good conduct medals." The average height of the guard was considerably over six feet.

On Monday, the 9th, an important ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Hall, at the Castle. The installation of two new Knights; Lord Annaly and Lord Monteagle, to the Order of "St. Patrick." The investiture took place in the evening, and the Regiment was invited to be present. A guard of honour of fifty men under Captain Hon. C. Lambton and Lieutenant A. E. Whitaker attended, and were posted at the entrance and along the corridors leading to the Hall. His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, headed the procession which entered the Hall soon after nine o'clock, and was followed almost immediately by all the other Knights of the Order present.

A curious coincidence was that our Regiment had formed the guard of honour in 1783—a hundred and two years ago—at the first installation of the then newly founded Order of "St. Patrick," at the Cathedral, the grenadier company forming the guard. * *

Some string instruments have lately been introduced into our band. So in addition to the ordinary "guest night" band, we now have a "string band night." We hope ere long to increase the number of violins, and some day we may be able to have a complete band of string instruments.

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DEPÔT NOTES. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 25th February, 1885.—On the 14th inst., the Lucknow Marble Tables arrived at the Depôt, having been restored to the Regiment by Colonel W. C. Master, C.B.

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Authority has been received from the Horse Guards for Major J. W. Pearse Hobbs, to be attached for duty at the Depôt, until further instructions, on the expiration of his leave of absence on the 28th inst.

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Sergeant Topp, 2nd Battalion, at present in the Army Reserve, has obtained employment with the "Newcastle Tramway Company," through the influence of the Register for Civil Employment.

THIRD BATTALION NOTES, Alnwick.—At the Roman Catholic soiree held in the Corn Exchange, Alnwick, on the 22nd January, Sergeant-Drummer S. James was greatly applauded by the audience for a solo on the cornet.

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Quartermaster J. S. Cartwright has been appointed recruiting officer at this Station during the absence of Brevet-Major and Adjutant Kilgour on leave.

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P. H. G. Cotton, Esq., has been appointed lieutenant in the Battalion from the 31st January, 1885.

## ASTRONOMIC PILLS.

### SECOND SERIES, BEING No. 13 DOSE.

AND now we have come to Jupiter, the giant among the Planets. Coming from Mars, if you recollect, we shot through a mass of tiny planets, asteroids, and after passing through a void of many millions of miles we approached this magnificent orb. Plunging through a great envelope of clouds or steam we alight on his surface, a surface I don't think we could bear to stand on, it is so hot. I think I am right in saying that it is generally conceded that Jupiter is still hot, he has not yet cooled down sufficiently to be bearable as a place of abode for such beings as we are. He may be in a semi-molten state with a crust all over him. What in time will be water and cover his surface with oceans when he is cool enough, is now suspended all round him as an envelope of steam or clouds. I suppose torrential rains fall on his surface and rise hissing again as clouds. You can understand that Jupiter must take a long time to cool when you realise his enormous size. His diameter is 88,000 miles, eleven times that of our Earth. The volume of this Planet is 1,279 times that of ours and he weighs 309 times more. We talk of weights and it seems impossible that these heavenly bodies so far off can be weighed without scales, but I can assure you it is as easy for an astronomer to weigh Jupiter as it is for a grocer to weigh a lump of cheese. As a matter of fact an astronomer can probably do it far more accurately. I need not go into the details as to how this weighing is done, it is beyond our scope, but you can take my word for it, it can be done.

Jupiter revolves round the Sun in an elliptic orbit, of course, at a mean distance of 482 million miles from the latter. He takes nearly twelve of our years to do it. Now whereas the Earth's axis, as I told you before, is tilted at an angle of 23½ degrees to a perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, that of Jupiter is almost upright. Now the Earth rotates on her axis once in 24 hours, Jupiter, large as he is, does it in just under 10 hours! The consequence of his rotating so rapidly and being so soft in his composition is that he is very much flattened at the poles. Fancy a day of only 10 hours, 5 hours of day and 5 of night. The consequence is that on Jupiter, the year, or one complete revolution round the Sun, is composed of 10,455 Jupiter days! What a life one would have to lead! Three, or four meals in five hours and less than five hours' sleep!

Owing to the upright position of Jupiter's axis, wherever one lived on his surface, one would have no variation, or hardly any, in the seasons, a little warmer or a little cooler as one happened to be nearer or further in his orbit from the Sun.

Look at Jupiter through a good telescope, his appearance is interesting. Alternate light and dark bands are seen on his surface, round his waist, so to speak. These bands are always changing in width and intensity, sometimes broken up and with dark spots and shreds of cloud, always changing and moving. His surface can really never be seen, it is hidden under dense masses of cloud. Look again through the telescope and you will see some little stars near him in a line with his equator. If you are lucky you may see one of them suddenly disappear. Or again you may see a small dark dot travel across his surface. These stars are some of his satellites or moons which revolve round him. The one that suddenly disappears is eclipsed by the shadow of Jupiter thrown by the Sun. The dark dot moving across his surface may be the shadow of a satellite thrown on his surface. These satellites with their periodic eclipses are useful to mariners in telling them their longitude. One of these satellites is a world in itself, it is nearly as large as Mars and larger than Mercury, others are larger than our Moon. Perhaps they support life on their surface. Picture to yourself living on such a world and whirling round a huge globe in a week or so. To people living on such a world the globe of Jupiter must fill the most of the sky.

How does the force of Gravity on Jupiter compare with that on the Earth? As an example, a man weighing eleven stone on the Earth, if he went to Jupiter, would find that he weighs more than twenty-four stone. That means that the force of Gravity on Jupiter is two and a half times greater than on the Earth.

Whenever you see a bright star, nearly as bright as Venus at her best, shining with a steady brilliance high in the heavens to the south at midnight, you may recognize it as Jupiter. Every 399 days or a little over a year and a month he comes back to the same place. He is then at his best for observation.

Next outward from Jupiter we come to that mysterious Planet, the wonder of the Solar System, Saturn. What makes him so wonderful and mysterious are his rings. Saturn was the ancient frontier of the Solar System. No other Planet was known beyond Saturn till the eighteenth century, when Uranus was discovered, of which we will speak later.

Before considering Saturn's rings let us investigate his dimensions, etc. This Planet comes next in size to Jupiter, his diameter is 76,000 miles, or nine and a half times that of the Earth. His volume is nearly 900 times that of our Earth, but he is not so solid. He revolves round the Sun in an elliptic orbit at a mean distance of 876,767,000 miles. He accomplishes one complete revolution in 29 years 5 months 16 days, and rotates on his axis once in 10 hours 14 minutes 24 seconds. Thus there are 25,000 Saturn days in his year! The axis of Saturn is tilted 25° 42′ from the perpendicular to the plane of his orbit, so that Saturn has Seasons as on the Earth. But each of his Seasons lasts more than seven years. Fancy a winter of over seven years! What a life! The globe of Saturn is much flattened at the poles, more so than Jupiter, this being due to the rapidity of his rotation and the softness of his composition. Saturn shows bands about his equator in the same way that Jupiter does, but they are not so clearly marked. These bands must be due to clouds covering his surface. The Sun from Saturn appears ten times smaller than he does to us, and the Earth from the inhabitants of this Planet appears as a small point of light near the Sun. We are so minute in appearance as to be of no consequence, and to the imaginations of the Saturnians that little globe cannot be inhabited. And yet what a lot we think of ourselves! When we can see Saturn at his nearest he shines as a star of the first magnitude, but not nearly so bright as Venus, Jupiter, or Mars. He shines with a dull red light of a sinister appearance. The ancients always considered him an unlucky star, and it was not a good thing to be born under his auspices.

I think we can leave the subject of his rings and satellites to be described in the next dose, as this one is quite large enough already.

"AUDIOR."

## A TRIP THROUGH THE SENEGAL.

BY H.S.T.

*(Illustrated from photos taken by the Writer).*

THIS journey was an effort to discover fresh game country off the beaten track of tourists, in an almost unknown part of Africa.

The previous two hunting expeditions up this way had been, to put it mildly, unsuccessful. One party consisting of two officers on leave from Malta ascended the Gambia last year. Their total bag consisted of a crocodile (purchased), their cook whom they shot, accidentally certainly, but which nevertheless added £60 to their expenses, and a dose of fever apiece which kept them in Bathurst Hospital for the remainder of their leave. The other was made up of a couple of Germans, who, entering the

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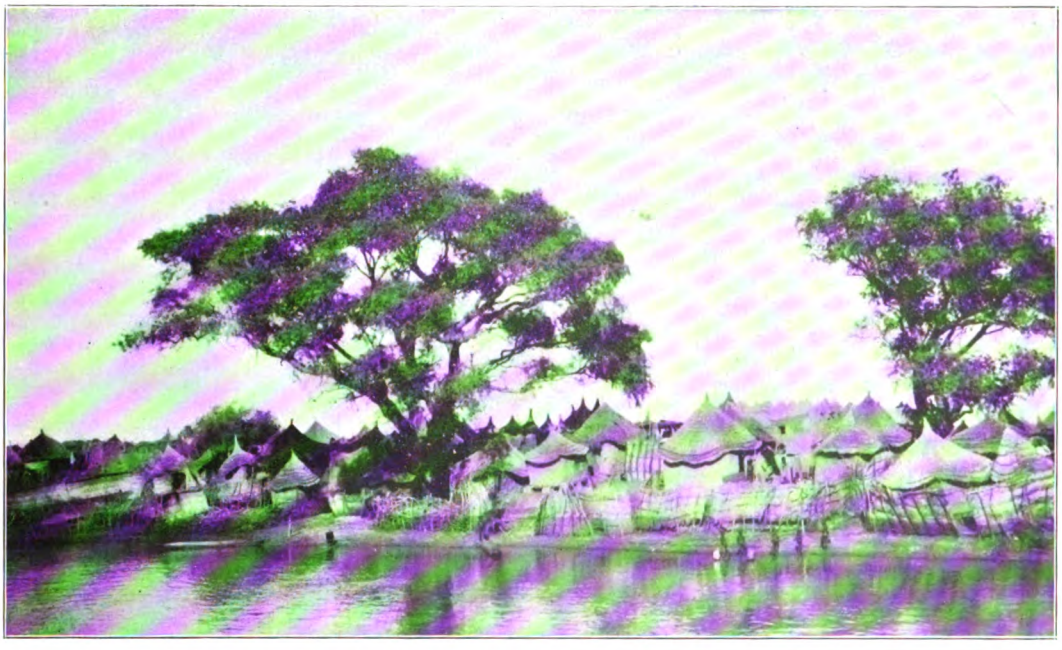
Sénégal with a total capital of £250, all their worldly possessions, expected to make a fortune by trapping wild animals and selling them in Europe. Staying up country until their capital had been eaten up in transport expenses, etc., they returned broke to the world, with nothing to show except some monkeys which afterwards realised £12, and until a steamer arrived to take them back to the Fatherland, had to be accommodated in the local gaol—not as prisoners, but to prevent them from starving.



A VILLAGE ON THE SENEGAL RIVER.

Although not quite such a farce as either of these expeditions, my journey as a hunting trip was, through various causes, more or less a failure. A superfluity of native hunters, either dense vegetation or lack of water—no happy medium—the difficulty of obtaining accurate information as to game localities, which meant that, instead of going straight to my shooting grounds I had to cover long distances searching for them, and an initial error in getting too far from the coast (some 400 miles) during the first six weeks, the consequence being that when later on I did come across a few spots holding game, I was marching daily to the sea on my return journey with hardly a day to spare for shooting, if I was to catch my boat.

Africa had been calling loudly for eighteen months to one of her children stationed in an English garrison town. The wandering spirit might have died quietly had it not been for those cold Sunday suppers in the Mess—the presence of one or two other wanderers and the reminiscences which after supper usually helped to pass the time till we turned in to bed.

Manœuvres over for 1909 and four months' shooting leave having been sanctioned, a glance at the map of Africa showed French Senegambia, or, as it is spoken of by all Frenchmen, "The Sénégal," on the West Coast, a little known country, at least to Englishmen, only eight days from Bordeaux and with a direct line of steamers running to Dakar, the capital of French West Africa.

And before commencing the details of this trip I would express a hope that whenever French sportsmen visit any of our colonies, they will be accorded as good a reception as I was in theirs. From the Governor downwards—nothing could exceed the kindness, hospitality and desire to help me along, of every official with whom I came in contact. Of one thing you may be almost certain—that you will have trouble with the natives, or rather that they will ignore you, commencing with the "boy" you engage at Dakar and continuing later with peasants, porters and chiefs. The black man is an equal of the white in the Sénégal and he knows it. Local officials will do their best for you in their own districts, but they are just as impotent as you to make the black man work for or respect the white and you therefore have to await his pleasure to perform what you require and at exorbitant rates. This question, the attitude of the black man to the white, and its attendant troubles as regards porters and food, both points of vital importance to a traveller, is the only one that is likely to mar an otherwise extremely pleasant holiday, on a grand African colony.

WASHING DAY ON THE SENEGAL.

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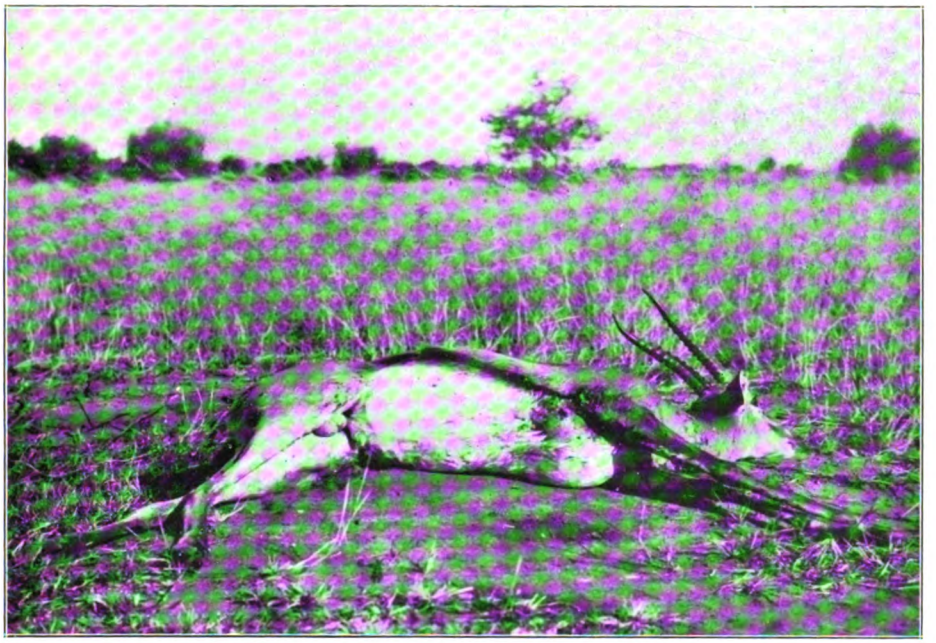
Dakar is the capital of French West Africa. St. Louis the capital of the Sénégal. Both towns are on the coast and 170 miles of rail-



THE SENEGAL GAZELLE (GAZELLA RUFIFRONS).

way connect them. Rifles and ammunition are usually the chief difficulty passing through France. I sent mine on in advance by Elder Dempster from Liverpool to Dakar.

If one's intention is to ascend the Sénégal river, *i.e.*, start from St. Louis, instructions should be given to the agents at Dakar to forward ammunition immediately on its arrival to St. Louis, as although a passenger train goes daily, ammunition can only be carried by goods train leaving about once a week, and then delivery at the other end is not guaranteed under fourteen days.

This is important as it is no joke being stranded at St. Louis for a fortnight awaiting one's cartridges. At Dakar there is a remarkably good hotel—for tropical Africa—clean rooms and good food. The only fault I had to find was that the partitions between the various rooms were so thin that every sound one's neighbour made was audible. On one side of me I had the most formidable snorer it has ever been my misfortune to be quartered alongside of. I stuck out his afternoon siesta without complaint, thinking it was perhaps caused by a mixture of too much red wine at lunch and a strong sun and that the annoyance was only a temporary one, but at night when the row recommenced I felt something violent had to be done. Afraid to give myself away by smashing in his partition I gave three thoroughly sound whacks with the heel of my boot on the floor and awaited the results. They were unexpected. The snorer hardly lowered his tone, but a man in the room behind woke with a yell—evidently thinking pistol practice was going on round his head. Moreover he got up and made a complete tour of the building, to investigate, whilst I hardly dared creep back to bed lest he should hear me and locate the trouble.

Next morning I complained to madame the proprietress in my best French that I objected sleeping next to a man who made a noise like a hundred pigs and a railway engine combined. She assured me I was exaggerating as the last occupant of my room had only complained that he *whistled* in his sleep. Later I found the offender to be madame's own husband, who had probably been banished to that part of the house on account of his music.

Of the St. Louis hotel, least said soonest forgotten. One has a roof over one's head and there is a bar at which iced drinks can be obtained. A small electric torch came in very handy during the night for switching on the light suddenly to capture one's visitors before they had time to take cover again under the mattress.

Go out by Messageries Maritime instead of Elder Dempster Line. The M.M. I travelled on was bad and not in any way up to their steamers to the Far East or those on the other side of Africa. They seemed to look upon anyone travelling down the West Coast as a "tough," and treat him accordingly. But one rubs shoulders with returning administrators and officers and obtains a general idea of the country.

French colonial methods are scientific, probably more so than ours, but they know little about the game of their districts. The most explicit information obtainable (usually inaccurate) being that certain localities held "biches" or "grandes antilopes"—the former being any antelope or gazelle from the size of a bushbuck downwards, the latter anything bigger.

A MAUR ENCAMPMENT.

A working knowledge of conversational French is absolutely

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essential, and with that you can go anywhere in the Sénégal. Most of the chiefs in the interior talk French, or a smattering of it, and one can obtain at the coast before starting, a general factotum in the shape of a French speaking native, probably an Oulof, who, besides his own language, will speak half a dozen native dialects, act as interpreter, boy and cook, and do just as little as he possibly can of each for his wages of 25/- to 30/- a month.

Any box that can possibly be broken or bent, will arrive so after having traversed France and made a voyage by M.M. From the time you leave Dover until you finally start off into the "bush" with a caravan, the system of registration is in vogue. This means that bar what you take in your carriage or cabin, your baggage is only seen by you when finally deposited in the various custom houses, or occasionally when changing from boat to train or *vice versa*. In consequence it is at the mercy of every individual who, knowing full well that no irate owner is near, likes to heave it into the hold or dump it on to a railway truck.

Don't imagine, however, that once in the "bush" one can mete out justice to offending porters. The person of the French native is sacred, and any attempt at even mild corporal punishment would immediately end in master's appearance before the nearest administrator and a certain fine, whilst the white man has practically no redress from a porter who thinks he is tired and refuses to go on, or chucks his load into the grass and bolts. In most districts the system of porterage is to engage men from one village to the next. A hopeless method when one wants to travel comfortably, as it means daily wrangling with chiefs, on whose pleasure you are absolutely dependent, and who, moreover, know it. You can storm and rage and threaten all sorts of things, which both you and your listeners know to be idle boastings, as the sun gets higher and higher in the heavens and your promised porters have not arrived, but the village chief often cares little when the nearest white administrator is sometimes 150 miles away, and may, perhaps tour in the neighbourhood of that particular village the following year, perhaps not, and is, moreover, absolutely forbidden to administer corporal punishment, the only punishment which, in my humble opinion, appeals most directly to natives. At the same time one must admit the French manage to govern their colonies and a remarkably fine native army most successfully.

At the beginning of November, I ascended the Sénégal river by boat, as far as Podor, a French military port some 200 miles from the coast, having decided to try my luck in that neighbourhood for a fortnight. On the same boat were a number of officers and administrators bound for their various stations on the Niger and in the Sudan. A most cheery, hospitable lot, and when Podor hove in sight, someone remarked, "Boy apportez le champagne. l' armée Britannique va débarquer en vingt minutes." I knew what that meant—a speech—and no time to look up a few sentences in my pocket dictionary. However, my shortcomings were overlooked and we parted with mutual promises to visit each other at Dover and in Paris on the first opportunity.

At Podor two officers had arrived the previous day from the Mauritania campaign, having ridden 350 miles in ten days, on camels, through an enemy's country, to reach the river. Both excellent types of hard soldiering officers, one wearing the "Legion of Honour."

I had to wait here three days whilst a "chalon" or local sailing boat, was having the cracks in her sides caulked up and a straw awning stretched over her deck as protection against the sun, and then started up one of the creeks to south of the main stream. On board besides self were my boy, four men and a "patron," or captain.

The four men were there to tug the "chalon" along by a rope attached to the mast, when sailing was impossible, they clambering along through mud and rushes on the bank, an endless method of procedure, but when there is no sailing wind, better than making no progress at all.

The first day out we halted for the night, after hours of useless tacking, wind and current being dead against us, with the repeated assurances of the "patron" that we should be on the move again at 4 a.m. They actually did get under weigh about 6 a.m., and just as I was congratulating myself that we were really off, one of the men tugging the rope on the bank, espied in a puddle cut off from the stream by the falling river—the dry season had set in two months previously—several of those big mud fish, flat headed fellows with whiskers, that one always finds in African rivers. Self and boat were a minor consideration, and the "patron" and his crew for the next one and a half hours went a fishing. Threats of chicote were useless. They knew if I touched one of them they had only to turn the boat round and run me back to Podor, where I should be fined. I eventually reported them to the administrator at Podor, and they got a talking to—poor consolation for me. Eventually, having deposited fourteen specimens weighing from five to ten pounds each, amongst my kit in the bottom of the boat, they consented to continue the work I was paying them for. The same thing occurred at the first village that I decided to leave the "chalon" and strike inland from. Although warned by the administrator the previous day the chief took from 8 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. to obtain and load up five donkeys—donkeys abounding.

I will not mention this question again, but a traveller in the Sénégal must bottle his temper and forget that there was ever such a word as "hurry," or he had better stay away.

Natives had told me that a couple of marches inland, gazelle were plentiful, and getting all the moisture they wanted from the grass, they would not come nearer to the river on account of the numerous villages on its banks. Incorrect information as it turned out later. Anyway when finally obtained, my five donkeys were loaded up—three with waterskins and two with kit, my *personnel* consisting three men as guides and to look after the donkeys, and a useless cook-boy brought from the coast who, the day I returned to Podor, finding he had to work for his pay, bolted. Waterskins were necessary, as the whole district, once the river was left, was waterless.

After travelling south some thirty miles, we came upon a tract of country extensively planted with millet, with here and there a picturesque tent or rather *tente d'abri*, made of native cotton drill, an industry that is thriving right through the Sénégal, nearly every village possessing its looms. This was a Maur encampment and we made it our headquarters, the chief turning out of his tent for me, he and his family lodging elsewhere. These Maurs were most friendly and hospitable, and a pleasing contrast to the semi-civilised savages on the banks of the river. They had sown their millet during the rains and had now come back bringing their tents with them to harvest it. Their difficulty also was water. Most of them had donkeys, however, that had been trained to exist on a drink every two or three days, and they spent their time journeying to and fro the river, drinking their full when they reached it and bringing back a supply in skins for their owners.

Briefly the result of six days' hard work in this absolutely waterless country was eight shootable gazelle (gazella rufifrons) seen and six killed. I also saw fairly recent footprints of a bull giraffe. Nothing else in the district whatever. On killing my first animal the immediate question of my men on return to camp was "how much of it did I want?" I wanted the kidneys, liver and both hind legs—greater part of a small gazelle. Their faces fell. Next morning they had me up and away before it was light. Four hours' hard work brought me two more, the only two I saw. That gave them as much meat as they could gorge, and now with full stomachs they were tired of work and wanted to return at once to the village. "There was no game in the district. At Matam further up the "Sénégal river I should be able to fire off all the cartridges I "had brought with me," etc. The lies I told them that night over the cook's fire concerning prowess of self and devotedness of natives on the other side of Africa, whose only desire was to help amass heads for "master," irrespective of the fulness or otherwise of their own stomachs, will I hope be forgiven me. Anyway it brought them out the following day as keen as ever.

On the sixth morning our second supply of water (the donkeys had made one journey back to the river) was running short, and we decided to return, doing a half march the first day on the chance of shooting something and a long one the second, when according to the natives there would be no game owing to the population getting denser. The second day's march to the river is worth relating as it shows the inaccuracy of native information and also places on record an act of folly on my part which might have put an end to my trip.

*(To be continued).*

## IMPRESSIONS OF A NOVICE WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY.

YES! until quite recently I was classed as a novice! I was looked upon as a probationer, a tyro, in mounted infantry work; and now the course is over and I have to all intents and purposes passed the novitiate stage, it has occurred to me that the impressions of a novice might prove interesting to some. I feel somewhat doubtful of my ability to place before the readers of the *St. George's Gazette* an article at once interesting and instructive, and have been filled

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with doubts and fears as to my ultimate success until I read—

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

Then my doubts vanished, my fears fled, I felt invigorated as with the breath of new life, and possessing such feelings I—

"Put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution"

knowing that if I did not make the attempt I would never succeed; and now with a lighter heart I grasp the pen, hoping that this article—the result of my new-born resolution—will prove of interest.

Longmoor "the desolate" was reached about 1 p.m., the 1st October, 1909. And what a place it seemed! Dreary, oppressively monotonous and forsaken, except by those who are sent there to overcome the mysteries of mounted work, and a few sappers who keep up communication with the outer world by means of their instructional railway. It is truly a deplorable place in wet weather, with quagmires everywhere, even the roads in many cases belie their name, and were as a rule unfit for pedestrian traffic, but on a fine day its hills, its undulating heather and pasture land and its pine forest presented to the eye a scene of much beauty—beauty sometimes not appreciated when a three mile walk has to be faced to reach the most convenient of the three railway stations. Yet Longmoor wet, or Longmoor fine, is much sought after, and it might well be named the Mecca of all true mounted infantrymen, whether trained or candidates for future courses.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT P. SIDNEY AND DETACHMENT MOUNTED INFANTRY, 2ND BATTALION FIFTH FUSILIERS.
*(From a photograph by Harvey & Co., Liss, Hants.)*

Our ride from Bordon to Longmoor on the instructional railway was much appreciated by all ranks. This railway winds for a distance of about four miles through the most picturesque part of the Woolmer Forest, and displays to view at different parts of the journey thick forests of pines, heather land with a few trees dotted here and there, small streams with occasional rustic bridges, and both small and large ponds, which dry up during the summer months. This ride in open trucks was thoroughly enjoyed, although we had only our baggage for seats, and were put to some inconvenience when the driver had occasion to increase or decrease speed, but these drawbacks, added to riding in rear of a snorting engine with its consequent rain of smuts and smoke, were a pleasant contrast and afforded us a much relished relaxation after several hours in a rather ancient carriage of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway.

On arrival at Longmoor we unloaded our baggage as best we could—there being no platform—this fact, together with the huts painted a greenish colour with roofs of red, the pine trees in the distance, and the somewhat uncultivated look of the surrounding country, helped us to imagine we had arrived at an "Outpost of Empire," on the borders of one of our far-away colonies. Up till then our imagination had been allowed full play, but from this time, for many weeks, visionary things took no part in our daily routine, nothing but stern reality could be tolerated.

Having reached the huts, our trials commenced; the rooms could not be occupied for some time because they had not been "taken over." At this stage the inner man called for attention, more particularly the inner man of those who had no breakfast before leaving Dover, and here food was not easy to get at. The dining room could not be used for the same reason as the barrack rooms. The sections detailed to find the cooks did not arrive until late in the day so that nothing was cooked. Some regiments were rationed at Longmoor on the day of arrival and some weren't. After a time we found that our rations were indented for at Longmoor and later found the rations. In the meantime the stables had been taken over and the hands of the clock had slowly pursued their course, bringing the time up to a quarter to five. At this point one of the cooks had something ready and we were preparing to take part in a very popular contest, when, horror of horrors! word was received that all had to be at the stables at 5 p.m. to bed down and feed; this caused a little grouse, but as we had early learnt that the horse always comes before the man, everybody extinguished their indignation and proceeded to the stables. In the excitement of being introduced to our horses the thought of food was forgotten, the greatest concern being to bed down without causing our new friend any just cause to display his wrath. This, our first night in stables, was a very anxious one for most of us, and we marched back to the huts with very light hearts, having no casualties to report, in anticipation of the long-delayed meal. Thus ended the most important part of our first day at Longmoor.

And I am sure of all exciting days of the M.I. Course the second day is the most; and why? Well, to a man who has never been on a horse's back his first experience of riding is surely most thrilling, and not only his first ride, but his thoughts before the ride; he does not know what kind of horse he will get, a large number are very pessimistic and expect to be thrown at least once during the morning, and some, if not thrown, wonder how it will be possible for them to remain in the saddle by simply gripping with the thighs and knees. Then the time for the ride arrives, our pessimistic friends very gingerly prepare to mount, when in the saddle they seem quite surprised that their horses do not kick or prance, and after they have got rid of their surprise a feeling of relief takes possession of them. Then comes the order "Single files right—walk—m-a-r-r-c-h," and later, "t-r-r-o-t." The horses, being used to the game, answer the command of the instructor and do not wait for any encouragement from their new masters, and the latter simply grips and bumps, sometimes wriggling to one side and sometimes to the other. After a short

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time the muscles tire of gripping, but each rider knows he must "grin and stick it," otherwise he will most surely come off. At this stage the instructor assists his class by ordering the walk, and the novice feels quite proud to think that up to the present he has not fallen off.

And the same thing goes on day by day; the same bump, bump, bump in the saddle, the same awkward look presents itself to the onlooker. As the days pass by an improvement is noticed, and the awkward bump and the awkward seat in the saddle is gradually converted into what is termed the "hunting seat." With improvement confidence increases, horses are changed in the *ménage* to accustom men to a variety of styles and to study the different characters of the horses, and, just before bidding the rings "good-bye," mounting and dismounting on the move is practised, also riding bare back. The latter was liked by some and disliked by others, for here many complained of feeling very sore.

The last instructional exercise before commencing drill was riding over rough ground and up and down steep slopes. This was a most excellent exercise, but it tried the nerves of the novices considerably. All thought the horse blind, every hole seemed like a yawning cavern, every ditch like a deep ravine, and when going down hill all confidence was lost in the horse, we gripped for our very life and held on to the rein expecting every minute the beast to gallop away with his precious load, but—there was no accident.

I must not forget to mention that when halted on the rings it is usual for the section commander to lecture on points connected with the horse. It is his duty to enlighten his section as to the procedure when a horse is off his feed, the method of telling symptoms of colic, what to do when a horse is seen to be running at the nose, &c., &c.; how to tell a roan from a dun, and a bay from a brown or chestnut, the names of some of the bones and muscles, also how to tell a good horse by his points. While on the subject of points, it is well known that a good horse has many good points, few indifferent and no bad ones, and I suppose every judge of a horse knows Shakespeare's famous catalogue of his points. For the benefit of those who read little of Shakespeare's writings and have not had the change of reading his lines on horse points, I give them here:—

"Round hoofed, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breasted, full eye, small head and nostrils wide,
High crested, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

I have very rapidly sketched a month's instruction on horse back, but I have omitted many things so I will retrace my steps for a short time to bring my readers up to date in other respects.

*(To be concluded in our next).*

## POLLY ROBISON'S WEDDING.

"The weddin' bells wor ringin'
An' aall the boys wor singin'!'"

OR Polly's married at last! Whee'd he' thowt it? Sartinlees, Parcival's been varry parsiveerin', an' come te wor hoose ivvory Sunday neet as regular as the rent man. But still, man, the weddin' seemed a lang way off, an' Polly's shelf a good bit neorer.

But hinny, Parcival got a rise; so aa've got a bruthor-in-laa, an' ma sistor's got a new nyem. Fancy! Mrs. Parcival Gerald Smythe-Smythe. Aa've nivvor been able te get oot o' Parcival why he's got a Y in his nyem. Ye might just as weel caal a spade a spayed!

The twe on 'em hev got a luvly little hoose at Laa Fell, an' ye've got te wipe yor feet afore ye gan in, aa can tell ye that! But they wad need te hev a fine hoose te keep up the fine nyem they've got!

It wes a grand weddin' marra. They wor married in Gyetsid, ye knaa, an' eftor the saramony wes ower, we aall went tiv a fine spread an' a dance in the Chewit haal. Of course, we had a special tram car te tyek us frae the chorch door te the haal. The drivor lueked a bobby dazzler wiv his fine button hole.

Aa needn't tell ye that ma muthor an' fathor wore there—varry much there. Ma muthor sayed it was the day ov hor life! Ma fathor put it his aan way when he sayed it wes anuthor bord oot o' the ducket an' mated.

The bride (that's wor Polly, ye knaa) wes a mashor, an' ne mistyek. Hor true-so wes myed ov i-vorry sat-on, an' the bodice wes myed o' shift-on trimmed wiv exhorshun. As far Parcival, he had a braan new topper on, an' a frock coat. Aa thowt it wes the doctor, when aa forst layed eyes on 'im!

Polly had two bridesmaids, of course; Mary Hannah Daason an' Sarah Jane Foster. Ye mun hev bridesmaids, ye knaa te be made a bride. They each had hats like smaal ginghams, an' tuek up the room o' fower ordinary folk. Aa believe thor caaled Morry Window hats, but hoo onybody can be happy under yen o' them things aa divvent knaa. They'll hev te larn "heed balancin'" afore they buy one' aa'm thinkin'.

Ma fathor hoyed ma sistor away, of course. Polly an' Parcival wor both varry dothery at the chorch, in feor an' tremmelin', in fact, an' then they tell ye eftorwards it wes the happiest moment o' thor lives! Polly lueked varry bonny all the syem at the altor; with the lemon blossoms in hor hair, an' the net te keep the flies off.

Me an' Geordie Broon went doon te the Central te see them off te Lundun on thor honeymoon. Some folks knaa hoo te de the thing, anyway It couldn't hev been duen bettor if he'd been the treasurer of a slate club! Wor Polly wes aaful vexed when she foond thor wes a pair ov aad byuts tied fast te the railway carriage door.

As for the confectionary, they not oney got weel pelted wi'd at the chorch, but aa managed te shove inte neerlees ivvory pocket that Parcival hes. It'll tyek him yeors te get rid on't.

When we got back to the haal, the fun wes at its height. Aa had a hop roond masel, ye knaa, an' had Parcival's sistor for a marra. Man, she's a daisy! She axed us if aa could "reserve." Aa diddent knaa what that meant, but aa sayed, "Oh, yis!" An' then she wanted te gan roond yen way when aa wes gannin' the tuthor; so thor wes anuthor stoppage at the colliery.

But aa suen larned te gan backwards, an' then we kept on "reservin'." Aa got aaful dizzy, though. She wes a bonny lass, mind, an' aa wes sorry te hev te knock off gazin' intiv hor dreamy blue eyes.

Afore Polly went off for the honeymoon she axed us te send a few partikillars te the "Chronicle" aboot the folks that wor at the weddin', an' the dresses they wore. Aa'm not a varry good hand at that sort o' thing, so aa just sent it up in a kind o' short lang-hand.

It wes summick like this:—"On the 13th inst., at Gyetsid, "Polly Robison, only dowter ov hor muthor, te Parcival Gerald "Smythe-Smythe, eldest son ov his fathor. A hoose-warmin' wes "eftorwards held at the Chewit Haal, the caterin' being in the "able hands ov Messrs. Cut and Come Again."

Aa'll the folks wor mashors. For instance:—

Mrs. White wore a black skort, a green blouse an' a pair o' broon shoes.

Miss C.A.T— wore a black skort wiv a lang tail. She raised the dust.

Miss J.E.W— wore a fine gold necklace. It'll de to raise the wind.

Mrs. Broon wore tight fittin' sleeves. Ye could see she wes weel browt up.

Miss F.A.T— wore a Princess gown. At skyul, she wes ne good at figures.

Miss L.A.M— wore a stole fur. She wes varry frisky.

Mrs. O.T— had a diamond comb in hor gingor hair. She lueked varry warm.

Miss A.R.T— wore a pictur hat.

Miss Long wore a short skort, an' holey stockings.

Miss G.G— wore an old lace collar, an' wes in charge ov hor fathor.

The giddy Miss J. wore a wreath ov roses. She's a blossom an' ne mistyek.

Mrs. G.U.M— wes stuck up as usual. She wore silver buckles on hor shoes.

Miss P.A.T— wes dressed in green, wiv a bright reed hat. She's engaged tiv Mr. O'Brien.

Miss J.A.M— wore a crushed straaborry bolero.

Miss P.I.G— wore a varry fine ring. She lueked killin'.

Miss B.I.G— did the heavy in a yellow blouse. It matched hor purplexion tiv a T, man.

Mrs. Fish was in black trimmed wiv them scaly jet things. She lueked varry bloated, an' not a soul danced wiv 'or.

Miss M.A.T.— lueked varry shabby an' kept at the door. She sartinlees had a doon-trodden luek.

Mrs. D.O.R.— stood wiv hor mooth wide open. Ye could see she wes painted up a lot, but they tell me she's become a bit unhinged.

JACKIE ROBISON in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 327.]** **Thursday, 31st March, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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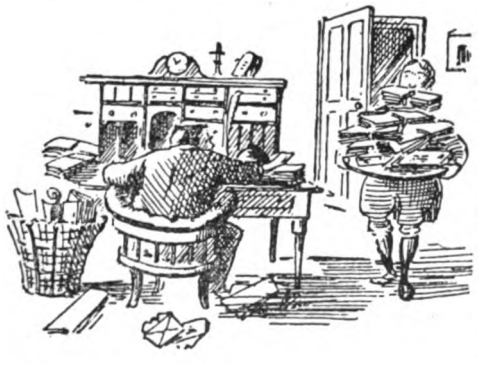
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*

*31st March, 1910.*



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*Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.*

*All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.*

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

| | |
|---|---|
| "The Army Service Corps Journal" | "79th News" |
| "Military Mail" | "The Regiment" |
| "The Queen's Own Gazette" | "The London Scottish Gazette" |
| "The Globe and Laurel" | "The Household Brigade Magazine" |
| "The Green Howards' Gazette" | "H.L.I. Chronicle" |
| "The Naval and Military Record" | "The Sapper" |
| "The XXX." | "The Journal of the Royal Artillery" |
| "The R.M.A. Magazine" | "The Chinese Dragon" |
| "The Aldershot News" | "The XI. Hussar Journal" |
| "The Antelope" | "The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine" |
| "The Tiger and the Rose" | |
| "The Black Horse Gazette" | "The Suffolk Regimental Gazette" |
| "The Hampshire Regimental [Journal" | "The Green Tiger" |
| "The Eagle" | "The Acorn" |
| "The Lion and the Rose" | "The White Lancer" |
| "The Snapper" | "The Ranger" [ment" |
| "The Essex Regiment Gazette" | "The Journal of the Leinster Regi- |

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, 1st Battalion, per Business Editor ... ... ... | to 31/12/09 | Major H. E. Buchanan ... | to 31/12/10 |
| | | Mr. W. Swales ... ... | „ 31/12/10 |
| | | Mr. E. Brooksbank ... | „ 31/12/10 |
| | | H. Blair, Esq. ... ... | „ 31/12/10 |
| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, the Depôt, per Quartermaster-Sergt. Purcell | „ 28/2/10 | Captain R. J. T. Auld ... | „ 31/12/10 |
| | | Sergeant Garnett ... ... | „ 31/12/10 |
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| Mr. J. Lewis... ... ... | „ 31/12/10 | Sergeant Shield ... ... | „ 30/ 4/11 |
| | | Major B. T. Buckley ... | „ 31/12/11 |

## BIRTHS.

BRYANT.—On the 16th inst., at Launceston, Cornwall, the wife of Mr. D. M. Bryant, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

TEMPERLEY.—On the 23rd inst., at 44, Porchester Terrace, London, W., the wife of Captain A. C. Temperley, Norfolk Regiment (late Northumberland Fusiliers) of a daughter.

WOOLL.—On the 8th September, 1909, at Gharial, India, the wife of Sergeant-Major G. Wooll, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

FRANCIS—MASON.—On the 19th inst., at St. John's Church, Cambridge Square, London, E. F. Francis (Professor of Chemistry in the University of Bristol), to Blanche, youngest daughter of the late Captain E. M. Mason, 5th Fusiliers.

## DEATHS.

EVANS.—At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Ada, youngest daughter of C. Evans, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 17 years.

HALL.—On the 15th ult., at Rawal Pindi, India, No. 1344 Private G. Hall, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 26 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant E. L. Salier is seconded for service under the Colonial Office (dated 2nd March, 1910).

5TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant W. E. Rocliffe, to be Lieutenant (dated 18th February, 1910).

6TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS. The Right Honourable A. H. George, Earl Grey, is appointed to the Hon.-Colonelcy (dated 5th February, 1910).

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## 1st Battalion Notes.

RAWAL PINDI, PUNJAB,
3rd March, 1910.

WE were visited early in February by a French photographer, who took the Battalion in various positions, with all its component parts, for a Regimental album. The charge for these albums is very small, only 4 rupees 14 annas for bound copies, and 3 rupees 6 annas for unbound ones; we understand that the charge would have been even less but for the fact that one plate inadvertently broke when exposed to the Maxim gun. The *entente cordiale* between ourselves and our neighbours across the Channel was proved to be still existent by the cheery conversation that took place between Mr. Garnier and the photographer. [*We hope our 1st Battalion correspondent will make us a present of one of these books, no doubt reproductions of some of the photographs in our pages would prove very interesting.—Ed., "St. G.G."*]

Captain B. Cruddas joined the Battalion on promotion on the 26th February.

The leave season has begun. Mr. Herbert left yesterday on a seven days' railway journey for Tuticorin, to travel home on H.M. ship *Andromeda*. He took with him a book of nautical terms, and was seen at the station nervously plucking at his forelock, and muttering "full steam ahead" to the guard.

We live in an atmosphere of musketry. We shoot by day and discuss it by night. The season for "Roller Rinking on the Ridge" is over, and we have set forth upon that of "shamefully sacrificing Service Pay and probably prohibiting Proficiency Pay by Ranging Riflery on the Ridge."

Our thanks are due to the authorities for their delicate compliment to the Regiment in the design of the new target, which in heraldic language may be described as follows:—"Channel swimmer Sable under a sky azure, on a ground gosling green."

The Assault-at-Arms takes place next week, to be followed by the Horse Show and the Rawal Pindi Race Meeting, after which the station retires to roost for the hot weather.

H Company has won the Regimental Association Football Cup. Colonel Sapte, in presenting it to them, expressed the hope that they would give some other Company a chance after their many successive victories.

The Regimental Rugby Team was defeated by the 14th Regiment by 26 points to 6. There were, however, several regular players deficient.

No. 5375 Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant) W. Myers has been promoted Colour-Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant), from the 6th ult.; and No. 50 Corporal J. R. Truscott appointed paid Lance-Sergeant from the 30th January, 1910.

No. 9721 Sergeant A. B. Miller has been permitted to extend his service to complete twelve years with the Colours.

No. 923 Lance-Corporal E. O. Ryan has been promoted Corporal from the 22nd February.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

*To be paid Lance-Corporals:—*

| No. | | | From |
|---|---|---|---|
| 514 | Lce.-Cpl. | W. Banks | 1/1/10 |
| 6941 | ,, | J. Allan | 22/2/10 |
| 5883 | ,, | J. Pearson | 30/1/10 |
| 273 | ,, | A. B. Locker | 22/2/10 |

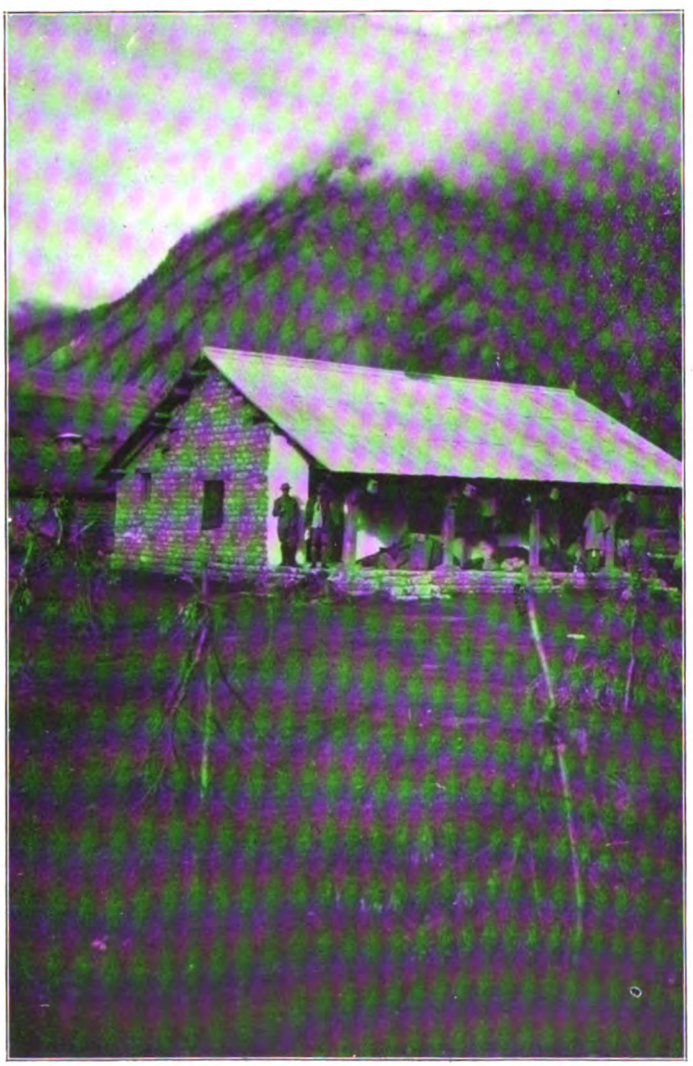
*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:*

| No. | | | From |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1591 | Private | G. Iles | 7/2/10 |
| 1339 | ,, | G. Alsop | 8/2/10 |
| 5861 | Bdsm. | R. Parrant | 23/2/10 |
| 9837 | Pte. | G. Graham | 28/2/10 |

| No. | | | From |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1476 | Pte. | H. Proffitt | 8/2/10 |
| 31 | ,, | C. Ralphs | 19/2/10 |

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

| No. | | | 1 from | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 639 | Private | A. Robinson | 1 | 2/ 9/09 |
| 2134 | ,, | G. Leach | 1 | 5/11/09 |
| 9464 | ,, | J. Proudfoot | 1 | 18/11/09 |
| 1081 | ,, | J. Hodgkinson | 1 | 16/12/09 |
| 5883 | Lance-Corporal | P. Pearson | 1 | 18/12/09 |
| 354 | Pioneer | W. Farquhar | 2 | 27/12/09 |
| 8067 | Drummer | J. Johnson | 2 | 3/ 1/10 |
| 782 | Private | J. King | 2 | 5/ 1/10 |



DAK BUNGALOW, GORKIS KASHMIR.
*(From a photograph by Second-Lieutenant E. L. Salier.)*

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| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1395 | Drummer H. Fairbairn | 1 | from | 22/ 1/10 |
| ,, | 807 | Private T. Chaplin | 2 | ,, | 28/ 1/10 |
| ,, | 823 | Lance-Corporal H. Gillespie | 2 | ,, | 31/ 1/10 |
| ,, | 814 | Private W. Blackburn | 2 | ,, | 31/ 1/10 |
| ,, | 1336 | ,, G. Smith | 1 | ,, | 4/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 837 | ,, T. Wilkinson | 2 | ,, | 6/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 838 | ,, J. Powell | 2 | ,, | 6/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 833 | ,, H. Jefferies | 2 | ,, | 6/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 846 | ,, E. Crocker | 2 | ,, | 10/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 868 | Lance-Corporal S. Clark | 2 | ,, | 11/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 867 | Private E. Challis | 2 | ,, | 11/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 2179 | ,, S. McPhee | 1 | ,, | 12/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 871 | ,, G. Gundy | 2 | ,, | 14/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 873 | ,, H. Dixon | 2 | ,, | 15/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 874 | ,, W. Edwards | 2 | ,, | 15/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 880 | ,, Lance-Corporal H. Neal | 2 | ,, | 20/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 373 | ,, J. Willis | 2 | ,, | 21/ 2/10 |

## 2nd Battalion Notes.

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
24th March, 1910.

WITH the exception of a prolonged struggle with the 21st Lancers in the semi-final of the Kent Amateur Football Cup, the past month has been devoid of any very noteworthy incident. The weather has kept cool but fine, with white frosts in the early morning followed by clear skies and sunshine. If it were not notoriously unwise to prophecy we should be inclined to say we were in for a seasonable summer. With an eye on Brigade and Divisional training as well as a long cricket programme it is to be sincerely hoped that such will be the case.

2ND BATTALION MARATHON RACE.—FORMING UP FOR THE START.
*(From a photograph by Captain H. S. Toppin.)*

The Annual Bayonet Fighting Competition was held at the Citadel on the 4th inst., and consisted of individual and Inter-Company Competitions. For the sake of clearness the results are appended in tabular form :—

| Series. | Coy. | No. | Rank and Name. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Winners of Series "A," Non-Commissioned Officers and men over 3 years' Service ... ... | A | 1669 | Private Wardall |
| | C | 1103 | ,, Wiles |
| | H | 8717 | ,, Kipling |
| Winners of Series "B," Non-Commissioned Officers and men under 3 years' Service ... ... | B | 2206 | Lance-Corporal Fowler |
| | H | 2458 | Private Smith |
| | B | 2216 | ,, Kipling |

INTER-COMPANY, 9TH MARCH, 1910.
1ST ROUND.

| | | | Points. | Remarks. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| B Company | beat | C Company | ... 12 to 14 | Decided by Leaders |
| D ,, | ,, | E ,, | ... 7 ,, 13 | |
| A ,, | ,, | G ,, | ... 4 ,, 13 | |
| H ,, | ,, | F ,, | ... 10 ,, 11 | Decided by Leaders |

SEMI-FINAL.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| B Company | beat | D Company | ... 10 to 13 | Decided by Leaders |
| A ,, | ,, | F ,, | ... 8 ,, 11 | |

FINAL.

B Company beat A Company ... 8 to 11

Referees:—Captain Toppin, Lieutenants Fletcher and Holderness, Second-Lieutenant Leverson.

Judges:—Colour-Sergeant Jenkins, Lance-Sergeants Wood, Johnson, Ambury and Brooks, Corporal Brown.

Our congratulations are offered to the six individual winners, and also to the winning Company B, which, as will be seen, came out top by a margin of three points.

Two Marathon Races, in which a great deal of general interest was shown as well as real keenness on the part both of trainers and trained, have been run off since the last notes were written. The first, confined to members of the Royal Army Temperance Association, took place on the 28th ult. The course was a circular one eight miles long from and back to the Citadel Main Entrance. Lance-Corporal Chivers of E Company came in first with a time of seventy-five minutes and so carried off the gold medal. The next two were Private Wormald of H Company with a time of 76½ minutes and Drummer Povey (77¾ minutes) who each won a silver medal. The bronze medal for 4th place went to Private Reed, who came in in 79 minutes.

The Regimental Marathon Race took place on the 22nd inst. There were sixty-four starters to run from Shorncliffe to a point just below the Citadel on the Maxton football ground, a distance of 9¼ miles. The last man finished just nineteen minutes after the winner, or one minute within the fixed time limit of twenty minutes. The order of merit of Companies worked out as follows :—

| | | Points. |
|---|---|---|
| C | Company ... ... ... ... ... ... | 188 |
| D | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | 197 |
| A | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | 200 |
| G | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | 240 |
| E | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | 285 |
| B | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | 336 |
| F | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | 378 |
| H | ,, ... ... ... ... ... ... | ... Disqualified. |

Private Cullingworth of A Company was first man in, having taken 44 minutes 10 seconds to cover the distance. The winning team—C Company—consisted of Colour-Ser-

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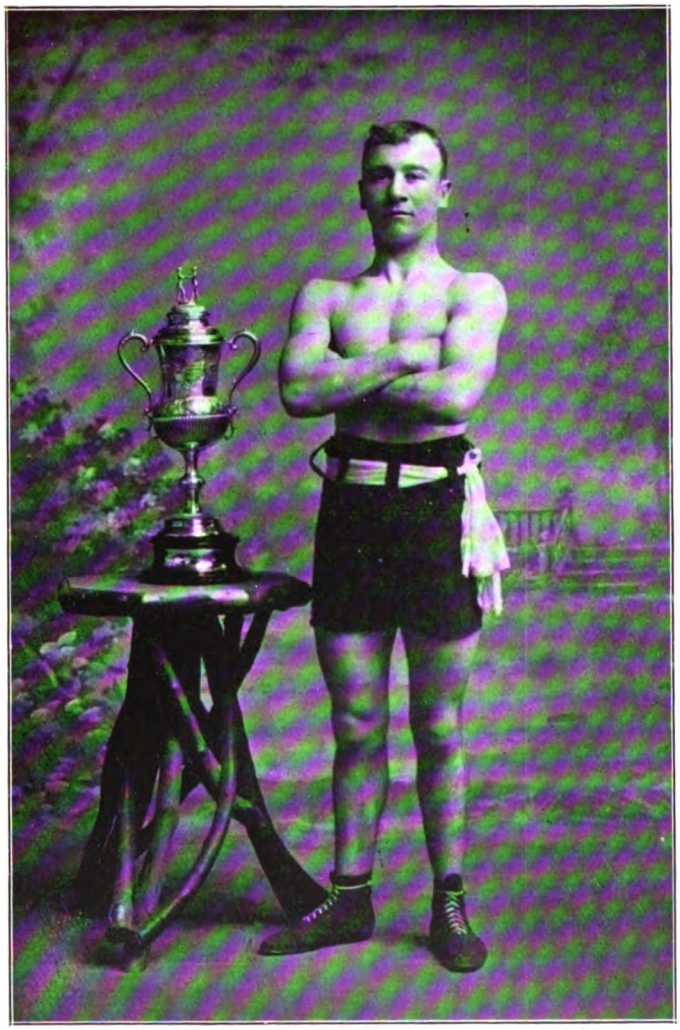
geant Jenkins, Sergeant Remnant, Lance-Corporals Davison and Pawson, Privates Anderton, Dowson, Reed and Sadler.

Lance-Corporal C. Middleton, whose photograph is shewn in this number, holds the proud title of featherweight champion of Kent. This distinction he has earned for three successive years, from 1907 to 1909, thereby winning outright the fine silver cup shewn in the photograph which was presented to him by the Mayor of Ramsgate last year. He has fought seventeen contests since the beginning of 1908. Of these he was only defeated in five, all on points, and the five included Corporal Darley, Army and Navy champion, and Harry Ward, featherweight champion of England. He has won ten open competitions at Shorncliffe, Dover, Ashford, Canterbury and London, and was a semi-finalist in the Army and Navy National Sporting Club Meeting of 1908. Everyone will wish him further success as a boxer, both for his own sake and for the Regiment's.



LANCE-CORPORAL MIDDLETON, 2ND BATTALION, AND THE CUP (FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF KENT), WON BY HIM THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS.
*(From a photograph by C. S. Harris, Dover.)*

Captains Wood and Braithwaite have joined the Battalion, the former having added the magic initials "p.s.c." after his name.

Lance-Corporal Hebbron of E Company, who has entered for the Army and Navy championship at billiards, has successfully emerged from the first four rounds, with the semi-final immediately before him.

In the first round he won by seventy points (250 up) from Private Leal of the Battalion; in the second he defeated Private Hall of the South Staffordshire Regiment by 100 points, and in the third and fourth rounds he was a "walk-over" and a bye respectively. We wish him every success in the remaining contests.

The Regimental Hockey Team, which consisted of much the same team as last month, defeated the 52nd Light Infantry by 2—1 on the 3rd March after a somewhat sticky game. Two days later it lost to Dover College 4—1 in a match in which the College team showed greater pace and fitness. Nevertheless it was a hard and even game and considerably faster than any previous one of the season. On the 14th a return match was played with the 52nd Light Infantry, this time on their ground at Shorncliffe. Good play was rendered difficult by the bumpiness of the ground, and the final result was a goal for each side. Captain Archer, as usual, was a tower of strength for our team, which on the whole had the best of things in spite of the even score.

Golf on the Deal and Dover courses and fives at Dover College are also helping to keep us fit, to say nothing of field training which is now in full swing. It is hard to realize that the football season is drawing to a close and that cricket practice will begin in three weeks time.

The Inter-Company Junior Football Shield competition finished on the 27th of February. The results worked out as follows:—

| | Plyd. | Won | Lost | Drawn | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| B Coy. | 7 | 7 | 0 | 0 | 14 |
| A ,, | 7 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 12 |
| F ,, | 7 | 4 | 3 | 0 | 8 |
| C ,, | 7 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 6 |
| E ,, | 7 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 6 |
| H ,, | 7 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 |
| G ,, | 7 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 2 |
| D ,, | 7 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 2 |

It will be seen that the winners, B Company, went through the competition undefeated, though closely followed by A Company.

The FIFTH met the 21st Lancers at Canterbury on the 26th February in the Folkestone and District Senior League Competition. Our opponents had their famous goalkeeper, O'Donnell, playing, but in spite of this we got through with a fine shot which gave him practically no chance. Neither side had matters their own way, and the score remained 1—0 in our favour to the end. Our team was as follows:—

*Goal:*
Drmr. Thomson
*Backs:*
Bdsmn. Cox Pte. Pattison
*Half-Backs:*
Bdsmn. Cunningham Cpl. Groves
Lce.-Cpl. Mudd
*Forwards:*
Cpl. Brown Pte. Lockhart Sgt. Todd Bds. Sutton Bds. Drummond

For the semi-final of the Kent Amateur Cup on the 5th March we were drawn against the same regiment. Both teams played well and showed again that there was little to choose between them. O'Donnell in goal for the 21st and Cox at back for the FIFTH especially distinguished themselves. Neither side succeeded in shooting a winning goal after each had got through once, and the match had to be left drawn.

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Replayed at Margate on the 12th March, a second draw resulted after an even game and excellent to watch. The ball seemed to go up and down the ground with unbroken alternation. Of the two teams ours struck one as the more vigorous and theirs as the neater in foot-work. Undoubtedly our defence is stronger than our attack. Lockhart on the right wing failed to score from a splendid opportunity, which might have given us the match. On the other hand Cox, Mudd and Cunningham did a tremendous lot of work and were very hard to get through. The Lancers' goal was as cleverly defended as before, and showed how invaluable a first-class goalkeeper is to a team. Some of our forwards seemed unduly prone to play with the ball to the detriment of the general combination.

It was disappointing to lose by three goals to nothing after two such well contested matches. Such, however, was the result of the third replay at Margate a week later, when Lance-Sergeant Hiorns took Lockhart's place at forward. There could be no doubt that the team played below its usual form, making every allowance for the injuries received by our centre-half, inside-right and goalkeeper. The forwards again failed to combine and rush together with the unity shewn by their opponents, though individually they were little if at all inferior. One of the three goals was due to an unfortunate failure on the part of our left-back, but nothing will explain away the defeat though it is not difficult to account for it. The 21st Lancers are a pretty team to watch and their talent is well spread over the field. A little more polish and combination on our side, however, and we might have recorded a different result.

The 2nd or "A" team played against the Band of the 52nd Light Infantry at Shorncliffe on March 16th in the Folkestone and District Junior League, and was defeated by 1—0. Exactly the same feature was noticed in this match as in those played by the regimental team, namely a greater power in defence than in attack, and a tendency on the part of the forwards to sit on the ball or play tricks with it in preference to keeping it continually going from one to the other. No team will win "finals" unless every member of it plays *wholly* for the team and only for himself so far as he helps the team. Those who would still further improve the standard of play in the Regiment might do well to impress this fact on all concerned; for that way lies victory.

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The Regimental Bayonet Team, chosen on the form shown in the Regimental meeting noticed above, journeyed to Shorncliffe on the 15th March for the district competition, which was open to the Garrisons at Dover, Shorncliffe, Deal and Canterbury. By 5 points to 3 we were beaten by the winners of the whole competition, the 52nd (Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire) Light Infantry. The result was a little disappointing, for great things had been expected from the team which in the last two years has appeared in the Army and Navy Tournament in London. Possibly the long wait—7.30 a.m. to 4 p.m.—between the time of arrival and the first fight may have had a good deal to do with it.

In the Individual Competitions several of our representatives fought well, though none succeeded in winning a prize.

Results:—

FOR BRONZE MEDAL.

| | Contests. | Wins. |
|---|---|---|
| Corporal Brown ... ... ... | 6 ... | 4 |
| Lance-Corporal Mudd ... ... | 6 ... | 4 |
| ,, ,, Grayson ... | 6 ... | 1 |

OVER 3 YEARS' SERVICE.

| | Contests. | Wins. |
|---|---|---|
| Private Wiles ... ... ... | 14 ... | 11 |
| ,, Wardell ... ... ... | 5 ... | 1 |
| ,, Dalton ... ... ... | 5 ... | 1 |

UNDER 3 YEARS' SERVICE.

| | Contests. | Wins. |
|---|---|---|
| Lance-Corporal Towler ... | 5 ... | 3 |
| Private Kipling ... ... ... | 5 ... | 2 |
| ,, Smith ... ... ... | 5 ... | 1 |

Private Wiles was distinctly unfortunate in being injured on the head while competing for second place. He was unable to finish the fight although leading by 2 points at the time of the accident. Corporal Brown and Lance-Corporal Mudd also did well, and were unlucky in not being able to claim prizes.

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The following are particulars of the services of men who have left the Colours during the month:—

No. 465 Private I. GRAYSON.—Enlisted 23/2/04; transferred to Army Reserve, 5/3/10; served in 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: South Africa, 106 days.

No. 8455 Private J. LOGAN.—Enlisted, 5/3/02; transferred to Army Reserve, 4/3/10; served in 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: South Africa, 3 years.

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No. 9785 Lance-Sergeant H. Poole, G Company, qualified at the School of Musketry, Hythe, on the 24th ult.

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Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as follows:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 5453 | Private | J. Blake | 1 from | 30/10/09 |
| ,, 2148 | ,, | A. Patterson | 1 ,, | 11/11/09 |
| ,, 2183 | ,, | A. Lockhart | 1 ,, | 20/ 2/10 |
| ,, 2190 | ,, | A. Harrison | 1 ,, | 27/ 2/10 |
| ,, 2161 | ,, | J. Byrne | 1 ,, | 23/ 3/10 |

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

*To be unpaid Lance-Sergeants:—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 202 | Corporal | S. Ambury | from 3/3/10 |
| ,, 5234 | ,, | W. Parish | ,, 3/3/10 |
| ,, 6552 | ,, | C. Mercer | ,, 3/3/10 |
| ,, 6080 | ,, | B. Litchfield | ,, 3/3/10 |
| ,, 5046 | ,, | A. Hilton | ,, 3/3/10 |
| ,, 5224 | ,, | C. Norris | ,, 3/3/10 |

*To be paid Lance-Corporals:—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2277 | Lance-Corporal | F. Gibbes | from 26/2/10 |
| ,, 2382 | ,, | T. Lindup | ,, 3/3/10 |
| ,, 6931 | ,, | Clarke | ,, 21/3/10 |

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Certificates of Education have been awarded as under at an examination held at Dover, on the 28th ult.:—

*2nd Class:—*

No. 2356 Private F. Gammon — No. 1195 Private W. Stephens
,, 2724 ,, G. Edwards — ,, 2460 ,, J. Falcus
No. 2179 Private J. Mains

*3rd Class:—*

No. 2559 Private J. Dowson — No. 1167 Private G. Claxton
,, 2458 ,, H. Smith — ,, 2480 Boy R. Kitson

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## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTE.

The annual St. George's Ball will be held in the Gymnasium, Western Heights, Dover, on the 22nd prox., dancing to commence about 9 p.m. It is requested that all past members will forward their addresses to President, Ball Committee, with a view to the invitation cards being sent out, and those past members, who for any reason do not receive their invites, will please consider this notice as a general invitation. It is the expressed wish of the present members to see as many of the past members turn up as can possibly do so on the above date, and every effort will be made to assure them a very hearty welcome to the old Regiment. Should any past members require accommodation in Barracks for the nights 22nd and 23rd, will they please notify President, Ball Committee?

G. G. COOPER, C.S.,
*President, Ball Committee.*

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## Depôt Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th March, 1910.

A VERY interesting and impressive ceremony was held in Newcastle on the 7th ult., on the occasion of the centenary of the death of Lord Collingwood. Proceedings were opened in the Town Hall with some admirable speeches, followed by a commemoration service in the Cathedral, during which the Collingwood cenotaph was wreathed in due form by the Lord Mayor and others. Some of the readers of *St. George's Gazette* may not know that Collingwood was born at Newcastle and educated at the Grammar School. The Grammar School boys were all present at the ceremony, and formed a most enthusiastic audience. It is refreshing to find that the modern schoolboy is sufficiently old-fashioned to cheer the recital of gallant deeds done and to reserve his heartiest cheers for the man who gets him a whole holiday.

The Percy Point-to-Point Meeting was held at Alnwick last week. Captain Rickman ran the entire show and is deserving of much congratulation on the excellence of the arrangements, and of many thanks for his very kind hospitality. Colonel Riddell had two horses entered, "Saint George" and "the Dragon," but unfortunately neither was able to run.

A chance for our special artist! A kind-hearted officer when out for a Staff ride in the vicinity of a coal pit meets little girl staggering along under the weight of a sack of coal; promptly relieves little girl of sack and carries it to the nearest road; there meets man in blue whom he takes to be an inspector of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. "Lucky I met you," gasps officer, mopping his heated brow, "just look at this sack and this child, perfectly disgraceful!" "I quite agree with you," replies man in blue, "this coal is all stolen." Officer narrowly escapes being run in as an accomplice, and kind-heartedness goes to a thousand to nothing. (*Why did not the Depôt special artist prove equal to the occasion?*—Ed., *St. G.G.*)

No. 5465 Sergeant E. Watts embarked on the 30th ult. for employment under the Colonial Office, for service with the West African Frontier Force.

No. 1959 Private C. Bennett, No. 2374 Private J. Middlebrook and No. 2191 Private E. Topping are attached for a tour of duty from the 2nd Battalion, from the 3rd inst.

No. 5387 Private H. Wheeler was discharged on the 6th inst., on termination of his first period of engagement.

No. 1488 Private E. Hudson has been awarded a 2nd Class Certificate of Education, dated Newcastle-on-Tyne, the 26th ult.

No. 2768 Private E. Gosman, No. 2771 Private T. Dodds and No. 2769 Private G. Guthrie have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education, dated Newcastle-on-Tyne, the 26th ult.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
26th March, 1910.

SIX of our Officers took part in a Regimental Instructional Tour in the neighbourhood of Hexham, on the 12th and 13th inst. Colonel Sturges acted as Director of Operations, and Majors L. F. Phillips and H. O. Bell as Assistant Directors. Twelve of our Non-Commissioned Officers are to take part in similar operations on the 10th prox.

We have at last received the long expected converted "Charger loading" rifles, just in time for our Musketry season which opens to-day. The want of an indoor Miniature Range has been long felt at Hexham, and this is now to be supplied by the construction of a 25 yards range in the Corn Exchange.

Company Training is now once more in full swing and will continue until the Annual Training, the place of which is at present a mystery, we hear persistent rumours that the place originally selected, Haydon Bridge, Fourstones, is "off," whether these rumours are founded on facts the future alone can tell.

The Field Service Cap is at last to be abolished in the Battalion, instructions having been received to put forward Requisitions for "Caps N.P." khaki and grey.

## 5th Battalion Notes.

WALKER-ON-TYNE,
22nd March, 1910,

THERE having been no Battalion Prize Shooting during 1909, owing to want of open range accommodation, we had to fall back on somewhat tame Company events, held on the miniature ranges in the drill halls of the respective detachments.

The prizes won in the Headquarter Companies Competitions were presented by Captain D. R. Macdonald, A Company, at a Smoking Concert in the Walker Drill Hall, on the 1st inst., when an attendance of about 200 non-commissioned officers and men testified to the popularity of the occasion.

Captain Macdonald delivered a very able speech, in which he expressed the regret we all feel at the want of open range accommodation, without which men cannot become thoroughly efficient in musketry. Miniature ranges, he said, were very useful in the preliminary training of recruits, as well as convenient for practice in steadiness, but they did not afford facilities for gaining experience in the variations of wind and light, so essential to good marksmanship.

An enjoyable Smoking Concert was afterwards presided over by Sergeant-Major Linley. A song composed by Sergeant-Major Linley, entitled "The Fighting Fifth," and sung by Sergeant Considine, was enthusiastically received.

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The Wallsend Detachment held their Smoking Concert and Presentation of Prizes early in the month. Captain D. Myles presided, and was supported by Colonel White, Mr. S. Hunter (late Captain of the Battalion), and Officers of the Detachment. The prize winners were as follows :—

*E Company :*

Colour-Sergeant J. Allan
Sergeant W. Coltman
Corporal Embleton
Corporal Hodgson
Private J. Ruff
" R. Hardy
Private R. O. Jones

*Recruits' Prizes :*

Private Womphrey
" Johnson
" Waddle
Private Scragg
" Wynn
" Ryle

*F Company :*

Sergeant Phillips
Corporal Archer
" Fletcher
Lance-Corporal Sandilands
Private Duncan
" Ripley
Private Brown

*Recruits' Prizes :*

Private Reid
" Hogg
" Young
Private Robinson
" Kirkwood
" Nesbit

" The Summer Hunter's Challenge Cup " was won by Lance-Corporal Lambert ; Colour-Sergeant Allan was second; Staff-Sergeant Murphy, third ; Quartermaster Latimer, fourth. The Medal for best scratch score was won by Lance-Corporal Lambert.

The Gosforth Detachment held their Smoking Concert and Presentation of Prizes on the 1st inst., when about 150 non-commissioned officers and men attended. All the Officers of the Detachment were present, namely:—Captain Hardy, Lieutenants Carlile and Nash, and Second-Lieutenants Hindmarsh and Thornton.

The principal item on the programme was a competition amongst the members of the two Companies for the best turn of the evening. On being put to the vote, it was found necessary to divide the 1st prize. The prize winners were as follows :—

*G Company :*

Sergeant Jameson
" Calvert
Corporal Robinson
Lance-Corporal T. W. Brewis
Private W. Hunter
" N. Kane

*Recruits' Prizes :*

Private J. Kane
" W. Blake
Private T. Moscrop
" E. Thompson

*H Company :*

Sergeant Harbron
" J. Smith
Corporal J. Tweedy
Private S. Jarrett
" R. Doughty
" J. Urwin

*Recruits' Prizes :*

Private Woodward
" Johnstone
Private Hindmarsh
" Terment
Private A. Sharp

Colour-Sergeant-Instructor W. Stewart has been permitted to continue in the Service beyond twenty-one years.

## 6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
22nd March, 1910.

WE have obtained a good number of recruits during the past month. At this time of the year there is a great deal of uncertainty as to numbers, for the period of the " one year men " has not yet expired, and it is not known how many will re-enrol, especially as this year they have all to sign on for four years. It is probable that we shall need a large number of new men to bring us up to strength.

Some targets have been allotted to us at Whitley range on several days this month. As many men have completed Part I. of the course, we have been able to take advantage of this. New pattern rifles have just been received and this should encourage men to take more interest in their course of musketry.

New pattern equipment is to be issued to all Companies this year.

A Staff ride, in which twelve Officers of the Battalion took part, was held on the 19th and 20th of this month in the neighbourhood of Gosforth and Benton.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
30th March, 1910.

THE Battalion was represented at the Farewell Dinner to Sir Robert Baden-Powell, by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, supported by Captain Riddell and Major Gillespie.

The Regimental Tour held on the 25th, 26th and 27th inst. was interesting and instructive and favoured by fine weather. The Brigadier, Colonel W. E. Sturges, was Director, and with him were Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, commanding the Battalion, Brigade-Major H. O. Bell and Captains Riddell and Gordon as staff. Blue—the invader—was commanded by Major Reavell whose units were in charge of Captain Jackson and Lieutenants Darling and Roddam. Their task was to disembark at Boulmer Haven, crush local opposition, and march on Newcastle. Red, under Captain Mitchell, with whom were Captain Weddell and Lieutenants Smail and Milburn seized the bridges and fords of the Aln to bar the invaders' passage. At the crisis of the fight, Red's reinforcements from Kelso and Newcastle introduced " Complications " making a very interesting problem in time and space.

It is hoped that a Battalion St. George's Church Parade will be arranged for Sunday, 24th inst., the nearest to St. George's Day, when a big muster is a certainty. The people of the county town have never seen the whole Battalion together, and the effect on Recruiting for the Headquarters Company should be good.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
29th March, 1910.

Our appeal in these notes last month for assistance in the Editorial office has brought forward generous offers of assistance from three Officers; unfortunately, owing to impending changes and other reasons, the Editor has so far not been able to fix a date for handing over the business side of the *Gazette* ; obviously, this cannot all be done in writing. The first officer to kindly offer his services was Major Buckley, now at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich ; to him we have already entrusted some notes to re-edit, proofs to correct, etc., and he has

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helped us much in this direction. When things shape themselves a bit we hope to get more assistance from him. Mr. Fletcher, of our 2nd Battalion, has also given us much help in so far as his own Battalion is concerned. Major Buckley has now taken over the duty of Sub-Editor of this paper, but, for the present, at any rate, all communications should be addressed to the Editor direct, as above.

Commenting on the action of the Army Council in permitting officers and men from different regiments to take part in the forthcoming Army Pageant at Fulham Palace, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of the 19th inst., expresses the opinion that this sanction has given much satisfaction, and that this is the case we have no doubt. One of the dramatic incidents to be portrayed will be the Storming of Badajoz on the 6th April, 1812, in which we are pleased to note that the FIFTH will be represented, other detachments of regiments taking part will be from the Essex Regiment, the Sherwood Foresters, the Connaught Rangers and the Royal Engineers, who, we are told, will provide a most realistic and effective battle picture.

Next month, in honour of St. George's Day, the usual special edition of this paper will be published, and more than one topical article has been promised. Through the courtesy of the principals of the Duke of York's School, and with the assistance of Sergeant Wells, of the FIFTH, arrangements have been made for a photograph of four sons of the Old and Bold to be taken as a group; these boys are the only scions of the 5th Fusiliers now at that establishment, and after the group of Chelsea pensioners, taken for our Christmas supplement, it is thought these boys as our full page supplement for April will be appropriate.

Below will be found an interesting letter to the Editor from Lieutenant-Colonel E. Montagu, Commanding 1st Battalion the Suffolk Regiment at Malta, on the subject of a paragraph which appeared in these Notes in February last. The subject will be interesting to many of our readers and we have much pleasure in publishing it, but it is rather sad to think that *St. George's Gazette* is not the oldest Regimental paper in the Service after all, *The Suffolk Gazette* beating us by close on twenty years. We congratulate our contemporary on its long and prosperous life. It is a little disappointing to find we are of such a much more recent date than *The Suffolk Gazette*, quite an infant compared with a hoary headed veteran! but we take consolation from the reflection that although our contemporary was born in 1863, while *St. George's Gazette* only saw the light in 1883, still our paper has completed twenty-seven years of consecutive existence, and entered on its twenty-eighth volume. *The Suffolk Gazette*, on the other hand, appears to have attained the same age in two periods of six and twenty-one years, with a long interregnum of twenty-one years between. So we think we may say "honours are easy."

## *Letters to the Editor.*

1ST SUFFOLK REGIMENT, MALTA,
28th March, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in the Editorial Notes of your Regimental journal of the 28th February, 1910, a correspondence about the origin of Regimental journalism, in which it is mentioned that the birth of the *St. George's Gazette* took place in 1883, and of the *XXX.* paper in 1880. It may interest you to know that the Regimental paper of the 12th Foot, East Suffolk Regiment (now the Suffolk Regiment) was started at Dublin on the 10th December, 1863, being styled the *East Suffolk Gazette*. I have two bound volumes of it, the last number being printed at Jubbulpore on the 1st May, 1868. I do not know whether it was continued after that date, but in any case the record is not unbroken, and we started *The Suffolk Gazette* again in 1889, since which date it has been published regularly every month till the present day. Both the original numbers from 1863 to 1866, and those since 1889 have all been printed by our own men on our Regimental printing presses. It is our practice that the Regimental journal is edited by whichever Battalion is on foreign service.

I imagine that your journal has the longest unbroken record, but that the claim to have the oldest Regimental paper will not improbably fall to the 12th Foot.

You are welcome to publish this letter, if of any interest.

Yours very truly,
E. MONTAGU, Lieutenant-Colonel,
1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment.

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
29th March, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—A correction should be made in the signature to a letter published in the February number of the *Gazette;* I refer to the one signed "A. F. Collett." The name should have been "Hollett," and not as then printed.

With the usual apologies,
I remain, yours truly,
F. S. R.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D.T.L."—*All is not gold that glitters.* "PRIVATE X."—*Such a subject, or anything like it, has never appeared in our pages; full details in narrative form would doubtless be very interesting.* "MR. W.S."—*We are very sorry your first remittance has apparently gone astray in the post.* "SILENUS"—*We cannot insert the notice unless you care to put it in our advertisement pages; we would charge you nothing of course, but cannot guarantee always to put it in.*

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*,
31ST MARCH, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, DUBLIN, 25th March, 1885.—B Company, under Lieutenant Henry, commenced the annual course of musketry on the 24th inst.

* * * * * * * *

Captain C. G. C. Money has taken over the duties of Acting-Paymaster of this Battalion, from the 23rd inst.

And so at last he is really gone! Notwithstanding that we had entertained him at a farewell dinner, and that we knew the date of his departure was only a question of a few days, it was still hard to realise that the "Old and Bold" had lost its oldest soldier! Too true! Captain Francis Drake has left the Regiment which has been his home for thirty-seven long years—the Regiment which looked upon him as one of its dearest and most valued members, almost its father; for how many generations of men had he not seen spring up and pass away during his time! Never more will the anxious subaltern, in a fever lest he should miss that particular appointment, find "dear old 'Drakus'" ready to "answer" for him! Even the ante-room looks bare and empty when we see Drake's chair without Drake in it, and the mantelpiece, about mid-day, without its familiar ornament.

Friends must part some time, alas! that it is so—we can only hope that our old comrade in his peaceful retirement may not miss us as we miss him.

* * * * * * * * * *

THIRD VOLUNTEER BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The Officer Commanding the 3rd V.B.N.F. having intimated to the War Office the readiness of the Battalion under his command to supply a contingent for garrison or other duties, to replace troops called for active service in the Soudan, the Adjutant of the Corps has received the following communication from H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief:—

"HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE,
"28th February, 1885.

"SIR,—I have the honour, by the desire of the Field Marshal Com-
"mander-in-Chief, to request that you will be so good as to convey to the

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" Officers commanding the 3rd V.B.N.F. the thanks of His Royal Highness " for their offer of the services of the officers and men under their " command for garrison or other duties should they be required. I have " the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

" (Signed) G. D. HARMAN, D.A.G."

DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 31st March, 1885.—On Saturday, 28th ult., a number of Officers of the Garrison went to witness the launch of the despatch vessel *Alacrity* from the Jarrow Yard of the Palmer Shipbuilding Company. This is a sister ship to the *Surprise*, which was recently launched from the same yard.

* * * * * * * * * *

On the 17th March, St. Patrick's Day, we got up an entertainment in the Royal Artillery Riding School. The "Ebony" Christy Minstrel Troupe lent us their services on this occasion; their performance, which was much appreciated, formed the first part of the evening's programme.

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NOTES FROM THE THIRD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, ALNWICK.—I understand that the training of the Battalion for the present year will commence as under:—The recruits enlisted since the training of 1884, who were not drilled on enlistment, at the Regimental Depôt, and all recruits that were absent from the last training through sickness and other causes will assemble on the 4th May. The old hands will assemble at Camp, Alnwick, on the 29th June.

Captain T. G. Iderton has been granted leave of absence from 17th March to the 16th August, to visit Barbadoes and the States of America.

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## ASTRONOMIC PILLS.

### SECOND SERIES, BEING No. 14 DOSE.

WE are now going to examine those wonderful rings of Saturn and try and determine their composition. The rings of Saturn were not discovered until the telescope was invented. It was with one of the first of these instruments that Galileo in 1610 noticed something peculiar in the appearance of Saturn. It appeared as if this Planet was composed of three balls, a large one in the middle and the two smaller on each side. He did not publish his discovery to the world but hid it in a sort of anagram, that is to say he wrote out his discovery in Latin and transferred all the letters in a jumble so that no one could make it out but himself. This sort of thing was necessary in those days because there was always a danger of being imprisoned or having one's head cut off if one made any extraordinary discoveries of that kind. Well, Galileo, though he noticed this peculiarity in the appearance of Saturn, never connected it with the existence of rings. That discovery remained to be made by one Huygens in 1657. He made a very clear drawing of the globe of Saturn with a distinct ring round it. He also masked his discovery in an anagram. Since then constant observation and the improvement in optical instruments have discovered much in connection with the rings.

There are really three rings round Saturn all lying in the same plane and close, one outside the other. The middle ring is the broadest and brightest, then comes the outer and lastly the innermost or crape ring. This last is called the crape ring because it is semi-transparent and the body of the Planet can be seen through it. The other rings appear to be solid and opaque. Between each ring there is a distinctly marked black circle that represents the space of separation. I have already remarked that Saturn rotates on his axis. To this I add that the rings revolve round Saturn. Imagine a wheel with an exterior diameter of 176,000 miles whirling round and you will have some sort of idea of the system of Saturn and his rings. There is one difference, however, between a wheel and Saturn's system. A wheel is all solid, so to speak, and the rim is joined to the hub by spokes, and it all rotates as one mass. Are Saturn's rings solid? They can't be, and we will prove it. If you found yourself dropped down on Saturn somewhere on his Equator and looked above you, you would see straight overhead from East to West a most wonderful and gloriously shining arch. This would be that part of the rings visible to you. The other half of the ring would appear as a similar arch to one standing exactly at the other side of Saturn on his Equator. Now, bridges are made in arches, but there is a limit in the size. Obviously, beyond a certain space you can't build an arch, or its weight, or the attraction of gravity, would be too much for the material of which it is built and it would fall down. Now the rings of Saturn, if they were solid, would be so attracted by the mass of Saturn's body that they would crumble up and fall on to his surfuce. This is a fact the truth of which can be mathematically demonstrated; we can't go behind that. Next, take the case of the fly wheel of an engine. If the fly wheel is not strongly constructed and it goes round too fast, it will burst into pieces. Now the rings of Saturn revolve at a very rapid rate round this body. In comparison with their diameter they are extremely thin and therefore weak. If they were solid they would burst in pieces like a bad fly wheel. Finally, the inner edge of each ring revolves quicker than the outer. This could not be if they were solid. Are you satisfied that the rings are not solid?

Next, are they liquid? They could not be, because if they were they would be frozen solid at that distance from the Sun, and we have just proved they can't be solid.

Then if the rings are not solid or liquid what are they? They are composed of innumerable little bodies, each revolving independently in its own orbit, and at a rate depending on its weight and distance from the Planet. When these little bodies are close together the ring appears more solid, and is brighter; when they are scarcer the ring appears darker and more transparent, like the crape ring. These little bodies composing the rings of Saturn must be quite small, like pebbles on a beach, or gravel on a path, some perhaps as small as shot

As I have already said, the interior diameter of the rings is some 176,000 miles, and the width of the rings is over 30,000. But their thickness is, perhaps, from fifty to one hundred miles, so that they are very thin in comparison to their width, which is such that our Earth would have ample space and roll round on them. The distance of the inner ring from the Planet is only about 17,000 miles. The rings, like the Planet itself, shine by the light reflected from the Sun, and as we on the Earth have moonlight so the Saturnians have ringlight, and a marvellous light it must be, an arch of light of huge dimensions. Of course the Sun only shines on one side of the rings at a time, and as the rings are tilted to the plane of the Planet's orbit, each side of the rings has the Sun shining on it for half Saturn's year. Thus the inhabitants on either side of Saturn's Equator have ringlight for fifteen years (our years) and on ringlight for fifteen years, alternately. Those inhabitants who lived above the sixty-third degree of latitude on Saturn, would never see the rings at all, as the latter would be below the horizon.

Saturn has eight moons or satellites, the nearest 117,600 miles, and the outermost 2,261,000 miles from the Planet. The first four are closer to Saturn than our Moon is to the Earth. Surely the Saturnians are rich in the wonders of the Heavens to gaze at. Not only have they those astonishing rings, but eight moons, all moving at different rates. I wonder which they use for their calendar as marking the passing of the months, for the quickest takes two Saturnian days to complete a revolution, while the slowest takes 167.

And here we can leave this wonderful heavenly body, the ancient frontier of the Solar system. It was not till the middle of the 18th century that another Planet outside Saturn was discovered. The ancients said there could not be more than seven Planets, viz.:—The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, because there are only seven openings to the face, viz.:—Two ears, two eyes, two nostrils and a mouth! Notwithstanding this extraordinary statement, not one but two more Planets have been discovered outside Saturn, and for all we know there may be others further out still. The stories in connection with the discovery of the two outermost Planets known to us, Uranus and Neptune, are Astronomic romances, and we will read all about them in the next Pills.

" AUDIOR."

## A TRIP THROUGH THE SENEGAL.

BY H.S.T.

*(Illustrated from photos taken by the Writer).*

*(Continued from page 28).*

When some ten miles from the "chalon" I suddenly saw by the side of the path a small herd of gazelle—one animal in it carrying the finest head I had yet come across. He dropped dead, and, wanting the headskin, I decided to remove it as he lay, instead of just severing the head and then having to sit up late after arrival in camp in order to skin it properly. Donkeys are slow-moving animals, and it would be easy to catch them up on my horse long

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before they got to the river. Keeping one man with me, the remainder of the caravan pushed on so as to make certain of reaching camp before dark.

Having secured my headskin and tied the head to my saddle, knowing it would take my man some little time to cut up and pack the meat for carrying, I decided to set off alone and overtake the donkeys.

*"Leaving Podor."*

Herein I made an extremely foolish mistake, one that the veriest tyro in bush work would hardly have thought of committing.

The river was ten miles away, and my caravan had had half-an-hour's start. Although the country intervening was bush and soft soil, with absolutely no landmarks, there was only one track, and it seemed a simple matter to follow this, with the fresh prints of the donkeys' hoofs as an additional help, so I set off quite easy in my mind. Those donkeys, however, travelled faster than I had expected, and after jogging on for an hour they were still out of sight. I was also beginning to wish I had waited for my man, as the single trail had been supplemented by numerous others, made by herds from the villages on the river bank going out to look for grazing ground. Moreover the soft soil had now turned into loose sand, and it was impossible to follow the donkeys' tracks. The bush was also getting thicker. I now remembered I was infernally hungry, having tasted nothing since daylight that morning, due to the fact that my cook, not troubling to wash his hands after packing the lamp, had produced a mid-day meal badly tainted with paraffin. Hardly in the best of tempers after having disposed of the case against my cook, I had, instead of opening tinned stuff, pushed on with an empty stomach. Incidentally, I might mention that the cook, being of an independent turn of mind, bolted directly we arrived at the river and left me to do my own cooking until I found a substitute.

*"Set out . . . . with three donkeys."*

Natives had told me there was no game in this district, and for that reason I had journeyed into the interior. I had just decided to dismount and wait for my man when I suddenly saw an old gazelle, with a finer head than any of the others I had obtained, standing still, staring at me. Although the smack of the bullet was clearly audible, he bolted, and I knew I had "tinkered" him. My friend behind, cutting up the meat of the previous beast, was forgotten. I had to get possession of that head, but before he had been brought to bay my remaining four cartridges had been expended, and I was half a mile from where my horse was tethered and well out of sight and hearing from the path. Then I also discovered my haversack with my knife in it had been handed over to my man, and there was absolutely nothing to cut the beast's head off with or even open him out to reduce the weight. I thought of my horse and went back for him, but then found the carcass was just too heavy to either lift or haul into the saddle, and by the time I had given up the attempt, the horse was so thoroughly frightened that he wouldn't stand having the body hitched on for towing.

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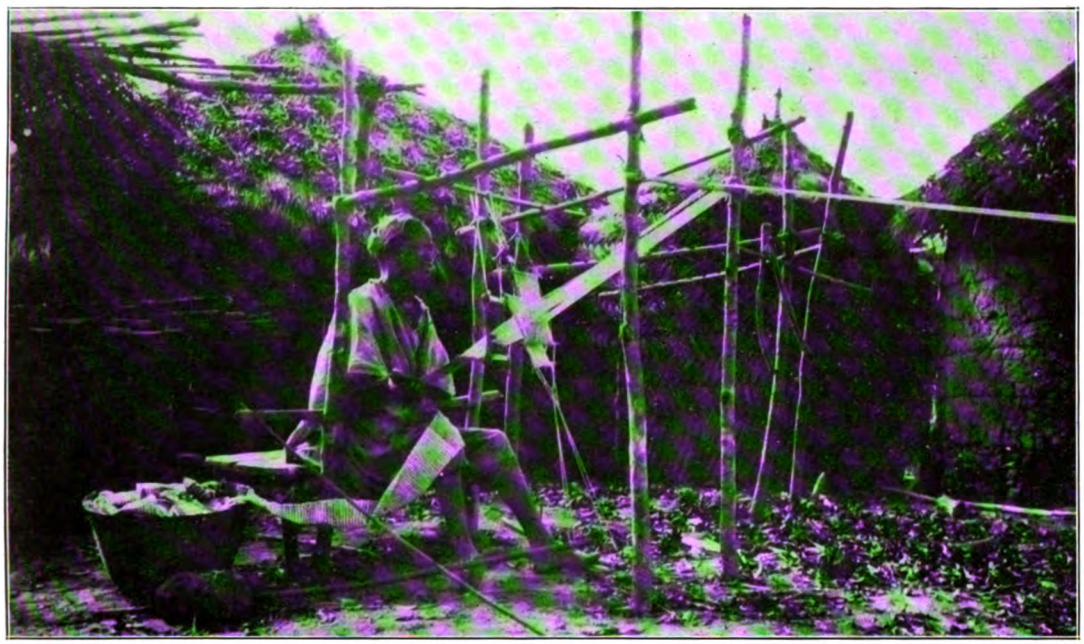
It was rather a curious predicament, self and horse alone, miles from anywhere, with night coming on, and the certainty that if I did not abandon the gazelle or try to make for camp whilst it was light, I should have to pass a most unpleasant night in the open. However, I wasn't going to leave my trophy at this stage of the proceedings, although if I could only have thought out some means of detaching his head, prowling hyenas or jackals could have willingly had the meat.



*"Now he was the village weaver."*

Fearing my man might pass along on his way to camp, I then went back to the track and quartered the horse to a bush close by, so that he would see it and stop for me.

Eventually returning and dragging the body step by step, I got him on to the path, near my horse, and was absolutely cooked in the process, chiefly due to weakness, from want of food and water.

It was now getting late, with no time to make camp in daylight even if by luck I struck the right track. I also realised that my man must have passed, probably when I had first taken my horse away from the path.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to sit down and await events, knowing that in the morning there would be a hue and cry after me, and that if I tried to push on by myself I should be hopelessly lost, and probably make it difficult for my men to find me.

Wet through with perspiration, and in a filthy state from hauling a badly shot beast over half-a-mile of rough country, and so absolutely fagged out that I wanted to go to sleep, I settled down by my horse to wait for dawn, anticipating at least a severe attack of fever, and swearing never to venture out into the bush again alone.

Things turned out better than I had expected. My man had heard the shooting, and when he got to the "chalon" and found "master" had not turned up, had made a pretty shrewd guess at what had happened, and about 7 p.m. at the head of a returning search party gave me an answering shout.

"When the devil was ill, &c." All the same, when leaving the trail in Africa, invariably take a native with you. All sorts of things turn up unexpectedly, and what was originally a stroll of perhaps a few hundred yards may become half a day's marching after a wounded beast. One often sets off alone not wanting the trouble of waiting for a "boy," or, perhaps because, only going for a look round camp, one would rather have his room than his company. But it is not sound.

Leaving Podor, I ascended the Sénégal River as far as Bakel, 400 miles from St. Louis, my base, and then struck off towards the junction of the Sénégal and Falémé Rivers, with three donkeys, three men, and an ex-corporal of Senegalese Tirailleurs, who was given me by the Commandant at Bakel, as interpreter, gunbearer, and headman. A most faithful servant Mamadou Kouruman proved himself to be, never leaving me till he finally shook my hand on board the steamer at Dakar, which was taking me to England.

*"An old roan antelope."*

A few hours out from Bakel on the first day, I ran into an extraordinary flight of sand-grouse on the Sénégal, about eight in the

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morning. The falling river had left a strip of sand some 300 yards long, and as I passed sand-grouse were coming in in thousands —lots of four or five up to fifty, and twenty or more lots visible in the air at the same time. They swooped down, just stopping at the water's edge to drink, and then off again at top speed to the desert to rest under bushes and shrubs during the heat of the day. After bagging four—enough for lunch and dinner—I sat down and watched the remainder of the flight.

After two short marches along the river, where no game was seen except warthog, I struck a village owning a more than unusually intelligent native hunter. Every village has its hunter or hunters, armed with long muzzle loaders, purchasable at stores both in French territory and also in ours for about 12/- each.

Formidable pieces of tubing, sometimes eight foot long, and usually painted red, they seem to stand charges of powder that would shatter an ordinary fowling piece. Before buying one the native always wants to let it off a few times, and his friends also have a try, usually on the store steps, just to see if it is "good," but apparently none explode—at least I only saw one man minus a hand, and he was a hunter that I engaged as a guide later on. At the beginning of the dry (*i.e.* hunting) season, one does not ask a chief whether the grass has been burnt off, and whether it is possible to see the game, but whether his hunters have yet gone out into the "bush," taking it for granted that directly the undergrowth is dry enough to burn off, and therefore make the grass visible, every hunter will be out searching for meat. Later on, when marching south to the Gambia, I often heard the distant boom of some native fire-iron. The grass was just getting dry enough to burn in places, and they were all out eager to commence the season.

When the country begins to dry up, and the remaining pools are scattered and well-known, one finds by the side of each a little grass hiding place, and similar ones under trees bearing berries that antelopes are fond of. These hiding places are used by the hunters to lie up in, when there is enough moon to see to shoot by, and pot at animals coming to drink or feed. No wonder game is scarce and difficult to approach under such conditions.

My newly found hunter told me that some eight hours from his village was a small swamp amongst the hills—the only one now in that district, where all the animals went to drink. In times gone by he had killed antelope and wild beast without number over this pool, but now he was the village weaver, and had no time to hunt in the bush. No, he couldn't show me any horns, he did not occupy himself with them, he only eat the meat; but the chief would tell me he was speaking the truth, and for one franc a day he would guide me to the pool.

Questioned as to the water, he said it was excellent, even such as a white man could drink.

I decided to let him take me to the pool, but knowing a native's idea of "good" water took the precaution of putting a couple of water skins across a donkey for my own use.

The swamp was there all right, a series of perhaps twenty little mud holes, each just sufficiently large to contain the bodies of the warthogs that nightly came to wallow in the mud and cool their carcases. I thanked myself for having brought my water with me. Ten days' hard hunting, that is to say setting out with the moon in the morning and returning about 10 a.m., then out again from 4 p.m. to dusk, brought me an old roan antelope and a porcupine. The roan was the only antelope of any sort that I saw, and his presence in the district was probably a mistake. Every day there were tracks of a large solitary roan, sometimes oldish, sometimes only a few hours back, but never a sign of anything in the flesh, and I was getting a bit tired of tramping miles each time I left camp and securing nothing but warthog. Then early one morning I spotted him standing sheepishly on the skyline of a small hill not far from camp, and when he disappeared, feeding, over over the other side I thought he was lost, knowing he would hear me clambering up the rocks. He did, and when I got to the top he had started to gallop, but instead of bolting was careering right across my front only fifty yards away. When he dropped I found out the reason of his extraordinary behaviour. He had an old ball embedded in the back of his head, and was blind in one eye—the near one—evidently caused by another slug which I cut out from in front of his ear. During this period I also saw a hyena and a wild dog. Not much of a show for the amount of energy expended.

I had not yet had time to get used to my corporal's French, and his occasional curious use of words. Catching a glimpse one day of something disappearing, I asked him what it was, and received the answer "a wild dog." Knowing what I had seen was not an ordinary wild dog, I elicited further information, and was told that this particular species climbed trees in search of "pistaches" (the local term for ground or "monkey" nuts). Although monkey nuts do not grow on trees, I scented something new to science in a climbing dog, and informed my corporal that such an animal was just the one I had come from England to kill, and great would be the reward (in meat) of anyone showing me another. The following forenoon I had just settled down to a well earned siesta after a long morning's tramp, when a porter came running up to say there were a dozen of them "not too far"—(an expression which may mean anything up to about six hours' marching, after which it becomes "a little far," when you may be let in for a couple of days' journey) from camp. The "not too far" in this case happened to be quite close, and just as well, for my "climbing dogs" were a small troop of ordinary baboons. One must be particularly dense at times, for until I actually saw the brutes it never entered my head to connect the baboons and climbing dogs, similar as they may be sometimes in the face.

African natives have various methods of calculating distances—some go by time (*i.e.* the sun), others count the number of hills they have to cross, but these gentry here have the most delightfully vague system I have ever come across. They reckon the distance between places by the number of "poses," or rests required *en route*. Now a hunter, who will walk the bush from morning to night, requires a very different length of "pose" to the weary or lazy porter carrying 60lbs. on his head, and who will stop whenever you give him a chance. It is a hopeless task trying to discover the distance between water holes or places not on well known tracks from the simple statement of one man—where to try next was the question. I had tramped along the Sénégal River finding nothing but warthog and small fry, such as guineafowl and partridges. I had worked in the now almost waterless bush behind the river —here again only warthog, guineafowl and partridge. I returned to Bakel, having been a month in the country and bagged only six gazelle, one roan, one porcupine and three warthog. At Bakel they now told me that if game was to be found anywhere in the country it was in "La Haute Gambie." From the Sénégal to the "Haute Gambie," a district lying away at the back of our own colony, Gambia, was a long cry. However, I was out to see Africa, and there was no game in my present neighbourhood.

Five days' delay at Bakel and I collected my porters—donkeys were too slow and oxen unobtainable. Owing to expense and the difficulty of obtaining men, I cut down my kit as low as possible, leaving even my tent (two loads) behind, with instructions to forward everything down the river to meet me at Dakar on my return journey. That kit has still to turn up. During the dry season one can travel without a tent, although, camping as one usually does near water, the damp air is unpleasant in the early morning, and if one goes sick there is no chance of getting proper shelter during the heat of the day.

One's expenses during a trip in this country depend entirely on the number of porters employed. Wages vary in different "circles" or districts, but usually the price is 10d. to 1/- a day, and is regulated by the administration of the various districts. At Bakel I collected the most undisciplined crowd it has ever been my misfortune to employ. Moreover, I was obliged to pay them the absurd price of 2/3½d. a day, which included 7½d. a day for the return journey (empty) for every day they were away from Bakel, whether they had done a fair day's march or not. I was further told by the administration that their loads should not exceed 44lbs., as against 55lbs. to 60lbs. in other districts, and I had to deposit the money both for their outward and homeward journey with the administration before I left Bakel, thereby depriving me of any hold I might have had over them, for their skins were sacred.

Comparing these prices with Uganda—a Muganda porter works for 6/8 a month, against a Bakel man's wage of 2/3½d. a day, or about one-tenth, carries a much heavier load, does twice the work, and is a gentleman to boot.

This district is, however, an exception, and nowhere else did I have to pay in advance, or at such exorbitant rates. Moreover the natives elsewhere were mostly obedient pleasant fellows to deal with.

The journey from Bakel to the edge of the "Haute Gambie" district was a rather uninteresting march due south for 140 miles, and was wiped off in eight days. The last three days we covered twenty-four, twenty and twenty-five miles respectively, to a village named Mon Médina, where I got rid of my Bakel crowd and changed on to Malingues, the natives of the Gambia. My late friends had to do those last three marches "willy nilly," as the end of each march represented the distance between the only waterholes on the road,

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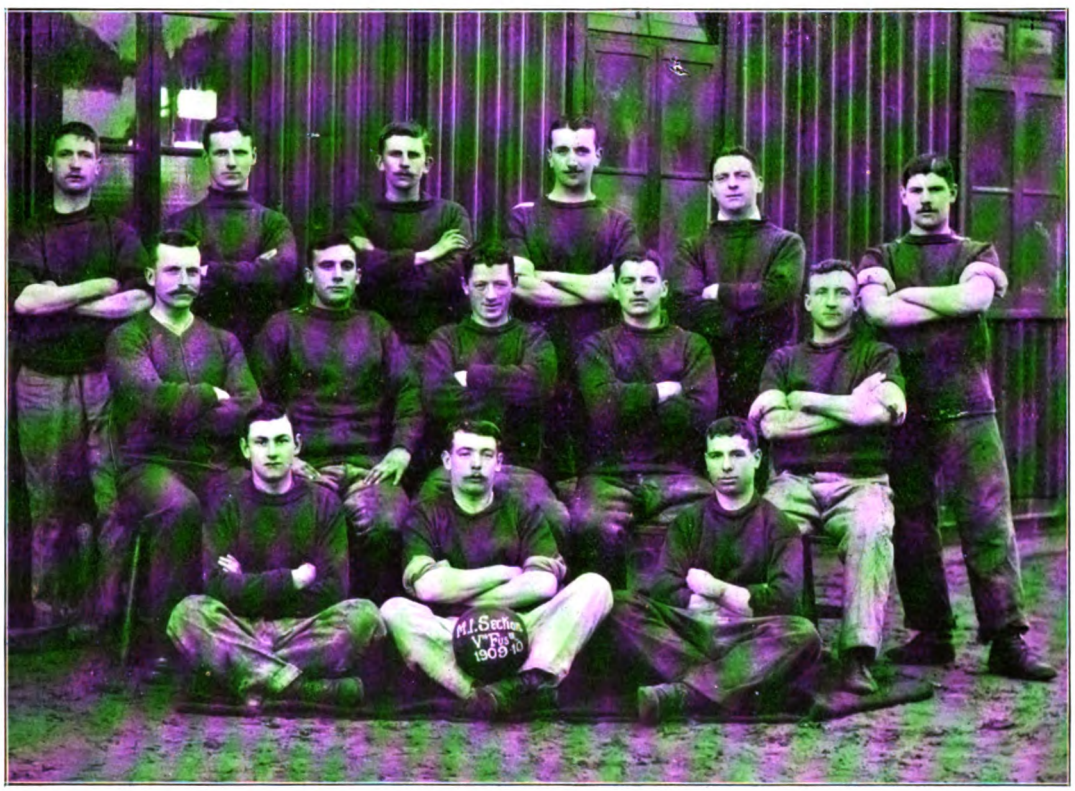
and, like the foolish virgins, they must have forgotten to bring their water skins—the few that had them refusing to share with the others.

During the eight days' march the scenery did not vary—one track, a water hole or small village at intervals, where we halted for the night, and endless uninhabited thorn scrub and long grass on each side of the track. It was no use going on in this direction, with the jungle getting daily more impossible to hunt in, so I decided from Mon Médina to turn due west. Of this more later.

The first evening out from Bakel, walking near camp, I ran straight into a huge warthog, evidently trotting out to feast on the village ground nut fields. On the shot he went off at a terrific pace. Certain that he was shot in the heart, but unwilling to risk losing him, I followed him up with two more as he ran, both of which missed; 100yds. further we found him stone dead. It is curious how often an animal hit through the heart will go off at a tearing, furious rate, only to shortly drop stone dead—misleading, also, if one does not realise that the very pace he is travelling means you have killed him.

Whilst cutting his skin at the place I wanted the head removed, my corporal, a devout, and the only man out with me, made his evening salaams in a loud voice alongside, probably to inform the villagers, who would sure to be coming out on hearing the report of my rifle, that he was asking dispensation for the unholy work he would shortly be called upon to perform, viz.:—to sever the head of an unclean beast and possibly also to carry it back to camp.




FOOTBALL TEAM, DETACHMENT MOUNTED INFANTRY 2ND BATTALION FIFTH FUSILIERS.
*(From a photograph by Harvey & Co., Liss, Hants.)*

*(To be continued).*

## IMPRESSIONS OF A NOVICE WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY.

*(Concluded from page 30).*

I have earlier in this article tried to explain the trials and tribulations which beset our M.I. Section on the day of their arrival, now I want to tell you what I felt like during the first few days of the Course. The most important factor to remember—I was a novice. I knew nothing of M.I. work; I knew nothing of M.I. routine, and what struck me as being the great outstanding feature of the first few days was the way the Staff "swung the hatchet." The non-commissioned officers were rushed from pillar to post; a lecture outside such and such a stable, a lecture in such and such a dining room. The Staff Adjutant was very busy, our Battalion Adjutant was not much less so, then of course the Sergeant-Major had his turn, and the Farrier-Sergeant brought up the rear. And wonder of wonders, by request (?), we attended a lecture on our first Sunday evening in Longmoor, and were expected to "read, mark, learn, &c.," many dry facts regarding our future work. Now I am not one to grouse at attending lectures. I look upon them as a most necessary evil, but I do think they could have been spread over a more extended area. The consequence was that during the first fortnight we were hardly allowed time for breathing. Everything seemed very mixed and confused. No way seemed right, it was just like walking in a maze where, try how we would, the way out could not be found. I can liken the first fortnight to a man who falls into a troubled sleep, in it he dreams of the things he has been doing during the day, he tries and keeps on trying, yet he cannot do a single thing right, this continues until he does something very dreadful and awakes with a start.

Yes! the first fortnight was like a troubled dream, after that time we seemed to do things right. After a month in the *ménage* we were dismissed riding instruction and commenced section drill, and I am sure our pleasure was not greater than that of the horses, for they showed no "sporting spirit" in the rings; their every movement suggested a machine, their very bearing displayed a "fed-up" feeling.

There is very little to be said about section drill; it appeals to all as being more interesting than foot drill because, in addition to obeying all orders or signals, the movements of the horse have to be regulated—he has to be made subservient to his master's will, although in some cases the rider appeared to be in a state of subserviency. The following movements of section drill I consider the most popular:—when trotting, wheeling or a change of direction, and forming sections from groups, because when wheeling at the trot the flank men have to canter and the same thing applies to the rear groups when ordered to form section, and when cantering is allowed the canter often blossoms into a gallop, and what could be more cheering to men than a stolen gallop, more especially when the usual cry is "Who is that man galloping? Take his name."

After section drill has been mastered section training commences, and if anything it is more interesting. And could anything be better than riding up to a position—which of course had been previously

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reconnoitred—dismounting with Number 3's for action (that is Number 3 of each group takes charge of the four horses whilst the other three carry on as ordinary infantry), unsling the rifle, then skirmish as is usual? It is so much more sporting than after marching for about ten miles to double up hill in full marching order; or suddenly an order is received to reinforce another section with all speed. The signal set us in motion, we trot, we canter and we gallop. On arrival at the new position when under cover the order is given "With Numbers 3's for action, dismount," or sometimes "With coupled horses for action, dismount" (in this case horses are placed in pairs, head to hind quarter, the reins being tied to the saddles), the rifle is quickly unslung, and we dash up the hill. After inflicting severe losses on the enemy our presence is required elsewhere, we rapidly mount and are off, and within a very short time we are again decreasing the number of the foe by our well-directed fire. Yes! life is certainly worth living when manœuvring, with a horse to do all the work.

In these little manœuvres it is not necessary to shout "So and so, you are going too slow." The difficulty generally is to get men to go slow enough.

After the section commanders have spent a certain time with their sections the captains take charge of the four sections and the same work is carried out by companies. Then later the battalion commander acts similarly with the three companies which form his battalion; and so we advance day by day from one movement to another until the last fortnight, when rather extensive field days are indulged in.

Towards the end of the course we were practised in jumping, each company being allowed about two hours, consequently very few men go over the jumps more than once. As a novice I felt this absolutely inadequate, I'm sure it is not possible for a man to learn how to jump—how to *ride* his horse over the jumps—correctly or with any confidence in the short space allowed. My feelings I will briefly explain. I mounted ready, filled with excitement, my heart beating a little faster than usual at the prospect of that exhilaration of feeling, that gaiety which riding and jumping is known to produce, also at the chance of coming a cropper. The whips are cracked, we are off, eight at a time, and before we can properly realize what has occurred we are at the other end of the enclosure, congratulating ourselves that, at any rate, if we did not ride our horses over the jumps we managed to stick on; and we could not refrain from stroking our animals for carrying us safely over six fairly hard jumps without any casualty. When I found a little time for reflection I asked myself the following questions:—Did I shape fairly well? Or was I merely a passenger? I was not very pleased with my replies as I lost my stirrups after the second jump and felt very much like an awkward lump, unable to assist my horse as I should have done. This morning I was one of the fortunate ones as I joined in with other sections, and I hope improved with experience. From conversation with other novices I gathered that their impressions were very similar to my own.

I might here mention that during our course two horses were lost, that dread disease anthrax claiming them. "Buller" was one of the victims, a horse well-known I believe by those of the Regiment who have attended previous courses; it is hardly necessary to mention what a whirlwind was occasioned when the disease in each case was diagnosed as anthrax; all horses of the M.I. were confined to the Government ground, non-commissioned officers and men of the sections to which the ill-fated horses belonged were isolated, and as a mark of distinction they wore white hat bands. The carcases were burnt under police supervision, corn, molassine, &c. previously issued and not consumed were called in and in some cases burnt. These and many other precautionary measures were taken, and for a space of fourteen days we spent a most anxious time, dreading a recurrence of this dread disease.

During our stay at Longmoor we had very little to break the monotony of a winter course, no sport and no mounted competitions. The Point-to-Point, which consisted of two races, was the only event of interest, and as that has already been mentioned in the *Gazette* I will not enlarge upon it, but I would like to briefly give my impressions of the horses when racing. I was very much struck by the apparent interest they displayed. When racing or jumping they exhibited a keen sporting spirit, and I could not help but think that we in our sports could very well copy them in many respects; they are eager, they do their best. Of course many will say "Yes, they do with the spur constantly digging at them." But with our civilization the thought of success and the thought of doing well under all conditions should be both our whip and our spur.

The Detachment football team did very well, having played 11 matches, won 9, and drawn 2; goals for 51, goals against 11. More ... would have been played, but latterly we had great difficulty in obtaining opponents as our fame as a Soccer combination had spread over the Camp.

A photograph of the players who took part in the different matches is reproduced on the previous page. Probably many will remark on looking at the photograph that it conveys the impression of being a tug-of-war team rather than a football combination. I must admit that the men as a body appear fairly brawny, but having no football clothing available, and rather than miss the exercise, canvas trousers and ammunition boots were worn, our colour being the brown of the regulation jersey.

And now the course is over we are glad. We have been allowed—for the space of four months—the privilege of calling a Government horse our own: we have fed it, groomed it and have ridden it, and although in many cases we were sorry to bid our equine friend good-bye, yet on the whole all were pleased to say farewell to Longmoor, for stable work on frosty mornings and becoming numb with the cold on a horse's back later in the day are not the most charming of occupations. The men were so pleased at the thought of leaving Longmoor, and more especially at the prospect of an early furlough, that during the last week the "learned ones" of the barrack rooms composed the lines—so far as my memory serves me—which I give below to the tune of "'Mid toil and tribulation":—

"Good-bye to dismal Longmoor,
To the stables and their 'crews,'
Also to point 500,
East Liss and Liphook too.
Some months ago we met you,
With pleasure we said 'how do?'
But now we're 'fed up' with you,
And leaving, shout 'hu-roo.'"

I do not include the above because it bristles with literary lore, but simply inasmuch as it displays the feelings of the men during the last part of their stay at Longmoor; and if any further proof is needed, just glance at the name of the tune it is set to; this appears to be very well thought out, for their toil was certainly heavy and their tribulation great. And yet I predict that within a few weeks their cry will be, "I'm just about 'fed' with route-"marches. I'm sick of barrack room soldiering and barrack square "drill. For there is no place like Longmoor and no soldiering like "the M.I." Truly, a soldier is never satisfied.

* * * * * *

For all sins of omission I crave pardon, and if my impressions seem rather disjointed, I can only say that I commenced writing them amidst the stress of a mobilization in Dover, added more in Edinburgh between visits to Holyrood Palace, John Knox's house, Edinburgh Castle, etc., etc., and finally completed the article at Weymouth.

W. E. J.

## THE MONOLOGUES OF PRIVATE SULI.

### No. II.

IT is permitted me to write more words concerning myself, Private Suli, who am ordalé to "Hairy-one." I thank you all. I thank you. I say may all of you who read what I have written live for sixty years and have a great many oxen and three women each who can pound and grind and cook as Zara does for me.

You remember Zara. She made me angry at the play of Kismas, but now we love each other very much and I never beat her except when "Hairy-one" is away in the bush and cannot hear; for he has told us that it is an orda that we beat not our wives. That is why Adamu Tu has never married. But what kind of a man is Adamu? "Hairy-one" has given him the house at the end of barraki near the hole where we throw the rubbish, and when the wind comes it brings a great smell even through the doorway. He and Bakare live together in this house, for it is the bachelors' house and all save they two have wives. Who but a man bereft of sense would live near a refuse hole? Bakare has no money. That is why he has no wife. But Adamu has money in plenty, for we have seen it under his bed in a calabash and on the top he places his short trousers or his red jacketi lest any man should see. But we have seen it many times when the smell from the pit is diminished. Also when he walks in the town always he gives the drummers and the singers of praises a present, either a sisi or half a sisi which is toro. Again there is more money under his top-knot which we Hausas call the tukua. The white-men have no tukua. Instead of this they put money in the trousers, in the pocket. Even if it jingles in the pocket they do not fear their friends; but

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money is a temptation. One day I said to Adamu I would plait his tukua for the sake of the messenger of God. He sat on the ground. He bowed his head to me. I also sat down. Among all the men in the world there is no man who surpasses me in plaiting, whether it is the hair of a man or the Zana mats which we lay round our walls because of the storms. I was excedingly diligent. I worked until I sweated. I said to Adamu "It is finished." Adamu rose up and went on his affair. After this he returned running. He cried out like a madman; he seized me. I said, "What is it? Have patience and God will forgive you all." He said, "Thou thief! where is the five silli that was in the tukua?" I said, "Is it I?" He said, "Thou it is, thou son of a . . . . ." ("Hairy-one" says I must not write reviling, which is a hard orda). He continued reviling until I was tired. I said, "I have an affair in another place." My heart did not rise, though the reviling hurt me and I have power with "Hairy-one." I answered, "Have patience, Adamu; tomorrow thou wilt be better." But Adamu closed his ears. He refused my advice. After this we two, I and Adamu had a great deal of talk near the locust tree in front of barraki, until men said everywhere, "What is it? Is it a fire-alarm?" There was black blood in me and in Adamu. Then we ceased, for we saw the evening food was ready. Adamu and I sat down at one calabash of yams baked in palm-oil. We eat all, even to the gravy. We were satisfied. Then we said, "We thank God, our bellies are filled." Adamu played on the molo. The molo is pleasant to hear; it calls the women together. In the dark we played and sang songs about "Hairy-one" and the Guvna, and then, when it was night, the bugla blew dum-m-m- - once, and we all killed the lamps and the fires and sleep seized us and there was no more talk. The next day I gave back three shillings to Adamu. Now he is my friend and I am his friend. When Zara runs away after a beating it is he who follows her with soft words and brings her back. I, in my turn, do good things for him. For I go to a certain mallam in the town who lives near the eastern gate and is very skilful, and has many charms and medicines, and he throws some medicine like water (but it is not water, I know), into the fire and he speaks hidden words very quickly in the Arabic which I do not understand, but it is the medicine for more power and greatness. Surely there will be given to Adamu a stripe on his arm, and then we will have a feast and we shall all rejoice and we shall give the mallam a present. So we shall do. It is the charms that bring good fortune and power.

*"A Fire Alarm."*
*(From a photograph—"Anon.")*

*"I go to a certain Mallam in the Town."*
*(From a photograph—"Anon.")*

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Now I will tell you concerning our shooting. In the spring, before the wind comes and the rains, we shoot at white paper on long sticks. This is muskatri. You see how I speak Inglis. I know muskatri and orlé rûm—which is the place where "Hairy-one" does justice when we commit faults—and laf rai laf rai and palade and damfu, which is reviling. Sarji meja he only surpasses me in Inglis. Concerning muskatri this talk is. "Hairy-one" has a very big umbrella, bigger than the King of Sokoto's or the King of Kano's, and a long chair. Very early in the morning we go to the place of shooting. We carry the big umbrella and the chair and our guns and our bullets. We lie down, we kneel behind stones, we shoot, all of us from Sarji meja to Jibrim Kano, whose wits are not at home and who has a devil. There is a buzai, there is a inna, there is a outa. There is also a mis, but we will not talk about that. A mis brings reviling and many words, but when I get a mis I know it is the will of God. Who has more power than God? If it is not to be, the bullet will not strike the targeti, no, not if a man were a king or the son of a king. But as for me, Private Suli, I have obtained thousands of buzais. There was given me ten silli at Katagum on account of the shooting when the thin whiteman was our master whom we called "the eater of fibre." And yet I have a trigger on my gun that is hard to pull and a forsai that is so small that the eye can hardly see it. Some forsais are big and some are small, some are straight and some are crooked. It is all God's will. As for the trigger, we call it the scorpion in the Hausa talk because it is like the tail of a scorpion. The other sai with the writing on it is also a thing of labour and cursing. But in knowing the writing I surpass a mallam. After some shooting is finished "Hairy-one" makes a large black thing on a targeti, a thing of evil with black ink and white paper. It has a face like a man who is very sick. It stoops like the thief who enters by night. We call it Jibrim because it is like Jibrim, whose wits are not at home. We all laugh when we see the blackman who stoops coming out of the house of the targeti. We say many times, "Here is Jibrim coming." Jibrim is angry, but we do not care. We carry Jibrim the targeti to the hole at the place of shooting. Some men, about four, are in the hole. They walk east, they return west. They hold Jibrim up with a pole. We others shoot at him while he is walking. But I know a certain thing. Before Jibrim lies down in the hole he stands still a little. Then I shoot Jibrim through the belly and it is a buzai. This is my cunning. But the arms of some of us are not strong. Perhaps it is the bam that is sold in the market at night, or perhaps it is only lack of strength. Who knows? Bakare has a trembling arm. He fears when the gun goes "*pom*." He has no sense, no not a little. He says it is God; but that is worthless talk. Bakare has never hit the targeti that walks, though there has been given him much teaching and many palades. We all cry to him to have patience and sense. All is of no avail. When Jibrim the targeti rises from the hole Bakare is aiming a long time, but the mouth of the gun shakes like the hand of Sidi Ali the palsied beggar. One day when he fired there was a great dust at the edge of the hole and we heard much shouting from inside. "Hairy-one" got up and ran to the targeti. We who stand at the place of firing we all say to Bakare, "Thou hast shot a man; it is that which causes the shouting." We all go near to Bakare lest he has not heard what we have said. We say, "Sanu Bakare, thou hast shot a man." "Sanu" is salutation. Bakare opens his mouth and his eyes stick out. He is silent. He heeds not our greetings. While we are wondering, "Hairy-one" stands at the pit and calls out, "Is it well?" Corporal Mahamma Katsena salutes "Hairy-one" many times. He says, "It is well." But all the men are wiping their faces, for the dust covers them and little stones have struck them so that blood comes out. "It is nothing," they say, "the bullet struck the edge of the hole." But afterwards very many calamities happened to Bakare. His chickens died. A fire came upon his house. His water-pots refused to stand upright. We all said, "What is it? Is Bakare cursed by God?" Also we said to Bakare, "Buy charms and do acts of piety. Perchance the evil will cease." Bakare agreed, for the misfortunes troubled him very much. He gave us all presents of money and cloth and Kolas until he had nothing left, no, not so much as a loin cloth. Then at length these acts of charity brought a cessation of evil. As for us, we were tired of our play. So it was.

Besides the shooting with bullets there is the shooting on the place of palade with no bullets. No one is able to be skilful at the shooting of this kind except the very patient man whose heart is strong. We fill bags with sand from the river. We place them upon three sticks. We aim at small targetis on the wall. There are holes in the bags. The sand flows out on the ground. The gun leans and refuses to lie straight. All the men with stripes say "hully up, hully up!" and we solja, we shut one eye and we try and we try. Sometimes I am trying till water comes out of my eye which is open. Then I use the hankatinchi—this Inglis is not good like the other, I know—that "Hairy-one" has given me. It is blue with fine white lines like a guinea-fowl. One day I tie it round my body on account of the trousers. Again, Zara binds it on her head when it is newly tired and she fears the wind. Again, when I wish to walk in the town with pride I fasten the end to my belt so that it waives about and all men are envious. When Zara returns from the market she puts in it the dried fish or the bananas or the butter which she has bought. I clean my gun with it. It is a piece of cloth full of use and goodness. It surpasses the very small pieces of white cloth which "Hairy-one" gives us. These, he says, belong not to him, but to the Guvna. That is why we have such small pieces. Perhaps if the world pleases "Hairy-one" he will give me another hankatinchi. That day will be a day of gladness, for then I shall have two. I shall use one for my nose as the white man does. I, Private Suli, shall clean my nose just the same as a white man. Everyone will look at me and say, "What a man this is! He is cleaning his nose!" So it will be.

After this I say, "tammat," it is finished. It is the end of my writing concening muskatri. I salute you all a thousand times.

"Hairy-one" works a great deal. But sometimes he leaves off working and goes into the bush. I am with him always in the bush, lest anything evil should happen. Everywhere in this country there are the animals we call bauna, which surpass all the animals of the bush in size and in strength of body. "Hairy-one" says they are called baflo, but both are one, I know. Baflo is Inglis talk. Bauna is Hausa talk. On the day of shooting there are called four or five or six lebalas from the town who carry the tent and the loads. I carry the gun with one mouth and the gun with two mouths and a gourd of water and the glass for gazing afar which makes even the moon come close to the face when one looks at it. Two months have now passed since we saw a baflo. We were walking near a river. The grass was long and there were many trees with thorns that make a man cry out. The sun was very hot. Then suddenly we saw something. It was near, but it looked away from us; it did not see us. I said to "Hairy-one," "See bauna!" Bakare or Adamu would have run away; but who has ever seen me run away? In all the world there is no one, except a liar who will not enter Paradise. After this I saw one small tree which if a man climbed there was safety. This one tree there was. I ran to the tree as the antelope runs, very swiftly; I was ready to climb up. From a tree a man will see clearly, but on the ground it is not pleasant. So I ran. "Hairy-one" also ran to the tree. Of us two who should climb up? We two, we met at the bottom of the tree. I cried to "Hairy-one," "Shoot! I will climb the tree and see the place where he falls." "Hairy-one" said, "Thou fool, give me place! It is I who will ascend the tree." At once he was on the top, sitting. As for me, I said my prayers. I said to myself, "My days are finished." I hid in some thick bushes. I lay and was silent, though many thorns were pricking my legs and my body. After this "Hairy-one" stood in the tree. He shot. I heard a great movement and jumping in the grass, but I did not rise up from among the bushes. I did not forget my cunning, no, not even when "Hairy-one" called me up to ten times with anger. When I came out I went to "Hairy-one." He was standing near the baflo. He was touching the horns with gentleness, like a man who has obtained what his heart has longed after. With a knife I cut the throat: I said, "In the name of the Compassionate, the Merciful One, let us slay flesh for the Mussulman." This is the *Kalma*. After the *Kalma* was finished at once the baflo was dead. I saw a small hole in the ribs of the baflo near the heart, and another big hole on the other side. They were two buzais. I also saw a little of the baflo's entrail. Everywhere there was blood. "Praise God," I said to "Hairy-one," "We have shot a baflo. We feel joy to-day. That is all. Our work is finished. We will go back to the place of sleeping." We returned to the place of the lebalas and the tent. The lebalas, all of them, were sleeping in the shade. Lebalas are like dogs. Always they are sleeping, and when they are not sleeping they are eating. I took a stick of fatness and strength; I knocked them all until they cried out. I sent them with many words to fetch the meat. So I did. In the evening they returned with the men of a certain village. I cut the neck of the baflo according as "Hairy-one" has taught me. I gave the men some small pieces of meat. For this they thanked me many times. As for me, there was given me one leg. When I had eaten all as far as I was able I gave the rest to my friends. We all in the baraki we eat the meat; we sucked our fingers. We sang, "'Hairy-one' is the king of shooting; as for the bauna, who is afraid of him save a boy or a fool?" There was dancing and play in the night.

F. S. R.

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## SOME SONS OF THE OLD AND BOLD.

James George Burr. William George Ouzman. Charles Henry Hargroves.
Henry Percival Oakley.

FOUR BOYS NOW AT THE DUKE OF YORK SCHOOL, DOVER:
ALL OF THEIR FATHERS SERVED IN THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

*(From a Photograph by Sergeant A. Wells.)*

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 328.]** **Saturday, 30th April, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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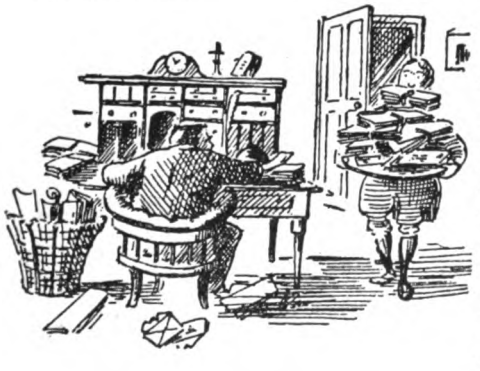
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*


111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*


*30th April, 1910.*



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## BIRTHS.

BENSON.—On the 20th February, at Harnage, Shrewsbury, the wife of J. I. Benson, Esq., late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

BUCHANAN.—On the 9th inst., at Killawley, Llandrindod Wells, the wife of Major H. E. Buchanan, late Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

LAWS.—On the 26th February, at Rawal Pindi, India, the wife of No. 8002 Sergeant A. Laws, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

LENDON.—On the 6th February, at Rawal Pindi, India, the wife of Quartermaster-Sergeant A. E. Lendon, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

MOORE.—On the 24th ult., at Dover, the wife of Sergeant-Cook Moore, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.


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## MARRIAGES.

KENNING—SCRASE.—On the 8th ult., at St. Barnabas Church, Dover, Corporal E. M. Kenning, Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, to Isabel Mary, eldest daughter of Mrs. Scrase and the late Staff-Sergeant-Major G. W. Scrase, Army Service Corps.

ST. JOHN—GOODBODY.—On the 31st ult., at St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, by the Rev. J. P. Noyes, the Bishop of Limerick and the Dean of Limerick also officiating, Captain B. Tudor St. John, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, son of the late Rev. the Hon. E. Tudor St. John and Mrs. St. John, Bletsoe, Aboyne, N.B., to Madeleine Ethel Goodbody, eldest daughter of J. Ellis Goodbody, Thornville, Limerick.

STONE—WALTERS.—On the 4th ult., at Bombay, India, No. 9599 Bandsman C. J. Stone, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, to Miss Ethel Walters, of Plumstead, London.

## DEATHS.

BAKER.—On the 24th ult., at 6, Fratton Road, Southsea, Mr. James Baker, late Sergeant, Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 76 years.

GUNNER.—On the 14th inst., at Rawal Pindi, India, of enteric fever, Thomas Ridge Gunner, Lieutenant, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, second surviving son of Charles Richards Gunner, of Ridgemede, Bishops Waltham, aged 24 years. (By telegram).

HOLLETT.—On the 26th ult., the result of an accident, Albert Frederick William, son of No. 4887 Colour-Sergeant Hollett, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers aged 1 year and 11 months.

LENDON.—On the 15th ult., at Rawal Pindi, India, Elizabeth, wife of Quartermaster-Sergeant A. E. Lendon, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

MACDONALD.—On the 18th inst., at Wimbledon, Caroline, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel N. MacDonald, formerly commanding 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, and daughter of the late Colonel Eyre Smyth, 62nd Regiment, and of South Hill, Co. Limerick.

MOULD.—On the 30th ult., at Wilsons Buildings, Vine Street, Cleckheaton, Mr. Joseph Mould, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 27 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette* :—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant Edward L. Salier is granted the local rank of Lieutenant while employed with the West African Frontier Force (dated 2nd March, 1910). Quartermaster and Honorary Lieutenant John Wallace, the Northumberland Fusiliers, is granted the honorary rank of Captain (dated 28th March, 1910). Gentleman-Cadet Bryan Elidore Stackpoole Mahon to be Second-Lieutenant, *vice* E. L. Salier, seconded (dated 20th April, 1910).

4TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—L. H. Atkinson, Gent., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 26th February, 1910). Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel L. C. Lockhart, resigns his commission and is granted permission to retain his rank and wear the prescribed uniform (dated 14th April, 1910).

6TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant P. G. Reynolds to be Captain. Second-Lieutenant G. H. Cox to be Lieutenant. Supernumerary Second-Lieutenant L. Llewellyn McI. Weeks is restored to the establishment (dated 22nd August, 1909). Second-Lieutenant K. D. Barrett to be Lieutenant; Supernumerary Second-Lieutenant A. O. Langdale is restored to the establishment (dated 1st November, 1909).

IT is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of an officer of the 1st Battalion. Lieutenant Thomas Ridge Gunner died of enteric fever at Rawal Pindi, on the 14th inst., at the age of twenty-four.

This promising young officer was the third son of Mr. Charles Gunner, of Ridgemede, Bishops Waltham, and, as his second name implies, was connected with the illustrious Ridge who fell at the storming of Badajoz; the grandmother of Mr. Charles Gunner having been the sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Ridge. Our late brother officer was a keen sportsman and a first-rate hockey player, being a regular player in the Hampshire Hockey XI. Educated at Henley and afterwards at Marlborough, where, like four of his brothers, he played in the School Hockey XI., he was gazetted to the 4th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment on the 16th July, 1904. With just over a year's Militia service, he was gazetted second-lieutenant in the FIFTH, on the 29th November, 1905, and posted to the 3rd Battalion.

On the disbandment of that unit he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion, embarked on the 10th July, 1908, to join the 1st Battalion in India, and was promoted lieutenant 12th September, 1909. All who knew him, either at Marlborough or in the

*(From a photograph by F. A. Swaine, Southsea.)*
THE LATE LIEUTENANT THOMAS RIDGE GUNNER.
BORN: 9TH MAY, 1885; DIED: 14TH APRIL, 1910.

Regiment, will mourn his loss as a good and gallant comrade. Our deepest sympathy is tendered to his family and friends in their bereavement.

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

RAWAL PINDI, PUNJAB,
31st March, 1910.

THE Assault-at-Arms which was held early in the month was a triumph for Lieutenant Sloper, who, in the Officers' Competitions, won two first prizes for bayonet and sabre fighting, and a second prize for tent pegging with sabres. Corporal Collins was first and Sergeant Luke second in the Sabre v. Sabre Competition.

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The Cross Country team ran very well and was only beaten by four seconds by the Black Watch team, who wore spats, whereas our team was swathed in putties.

——

Rawal Pindi has broken out into a rush of gaiety, prior to settling down to its summer sleep. Races, polo and horse shows are taking place by day; dances, rinking, theatres and concerts by night.

——

In the Murray Polo Tournament we drew a bye in the first round. In the second round we played the Gymkhana team, which we beat after a very close game. At the end of the third chukker the score was 3 goals to 1 in our favour; when time was sounded, the score was 3 goals all. The goals were widened, and Mr. Watkin shot the winning goal. The team was composed as follows :—Lieutenants Hart and Watkin, Captain Cruddas, and Lieutenant Sloper (back). The final is to be played on the 1st April, against the 10th Hussars.

——

Captain Sandilands has left us on leave to England travelling as a gentleman by P. and O., Second-Lieutenant Garnier as an officer by troop ship, and Lieutenant Herbert as a sailor on a line of battle ship. We wish them all *bon voyage* and a good time.

——

The St. George's Ball was held on the 23rd inst., instead of on the *burra din* owing to the move to the hills and the inaccessibility of the clefts and crannies in which we reside in the hills. It was a complete success and thoroughly enjoyed by all. A detailed account appears elsewhere.

——

The Regiment is again to proceed to Gharial, and marches in two halves on the 12th and 13th April. We believe that for the greater part of our sojourn there we are to be employed in making the crooked places straight, and flattening out hills to facilitate polo, cricket and football.

——

No. 436 Lance-Sergeant A. Sistern and No. 552 Corporal J. W. Crouch have extended their service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

——

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under at an Examination held at Rawal Pindi on the 2nd inst. :—

*2nd Class :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 2101 | Lce.-Corpl. G. Forrest | No. | 1339 | Lce.-Corpl. G. Alsop |
| ,, | 796 | ,, C. Knight | ,, | 823 | ,, H. Gillespie |
| ,, | 1273 | ,, J. Howard | ,, | 1617 | Private H. Rumley |
| ,, | 273 | ,, A. Locker | ,, | 1710 | ,, M. Johnson |
| | | No. 2179 Private S. McPhee | | | |

*3rd Class :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 2500 | Private J. Martin | No. | 1090 | Private R. Mayle |
| ,, | 1662 | ,, C. Greaves | ,, | 8117 | ,, W. Bogue |
| ,, | 190 | ,, J. Hewson | ,, | 9663 | ,, P. Devine |

——

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 181 | Lance-Corporal A. Patterson | 2 from | 10/9/09 |
| ,, | 9518 | Private G. Mills | 2 ,, | 27/1/10 |
| ,, | 804 | ,, W. Parker | 2 ,, | 28/1/10 |
| ,, | 879 | ,, E. Webster | 2 ,, | 20/2/10 |
| ,, | 894 | ,, J. Pearce | 2 ,, | 21/2/10 |
| ,, | 902 | ,, G. Swabey | 2 ,, | 22/2/10 |
| ,, | 1742 | ,, T. O'Reilly | 1 ,, | 26/2/10 |
| ,, | 937 | ,, J. Mattison | 2 ,, | 27/2/10 |
| ,, | 1008 | ,, W. Payne | 2 ,, | 28/2/10 |
| ,, | 948 | ,, T. Tudor | 2 ,, | 1/3/10 |
| ,, | 6541 | Lance-Corporal J. O'Hara | 2 ,, | 2/3/10 |
| ,, | 964 | ,, J. Westerton | 2 ,, | 3/3/10 |
| No. | 971 | Private F. Hicks | 2 from | 3/3/10 |
| ,, | 970 | ,, J. Breeze | 2 ,, | 4/3/10 |
| ,, | 975 | ,, A. Ford | 2 ,, | 6/3/10 |
| ,, | 976 | ,, E. Adams | 2 ,, | 7/3/10 |
| ,, | 990 | ,, A. Cook | 2 ,, | 10/3/10 |
| ,, | 999 | ,, F. Rand | 2 ,, | 10/3/10 |
| ,, | 1051 | ,, G. Wankling | 2 ,, | 11/3/10 |
| ,, | 757 | ,, C. Phillipson | 1 ,, | 12/3/10 |
| ,, | 1000 | Lance-Corporal J. Bourne | 2 ,, | 14/3/10 |
| ,, | 1013 | Private F. Cannon | 2 ,, | 14/3/10 |
| ,, | 764 | ,, F. Addams | 2 ,, | 18/3/10 |

## FOOTBALL.

### 1st League.

The following are the results of matches played during the month :—

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | Company | ... | 3 goals | B | Company | ... | 3 goals |
| A | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | E | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| A | ,, | ... | 3 ,, | F | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| B | ,, | ... | 2 ,, | E | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| H | ,, | ... | 2 ,, | B | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| C | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | D | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |
| C | ,, | ... | 0 ,, | F | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |
| C | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | G | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |
| G | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | D | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |
| H | ,, | ... | 3 ,, | D | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |
| E | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | H | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| F | ,, | ... | 4 ,, | G | ,, | ... | 3 ,, |

### 2nd League.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | Company | ... | 0 goals | D | Company | ... | 3 goals |
| A | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | E | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |
| A | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | H | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| B | ,, | ... | 2 ,, | C | ,, | ... | 2 ,, |
| B | ,, | ... | 2 ,, | D | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| C | ,, | ... | 2 ,, | E | ,, | ... | 2 ,, |
| C | ,, | ... | 0 ,, | F | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| D | ,, | ... | 3 ,, | F | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| E | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | G | ,, | ... | 1 ,, |
| G | ,, | ... | 3 ,, | F | ,, | ... | 2 ,, |
| G | ,, | ... | 1 ,, | H | ,, | ... | 0 ,, |

——

The Regimental Team journeyed to Lahore to meet the Royal Irish Fusiliers in the 2nd Round of the "Lahore Trades' Cup." Although we had the best of the game throughout, we lost by 1 goal to *nil*. Lance-Corporal Maden, Privates Lees and Forebanks played a fine game.

Our team was as follows :—

*Goal :*
**Private Helwig**
*Backs :*
**Private Lees** **Private Ridley**
*Half-Backs :*
**Private Hills** **Lance-Corporal Maden** **Corporal Griffin**
*Forwards :*
**Lance-Corporal Ward** **Private Hobday** **Private Saunders**
**Private Craze** **Private Forebanks**

——

Our heartiest congratulations to H Company on winning the "Lansdowne Trophy." This competition was open to all Companies, Squadrons and Batteries in Rawal Pindi. The FIFTH established a record by having five Companies left in out of the last eight. The Munster Fusiliers previously held this record with four.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The St. George's Ball was held on the 23rd of this month. The various committees who were responsible for the arrangements are to be highly congratulated on the complete success of their work. We cannot do better than quote an extract from an Indian paper, the *Civil and Military Gazette*, dated 30th March, on the subject :—

"The Northumberland Fusiliers held their St. George's Ball at "West Ridge, Rawal Pindi, on the 23rd March. Wherever this

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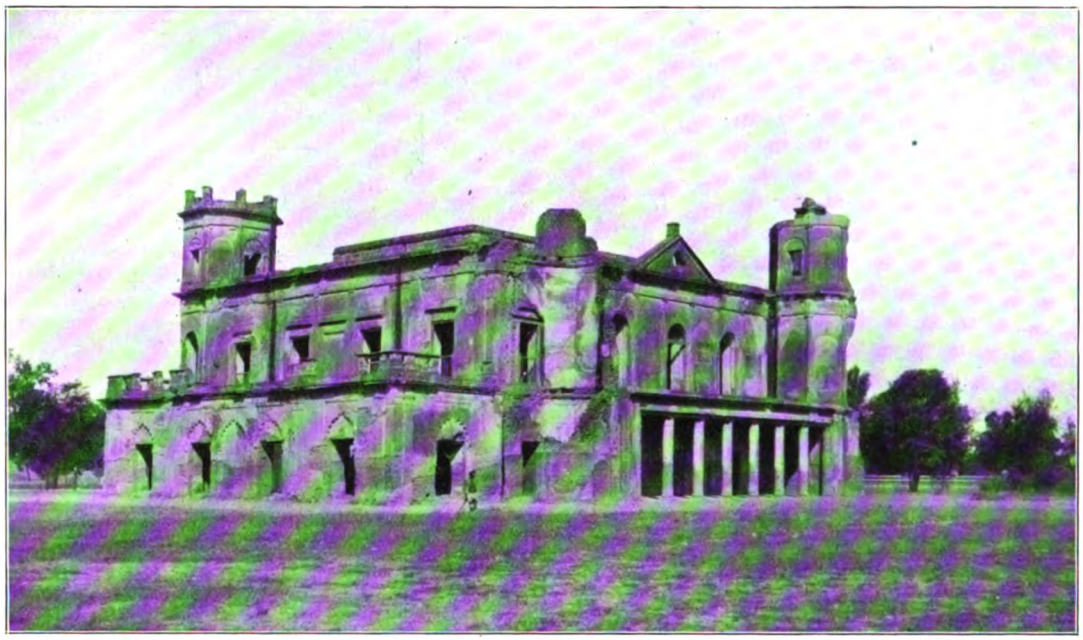
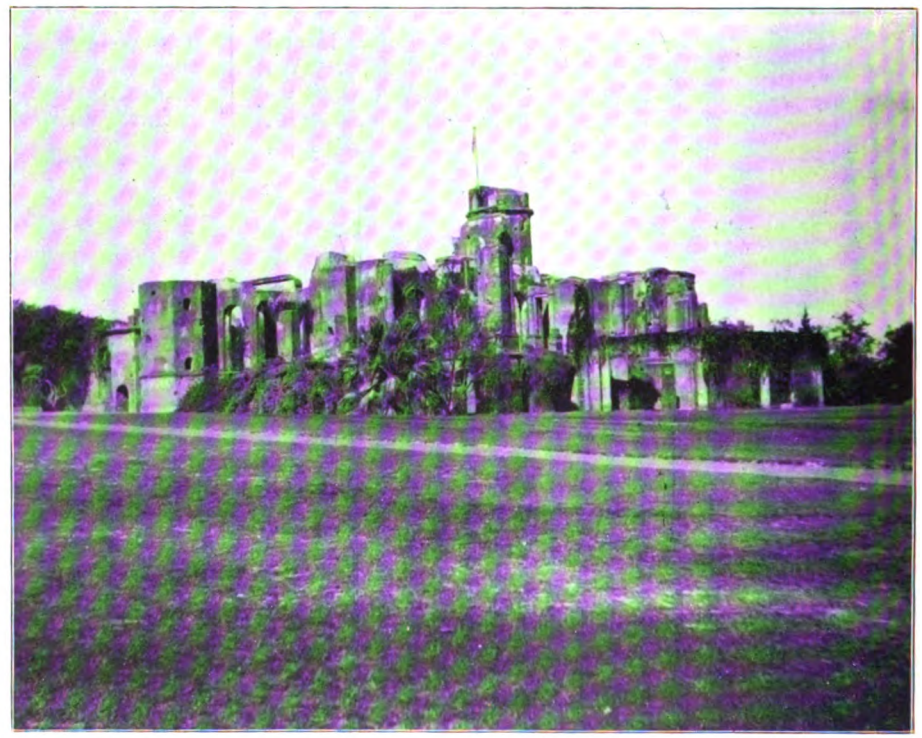
" Regiment is stationed it is well known for the thoroughness and " smartness of its Annual Ball ; and this year has been no excep- " tion to the rule. The Gymnasium was " decorated for the occasion, and the com- " mittee are to be congratulated on the " taste they displayed in hiding the " apparatus so familiar to that institu- " tion. The overhead ladder was made to " look like some 'triumphal arch,' whilst " that instrument of torture known as " the 'shelf' resembled the bower of " some fabled Indian princess, so taste- " fully was it draped and decorated with " plants, ferns and palms. Brilliant " lights, festoons and garlands of red and " white roses and evergreens ; the King- " Emperor's colour, the Regimental " Colours (including the much prized " Drummers' Colour) added charm and " dignity to the scene. The huge St. " George's flag held a prominent position, " giving the crowning triumph to the " scheme of decoration. But not only in " the dancing room was the comfort of " the merrymakers attended to ; the " sitting-out room was Oriental in its " luxuriousness, so much so that many " who came to dance succumbed to the " temptation to sit still and watch the " effect of the various coloured uniforms " and dresses as their owners glided past " to the bewitching music of the Band. " A thorough spirit of gaiety prevailed, " and dancing lasted from 9 p.m. until " 5 a.m., the programme containing " twenty-six items. Colonel D. Sapte, the " Officers of the Regiment, and their ladies " were present as the guests of the War- " rant Officers and Sergeants. The various " Departmental Corps were well repre- " sented, as were also the other Regi- " ments in the station. About 250 were " present, and all spent a most enjoyable " time. The St. George's Ball for 1910 may be considered a " brilliant success, and a credit to the Warrant and Non-Com- " missioned Officers who " promoted it."



THE ALUMBAGH, LUCKNOW.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant W. Platt, D.S.O.)*

A Billiard Handicap has this month been responsible for some pleasant evenings being spent in the Mess. No new talent can be said to have been discovered, except, perhaps, Sergeant Sykes, who is about our latest arrival from England. The final (350 up) was closely contested from start to finish. Sergeant Down by careful play managed to keep the lead from Sergeant Hills, and just won by 8 points. Sykes and Edmondson played off for a 3rd place, the former winning fairly easily. The 1st prize was a billiard cue; 2nd and 3rd were money prizes.

The Corporals defeated the Sergeants at Football on the 29th inst. by 2 goals to *nil*. As a result of this, a second



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant W. Platt, D.S.O.)*

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Team has been started among the Sergeants, and has challenged the first Team.

During the "Assault at Arms," at Rawal Pindi, a refreshment tent was pitched on the ground. The members of the Sergeants' Mess West Yorkshire Regiment were "At Home" to us one day, whilst another day we were able to return the compliment.

Preparations are again being made for a move to the "hills." Luggage is once more being overhauled, and the staff of the pioneer shop is being kept very busy, for only solid and substantial boxes can be trusted to the tender mercies of the "Murree Road."

Former members of our Mess will not be surprised to learn that, in spite of alarming disturbance in the weather of late, our aneroid barometer still points complacently to "fair weather" and no change.

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
25th April, 1910.

THE West Street Harriers' Point-to-Point Races were held as in former years at Lenacre and Singledge Farms, about five miles distant, on the 30th ult. The FIFTH'S Regimental Race was the first event. The names of the starters were as follows :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1.—Major Moulton Barrett's ch. g. | "The Sapper" ... | Mr. Sidney |
| 2.—Major Moulton Barrett's ch. m. | "Bess" ... | Mr. Brownlow |
| 3.—Captain Archer's ch. g.... ... | "Belfast" ... | Mr. Gething |
| 4.—Mr. Leverson's ch. m. ... ... | "Harmony" ... | Captain Archer |
| 5.—Mr. Leverson's gr. g. ... ... | "Hawkhurst" ... | Owner |
| 6.—Captain Wild's br. g. ... ... | "Jerry" ... | Captain Auld |

Lieutenant Sidney on "The Sapper" was the winner, after a good race in which all but one completed the course. Captain Auld rode a fine race on "Jerry" and came in second, Lieutenant Leverson being third. Lieutenant Gething had bad luck at the first fence but was none the worse for his mishap.

The next event was the West Street Harriers' Race in which Lieutenant Sidney, this time on Captain J. P. Spanton's "El Bodon" was again successful, and no wonder with such a name to back him. The 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment had their Regimental Race next, and the day ended with the Farmers' Race. In this Lieutenant Sidney was on Mr. F. C. Spanton's "Bonnie Doon," and for the third and last time rode a winner. Ride in three races and win three—a man can do no more, as they say. He received a well deserved ovation from the crowd, to which we would here add our hearty congratulations. Despite the raucous invitations of a line of bookies we do not fancy that many of us entrusted our hard earned pay to their keeping. It may have been, with those who had attended the meeting in previous years, a case of once bit twice shy. But the appearance of extreme lightness and adaptability to rapid transport created by their advertisement boards might well have sufficed to scare the reasonably cautious. Most of us drove there and back in a brake, and though the wind was cold, the meeting was voted a most successful one. Together with the Worcestershire Regiment we entertained the company to tea and our Band played a selection of music.

The residents of Dover gave a Ball at the Town Hall early in the month, which many of us attended. The affair was highly successful, though dancing a little difficult until the first departures had somewhat lessened the crowd.

The 2nd Battalion is suffering a very grievous loss in the impending departure of Captain F. P. Braithwaite, who will shortly be turning civilian after 14½ years in the Regiment, of which 9½ have been with the 2nd Battalion. We sincerely hope that he may yet remain with us till the autumn, though in any case his departure will leave a gap, whether at work or play, uncommonly difficult to fill. It is very hard to part from such an old friend, but while keenly regretting his loss we can only wish him the very best of luck in his new career, and we are sure that we shall often see him with us wherever we are stationed in the United Kingdom. Where will young officers learn their bridge now, we wonder?

Another brother officer we shall miss is Captain Kershaw, who has been ordered to the Depôt. Though not a permanent loss to the Regiment his departure is none the less regretted.

Major Turner, on relinquishing his appointment on the Staff of the 4th Division at Woolwich, has joined us and taken over the duties of Second-in-Command. He will also be our skipper during the forthcoming cricket season.

Lieutenant Trench will be leaving us temporarily on the 30th of this month to do a signalling course at Aldershot.

Our best thanks are due to General Wilkinson for the very handsome Challenge Cup which he has presented to the Battalion. We hope shortly to see him again when he returns from his tour of inspection in West Africa. As at present arranged the cup is to be competed for annually in a Battalion Race Meeting.

Captain Toppin has also made a most generous present to the Mess in the form of two cases of medals that formerly belonged to old soldiers of the Regiment. The thirty-one medals he has collected—or rather snatched from the hands of the dealers, anxious always to buy up such trophies when they come on the market—form eight fine groups, besides four single ones of the Order of Merit.

Captain W. C. Wright has further increased our collection with three more medals, and to him also we offer our warm thanks.

The Regimental Dinner this year is to be held on June 2nd, at Prince's Restaurant, Piccadilly, our old rendezvous, the Grafton Galleries, not being available. Those intending to be present should notify the Honorary Secretary, Dinner Fund, the Citadel, Dover, not later than the 26th May. On the same day at the United Service Institution at 3 p.m., the meeting will be held of the General Committee of the Regimental Aid Society. This notice is inserted in case the printed letter of the Honorary Secretary fails to reach any of those for whom it is intended.

Congratulations to Captain St. John on his marriage which took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, on the 31st March. Military exigencies and the long distance

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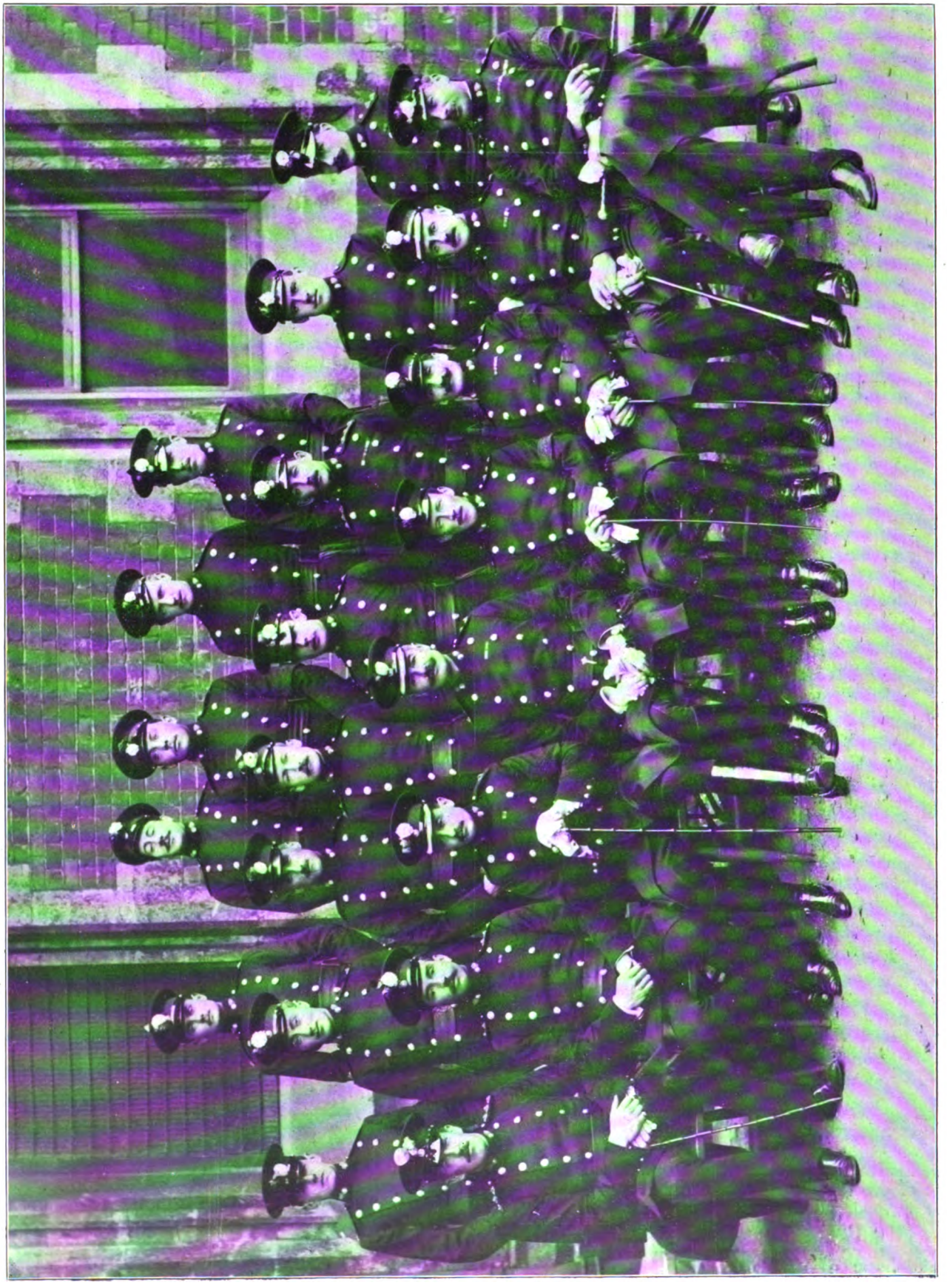

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. S. HEARD AND THE OFFICERS, SECOND BATTALION, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
*(From a photograph by C. S. Harris, 77, London Road, Dover.)*

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from Dover combined to prevent any of us from attending the ceremony as we should have liked to have done. But we all wish him and Mrs. St. John every happiness for the future.

---

Under the auspices of the Dover United Services Boxing Association a Boxing Tournament was held in the Town Hall on the 14th April. Our Band was employed in the intervals to calm the feelings of excitement that such meetings naturally arouse. The Atlantic Fleet, the 5th Cruiser Squadron and the Dover Garrison were eligible to compete. The Regiment sent up twelve competitors and though not fortunate enough to secure a championship we got into the Final of three competitions, and Private Richardson in particular was unlucky in losing the verdict in the Lightweights semi-final. Our finalists were Private Clarkburn, Private Watts and Private Mortimer. All three fought splendidly against odds. Clarkburn after defeating three opponents finally succumbed to a much heavier man. Watts, on his first appearance in the ring as a professional, put up a splendid fight against a very formidable adversary, Seaman Donald, in the final and only lost on points scored in the last round. Mortimer, also at his first appearance in the ring, was only worsted in the final after the judges had disagreed. His left hand work was remarkable, and he is sure to be heard of as a winner before long. He proved an excellent substitute for Lance-Corporal Middleton, who was a pound overweight and not allowed to compete. As the full results would take up too much space we give those only in which our men were concerned:—

**Featherweights.**

*First Series.*

Private Coatsworth (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Wilkinson (5th Fusiliers).
Ordinary-Seaman Hayes (H.M.S. *Formidable*) beat Private Burns (5th Fusiliers).
Rifleman Gough (Royal Irish Rifles) beat Private Turnbull (5th Fusiliers).

*Second Series.*

Able-Seaman Farquhar (H.M.S. *London*) beat Private Smith (5th Fusiliers).
Ordinary-Seaman Hayes beat Private Coatsworth.
Private Mortimer beat Rifleman Gough.

*Semi-final.*

Private Mortimer beat Rifleman Palmer (Royal Irish Rifles).

*Final.*

Able-Seaman Farquhar beat Private Mortimer.
This was an excellent fight.

**Lightweights.**

*First Series*

Private Richardson (5th Fusiliers) beat Gunner Clark (Royal Marine Artillery).

*Second Series.*

Private Richardson beat Able-Seaman Reynolds (H.M.S. *Doris*).

*Semi-final.*

Able-Seaman Elder (H.M.S. *London*) beat Private Richardson.
A very even fight this.

**Middleweights.**

*First Series.*

Private Clarkburn knocked out Corporal Hill (Royal Irish Rifles).

*Second Series.*

Private Clarkburn beat Able-Seaman Motherway (H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*).
This was the best contest of the evening.

*Semi-final.*

Private Clarkburn knocked out Rifleman Gill (Royal Irish Rifles).
This fight only lasted about a minute.

*Final.*

Able-Seaman Frost (H.M.S. *Formidable*) beat Private Clarkburn.

**Heavyweights.**

*First Series.*

Rifleman Watson (Royal Irish Rifles) beat Private Sandling (5th Fusiliers).
Private Watts (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Probyn (5th Fusiliers).

*Semi-final.*

Private Watts beat Rifleman Watson (Royal Irish Rifles).

*Final.*

Seaman Donald (H.M.S. *Formidable*) beat Private Watts.

Major Wray, Royal Marine Light Infantry, acted as referee. Brigadier-General Inglefield gave away the prizes at the end.

---

Twenty-three officers of the Officers Training Corps have lately been attached to us for instruction. The Mess accommodation, large though it is, has been severely tested.

---

2nd-Lieutenant H. M. Heyder joined us on first appointment on the 14th inst.

---

The St. George's Branch of the R.A.T.A. entertained on St. George's Day, 200 boys from the Duke of York's School and 50 from the Gordon Boys' Home, who had witnessed the trooping of the Colours in the morning. In the evening some 250 members and their friends attended a "Social" in the Gymnasium at which things went merrily from 7 to 11 p.m. Lieutenant Allan presented the winners of the R.A.T.A. Marathon race with their prizes, and each recipient was heartily cheered. The Management Committee did their duty nobly under Sergeant Simpson, and thanks are also due to Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. McEnery for their willing help in the catering department.

---

Cricket practice has begun on the Crabble ground. We should have a strong Regimental team this year in spite of the gaps caused by the absence of Colonel Wilkinson and Sarel. Batting and bowling promise to be good enough and above the average. Our chief need is a good wicket-keep. A catching board has been found very useful, and with consistent practice the fielding and catching should improve on last year. As it will be impossible to play our full team on all occasions it is just as well that we should have, as we seem to have, an unusually large choice to pick from. The programme for the coming season, which begins next week, is as follows:—

| Date. | | Opponents. | Ground. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May | 3rd | Royal Irish Rifles | Fort Burgoyne |
| ,, | 5th | North Staffordshire Regiment | Crabble |
| ,, | 12th | Royal Irish Rifles | Crabble |
| ,, | 18th | Dover Wednesday C.C. | Crabble (ours) |
| ,, | 19th | King's Royal Rifles | Crabble |
| June | 1st | Folkestone C.C. | Folkestone |
| ,, | 4th | New Romney C.C. | Romney |
| ,, | 11th | New Romney C.C. | Romney |
| ,, | 14th | Folkestone C.C. | Crabble |
| ,, | 22nd | Dover Wednesday C.C. | Crabble (theirs) |
| ,, | 23rd, 24th | Somerset and Wilts Wanderers C.C. | Crabble |
| ,, | 25th | Dover College | College |
| ,, | 29th | St. Lawrence's C.C. | Canterbury |
| ,, | 30th | Dover College | Crabble |
| July | 2nd | Royal Marines | Walmer |
| ,, | 4th (Garrison Week) | Free Foresters | Crabble |
| ,, | 5th (Garrison Week) | | Crabble |
| ,, | 6th (Garrison Week) | Incogniti | Crabble |
| ,, | 7th (Garrison Week) | | Crabble |
| ,, | 8th (Garrison Week) | Folkestone | Crabble |
| ,, | 9th (Garrison Week) | | Crabble |
| ,, | 14th | Hythe C.C. | Crabble |
| ,, | 16th | Royal Marines | Walmer |
| ,, | 19th | Worcester Regiment | Crabble |
| ,, | 21st | Mr. Gill's XI. (Dulwich) | Crabble |
| ,, | 23rd | St. George's C.C. | Ramsgate |
| ,, | 26th | St. Lawrence's C.C. | Crabble |
| ,, | 27th | King's Royal Rifles | Shorncliffe |
| ,, | 28th | Worcester Regiment | Crabble (ours) |
| Aug. | 2nd | St. George's C.C. | Crabble |
| ,, | 3rd, 4th | Ivanhoe C.C. (from Leicester) | Crabble |
| ,, | 6th | Royal Irish Rifles | Fort Burgoyne |
| ,, | 13th | North Staffordshire Regiment | Shorncliffe |
| ,, | 20th | Hythe C.C. | Hythe |

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During the month an Inter-Company Snapshooting Competition was held. Conditions:—Teams of six under a leader; five rounds a man; target, fig. 3; each exposure

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three seconds. Thirty-nine teams entered for the competition which was on the "knock out" system. Result:—

| Coy. | Section. | Points. | Order of Merit. |
|---|---|---|---|
| C | 1 | 18 | 1st |
| D | 3 | 17 | 2nd |
| H | 3 | 16 | 3rd |
| G | 2 | 16 | 4th |

We are compelled to defer our football reports till next month on account of lack of space.

The following are particulars of the services of men who have left the Colours during the month :—

No. 8530 Private J. Fox.—Enlisted, 28/4/02; transferred to Army Reserve, 27/4/10; service, 8 years; served in 1st, 2nd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: South Africa, 112 days; Mauritius, 2 years and 307 days; India, 4 years and 14 days. Indian General Service medal, with clasp N.W.F., 1908.

No. 8533 Private M. Gibbons.—Enlisted, 1/5/02; transferred to Army Reserve, 30/4/10; service, 8 years; served in 1st, 2nd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: South Africa, 112 days; Mauritius, 2 years and 307 days; India, 4 years and 13 days. Indian General Service medal, with clasp N.W.F., 1908.

No. 5478 Sergeant T. Robinson re-engaged to complete 21 years with the Colours on the 26th ult.

No. 6689 Sergeant W. Fenemore has been permitted to re-engage to complete 21 years with the Colours.

No. 9476 Lance-Sergeant S. Johnson extended his service on the 15th inst. to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 5492 Lance-Corporal G. Musgrove re-engaged on the 6th inst. to complete 21 years with the Colours.

The following have been granted Certificates of Education, dated Dover, the 21st ult. :—

*2nd Class :—*

No. 6931 Lance-Corporal J. Clarke — No. 2530 Lance-Corporal Tait

*3rd Class :—*

No. 2394 Private A. Smith — No. 2774 Private J. Piggott

No. 1034 Corporal E. Pease, B Company, has been appointed Acting Schoolmaster-Sergeant, from the 1st inst., under Army Order 62 of 1909 and 26 of 1910.

The following Appointments have been made :—

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 805 | Lance-Corporal | J. Livingstone | D Company | from 30/3/10 |
| ,, 7198 | ,, | D. Smith | E ,, | ,, 18/4/10 |

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2259 | Private | H. Webster | B Company | from 4/4/10 |
| ,, 650 | ,, | F. Rickwood | A ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2492 | ,, | G. Cullingworth | ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2536 | ,, | G. Panter | ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2744 | ,, | G. Henshall | ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 1293 | ,, | A. Clarke | C ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2433 | ,, | F. Routh | ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2482 | ,, | R. Ramshaw | ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2561 | ,, | E. Blyth | ,, | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 8018 | Bandsman | Lewis | | ,, 13/4/10 |

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1143 | Private | E. Rogan | B Company | 2 | from 8/6/09 |
| ,, 1128 | ,, | B. Reason | B ,, | 2 | ,, 4/4/10 |
| ,, 1167 | ,, | Claxton | D ,, | 2 | ,, 15/4/10 |

The following have enlisted during the month :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2796 | Private | Edwards | from 24/3/10 |
| ,, 2798 | ,, | G. Brooks | ,, 30/3/10 |
| ,, 2799 | ,, | J. Norton | ,, 4/4/10 |
| ,, 2801 | ,, | J. Brown | ,, 6/4/10 |
| ,, 2804 | ,, | A. Smith | ,, 13/4/10 |
| ,, 2805 | ,, | P. Byrne | ,, 15/4/10 |
| ,, 2805 | Boy | Honeyball | ,, 15/4/10 |
| ,, 2791 | Private | J. Tillotson | ,, 19/4/10 |
| ,, 2790 | ,, | J. Milner | ,, 19/4/10 |

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Company training by half battalions has proceeded uninterruptedly during the month, except during the last few days preceding the 23rd when, of course, we were all busy at preparations and rehearsals for St. George's Day.

Owing to our annual Festival falling on a Saturday, our customary Ball was held on the previous evening. This in itself was rather unfortunate, as it prevented many old members of the Regiment being present; still, we were pleased to see so many old faces, whose presence showed that, though circumstances were untoward, *esprit de corps* was, as may it ever be, the leading motive.

The Ball was held this year in the Garrison Gymnasium, and much praise is due to Colour-Sergeant Cooper and his energetic committee for the artistic way in which the hall was prepared. The decorations and general arrangements reflected great credit on them and their powers to adapt themselves to circumstances not altogether too favourable.

Inside the room the group of three Colours behind the drums piled and decked with roses was the principal object of admiration, while outside and joined by a covered way were three marquees for supper and refreshments. Ferns and flowers tastefully completed the decorations. Our guests numbered about 300 and were well looked after in every way by the Ball Committee and M.C.'s. The former, under Colour-Sergeant Cooper (President), consisted of Sergeants Burnell, Williamson, Beckingham, Avery, Lee, Smallwood and Lance-Sergeant Hiorns, and the first four of these were the M.C.'s.

We were unlucky in being deprived of the presence of our head, Sergeant-Major Morgan, owing to ill health, but nevertheless, festivities were kept up till the early hours of the morning, and waltz, barn dance, two-step and quadrille followed each other in quick succession. The music provided by our Band, and the supper were both pronounced excellent in their different ways, and no one could question the complete success of the evening. It is unnecessary to dilate here on the celebration of St. George's Day, which is dealt with fully in another column. We all know how much it means to us, recalling as it does our old Regiment, our old comrades and friends, our old stations and the things we did there. It unites young and old, past and present, in a common tie of love for the old Corps, and respect for the memory of our Patron Saint. However remote the days of St. George and his knights, we can still make them a reality and an example, if we read the story of their lives and try to imitate their love for their country and their profession.

We were delighted to see so many old friends turn up to share our celebrations, and wish them one and all the best of luck till we see them again.

Telegrams of congratulation were received from Colonel Lambton and Messrs. Fenton, Pennycuick, Buckthought and Simms.

On the 25th inst. Sergeant Wilson ("Tug") proceeded on furlough pending discharge. His departure is regretted by all in the Battalion. Wilson was one of the oldest Sergeants, if not the oldest, in the Regiment, having held

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that rank for 15 years. Most of his service was spent with the 1st Battalion, but we in the 2nd Battalion very soon discovered his worth as a 5th Fusilier of the very best type. During the South African war he did excellent work on Maxim gun duty, notably at Lichtenberg. He possesses five medals—two South African, two Indian and one for long service and good conduct. We wish him all health and prosperity in civil life.

## CORPORALS' SMOKING CONCERT.

The Corporals held their annual "Smoker" at the Citadel on the evening of St. George's Day. There was a large and representative gathering of Corporals from every regiment within fifteen miles of Dover. Many officers favoured us with their presence, and among our guests were many old faces that have now become familiar to almost the youngest soldier in the Regiment. Among these were Sergeant-Major Redhead, Mr. Aitken, Mr. Beck, Mr. Woodage and Mr. Brooks. Owing to the indisposition of Sergeant-Major Morgan the chair was taken by Colour-Sergeant Cooper, who ably performed his duties. The loyal and patriotic toasts having been drunk the programme was proceeded with. Later in the evening the appearance of Sergeant-Major Morgan, in spite of his indisposition, was greeted by the audience rising and singing "He's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Leverson replied to the toast of the officers, and said that he thought that if they all worked well together they would continue worthily to carry out the regimental traditions as regards general efficiency, sport, and *esprit de corps*.

Sergeant-Major Redhead, in responding for the visitors, expressed his pleasure at being present. He proceeded to address to the younger non-commissioned officers a few well chosen words of advice, which were received with prolonged cheers. The usual votes of thanks by the members of the several regiments present having been proposed and carried, a very pleasant evening came to an end with the singing of the National Anthem.

The committee, consisting of Corporal Groves and Lance-Corporals Davison, Herbert, Futers and Langtry deserve mention for the excellent way in which they carried out their duties.

## ST. GEORGE'S DAY WITH THE 2ND BATTALION.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910, has come and gone. Drums, busbies, and lappels have shed their roses, old comrades have returned to their homes, the Colours have gone back to their casings, and the daily round begins once more.

During the week preceding April 23rd, the clerk of the weather, that dour official, had treated us in so unfriendly and capricious a fashion that none would have been surprised if we had had very much worse conditions for our annual fête-day than actually befell. Indeed, on the morning of the 22nd a thick sea mist had blotted out the Barrack Square, and made us wonder how, if things were not better on the morrow, the trooping could be performed at all. As it turned out, however, we were spared mist or rain, though the sky remained dull and a cold south-easterly wind blew strongly throughout the day. By 11.45 a.m. the roped-in enclosure was filled with spectators, and the roofs of the Barrack rooms behind, which made a first-rate natural gallery, were likewise crowded.

The fall-in sounded at 11.50, and an hour later the Colours were on their way to the Officers' Mess, to be lodged in form, after a parade in which the difficulties of hearing and marching in a boisterous wind had, we think, been commendably overcome. The Band and Drums and the Drummers' Colour, carried by Boy Head for the third successive year, received (and deserved) their usual meed of admiration, and nothing occurred to mar the success of the ceremony.

The salute, after the advance in review order, was taken by Colonel Sturges, whom we were right glad to welcome amongst us, and the general salute by General Inglefield, C.B., Commanding the 12th Infantry Brigade. A word of praise is due to Sergeant-Major Morgan and Drum-Major Pallister for their share in the morning's work; and the same applies to all ranks from top to bottom.

The usual inflow of telegrams from all parts of the world began early and continued till past five o'clock. We would express our thanks to the senders and our hopes that many of them will be with us in person on future St. George's Days. Among those whose names covered the board in the ante-room were Generals Milman, Roberts, Carter, Bigge, and Auld, of whose illness we are sorry to hear, and to whom we wish a speedy recovery; Colonel Pollock, Colonel and Mrs. Cherry, Colonel and Mrs. Dyke, Colonels Beamish, Sitwell (India), Cubitt, Riddell, Colonel and Mrs. Kilgour, Colonels James, Whitaker, Pocklington, Stewart, Graeme, Money, Lambart, Robinson, Lambton, and last, but far from least—for no truer friend to the Regiment breathes—Colonel Lonsdale Hale. Messages also came from Major and Mrs. Burleigh Leach (Gibraltar), Major and Mrs. Morley, and Majors Ferguson, Girdwood, Bett, Somervell, Buchanan, Percival, Crispin (who ought to be writing this notice) and Leather; also from Captain and Mrs. Bryan Evans, and Captains Warwick, Sant, Evans, Riddell, Lachlan White, Jones, Bevan, Larpent, Woods, Lethbridge (U.S.A.), James, Duncombe Shafto, Rickman and Gathorne Hardy; and from Messrs. Kemys Tynte, Ames, Ovans, Spence, Carden, R. Smith, Bland, Leslie, Hervey-Bathurst, Auld, Booth (E. Africa), Jackson (Malta) and Foljambe (Burma).

The 1st Battalion saluted us with the mystic word "Quietus," which now needs no interpretation. The Depôt and the 6th and 7th Battalions also sent us good wishes, and so did the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. *St. George*.

The Royal Society of St. George sent the following telegram:—"Over 400 members of the Royal Society of "St. George send you hearty greetings. May your gallant "regiment flourish as long as roses grow in England."

We, on our part, sent the customary greetings to the Society, as well as to the 1st Battalion, the Officers at the Depôt, the Officers of H.M.S. *St. George*, and our chief, General Sir Bryan Milman.

Luncheon followed immediately after the trooping, and was given in three marquees on the terrace immediately in front of the mess. Two hundred and forty-six people sat down to it, while the drums and fifes and the Band, under Bandmaster Cooper, discoursed music close by.

Among those whom we were glad to welcome as guests were General and Mrs. Inglefield, the Officers 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, Royal Irish Rifles, Ordnance Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps, Army Service Corps, Royal Garrison Artillery, Army Pay Department, and the Marine Depôt, Shorncliffe; Colonel, Mrs. and Miss

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Bittlestone, Major and Mrs. Tulloch, Mrs. and Miss Day, Captain and Mrs. Armes, Mr. and Mrs. Heard, Mr. and Mrs. Du Vallon, Mrs. Stapleton, Sir Miles and the Misses Stapleton, General Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, Mr. and Mrs. Ransome, Major and Mrs. King, Captain and Mrs. Morrison, Colonel and Mrs. Brownlow, Miss Bedford and many others.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910—LODGING THE COLOURS IN FORM.
*(From a photograph by C. S. Harris, 77, London Road, Dover.)*

Among past or present members of the Regiment and their wives, to whom a special welcome is due, were Colonel and Miss Sturges, Colonel Heathcote, Colonel Darley, Major Malet (our Editor), Mrs. Malet and Master Malet, Major Somerville, Major and Mrs. Buckley, Captain and Mrs. Lynch Staunton, Captains Mathews, Young and Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Sarel, Messrs. Carthew, Herbert, Nunnely, Willans and Garnier.

Rev. M. Gifkins, Rev. J. Taylor, Rev. and Mrs. Wetherall, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Balfour, Captain and Mrs. Billingham, Major and Mrs. Shaw, Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Gell, Colonel and Mrs. Hickson, Captain, Mrs. and the Misses Clarke, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Dixon, the Countess of Guilford, Colonel Winsloe, Colonel and Mrs. O'Brien, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Eltham, Colonel Williamson and party, Mrs. and the Misses Andrewes, Colonel, Mrs. and the Misses McLeod, Major and Mrs. Hayes Newington, Naval-Cadets Best, Bittlestone, Heard and Weatherall, Major and Mrs. Heath, Mr. S. M. Toppin, Captain and Lady Nina D'Aeth, Major Molyneux, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Braithwaite, Mrs. Braithwaite, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Rushbrooke, Colonel and Mrs. de Crespigny, Colonel and Mrs. Rowlandson, Fox, too we were glad to see again on the proceeding day, he being unable to get away on the 23rd. Then our old

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910—LODGING THE COLOURS IN FORM.
*(From a photograph by C. S. Harris, 77, London Road, Dover.)*

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bandmaster Mr. Wallace turned up for his forty-sixth St. George's Day, also Sergeant-Major Redhead with his family, Quartermaster-Sergeant Aitken, Colour-Sergeant Woodage and Mr. McGrath, all old 2nd Battalion men; Colour-Sergeant Brooks and Sergeant Swindell, late of the 4th Battalion, Sergeant Beck late 1st Battalion, Sergeants Cowley and Hamilton who have served in all four Battalions, and Mr. Gaywood, whose date of enlistment—1855—makes us feel young indeed. May they all, and many others whom we missed, speedily and often revisit their old home. After lunch a strange and, to the uninitiated, puzzling scene took place in front of the mess and in the meadow below it. Had the photographers been warned we feel sure they would have lined the parapet with their cameras, but a whole morning spent in coaxing the genial smile from groups posed precariously on forms and tables had no doubt exhausted their plates if not their energies. The picture presented was that of some eighty people wandering about in pairs with a piece of paper in their hands to which they made intermittent—but as it turned out in some cases insufficiently careful—reference. The snark, we know, was only a boojum after all. In this case the hidden treasure which these wandering couples were in search of was something more substantial and took the form of a silver inkpot and pen. To claim this they had to track to its hiding place a certain envelope which was concealed under a clay pigeon near a chimney stack. Competitors were handed an appreciation of the situation in verse which gave them the clues to be followed. We subjoin the introductory verses and the last five, as follows:—

*Guests of the Fifth! After lunch, and before*
*By space we're asunder divided,*
*Be pleased to assemble beside the front door*
*And attend to the clues here provided;*

*For to find a hid treasure is labour well spent,*
*So let each gentleman take a lady—*
*The place, Dover Citadel, County of Kent,*
*And the date, 23 . 4 . 10 A.D.*

The first four points successfully passed, their instructions continued as follows:—

Your second wind awaiting, stand
And face the Castle tall;
Where lies a whitened stone at hand
Hie, treasure-seekers all!

Across the meadow lightly run
(Or heavily if you will)
Remains before the prize is won
A little labour still.

Over another bridge advance
And by hid dwellings pry;
Yet not too closely lest perchance
They take you for a spy!

The search where chimney-stacks emerge
Continue at your leisure;
Their eyes must finally converge
That would locate the treasure.

And if you ask what hides the prize—
Well, this will give a notion:—
"A black bird wanting wings, and eyes
And life, and breath, and motion."

Others amused themselves by fishing, the fish being parcels tied up with string and laid in the ditch that surrounds the Citadel. The anglers stood more than two deep and the wanton wind blew the lines in all directions. As for the remarks exchanged—well, well, it was certainly a trying business.

Major Somerville, Douglas and Herbert were with us at the subsequent St. George's night dinner, while the many not present, except in spirit, were duly remembered in the toast of "Absent Friends—God bless them!" So ended our last St. George's Day at Dover.

Those responsible for our refreshment at luncheon, including the Army and Navy Stores Contractors, Sergeant Burnell and his staff, deserve a word of praise as in past years for their admirable arrangements. We believe there was not one place more or less than was wanted, and those who have ever assisted at such an entertainment will appreciate what that means.

## Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th April, 1910.

CAPTAIN Kershaw joined us on the 22nd inst., so that we now, for the first time, have our full complement of three captains.

We were lucky enough to get a fairly fine St. George's Day. As was the case last year there was a special Service at the Cathedral, at which the Colours were wreathed. It is satisfactory to read in the local papers that the troops created a great impression by the smartness of their turn-out and their soldierlike demeanour. We got a fairly good muster together for lunch, those present being:—Colonel Riddell, Lieutenant-Colonel Roddam, Captains Rickman, Hall, Warwick, Foster and Mr. C. Leather. Major Thomson was unfortunately indisposed and could not attend. Telegrams were received from the 1st and 2nd Battalions, Colonels Stewart, Lambton and Sturges, Majors Buchanan, Leather, Percival, Major and Mrs. Morley, Captains Douglas, Shafto, Larpent, Woods and Mr. T. Ames. In the evening we all dined at St. George's Drill Hall with the Officers of the 6th Battalion, and had a very cheery evening.

The troops celebrated the occasion by a hockey match, Sergeants v. Corporals and Privates, resulting in a draw of 2 goals all; children's sports, a tea to the married families and a social in the Gymnasium.

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It is hardly credible, but we have it on good authority, that even in Newcastle some people are so ignorant that they mistook the red and white roses for the Barnsley colours, and boo-ed the wearers accordingly.

No. 6947 Colour-Sergeant W. Ford was discharged on the 1st inst. on termination of his second period of engagement.

No. 527 Corporal H. Price extended to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 944 Sergeant-Major J. F. Honeyball was discharged on the 19th inst., after 25 years' service.

No. 3195 Sergeant J. Backhouse qualified for and was confirmed in the appointment of Sergeant-Cook, and awarded a parchment Certificate of Proficiency in Cooking, dated Aldershot, the 5th April, 1910.

No. 6275 Colour-Sergeant W. Watson and No. 5279 Colour Sergeant J. White passed Group I., 1st Class Certificate of Education, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne in March, 1910.

THE UNITED DEPÔT BAND, COMPOSED OF MEN OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AND THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.

*(From a photograph by Sergeant A. Wells.)*

The following have been awarded Certificates of Education at Newcastle-on-Tyne, dated the 16th inst. :—

*2nd Class :—*

No. 2771 Private T. Dodds

*3rd Class :—*

No. 2783 Private G. Gray
No. 2786 ,, W. Christie
No. 2792 Private A. Batty
No. 2793 ,, G. Welch
No. 2794 Private W. Willcocks

No. 3136 Sergeant-Major P. Challons ceases to be supernumerary and is posted to the 3rd Battalion, dated the 20th inst.

No. 8534 Private S. Hutchings transferred to the Army Reserve on the 25th inst.

## HOCKEY.

The combined Depôt Hockey Team have just concluded a most successful season with 18 wins, 2 losses and 2 draws, having scored 105 goals to 34. The credit for this excellent result is mainly due to the 68th, who have provided a large number of really good players, and have proved the mainstay of the team. The FIFTH have been represented by Major Ainslie, Captain Gordon, Lance-Sergeants Fletcher and Horn, Corporal Walker and Lance-Corporal Dixon. The goal-keeping of Sergeant Horn and Corporal Walker, particularly of the latter, has been one of the chief features of a very successful and enjoyable season.

## FOOTBALL.

The Garrison Football League was brought to a successful conclusion early this month. Full results are appended below. No 2 Company of the FIFTH managed to scramble home by a short head, being very hard pressed by the 27th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, with No. 1 Company of the FIFTH a good third. No. 2 Company is much to be congratulated on its success, and on being the first team to have its name inscribed on the shield. The shield has been subscribed for by the various units in barracks, and has this year been given for the league competition. In future years it is intended to give the shield for a knock-out competition and present medals to the winners of the League, with possibly another shield or cup if funds will allow. Results :—

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Goals For | Goals Against | Points |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2 Northd. Fus. ... | 12 | 9 | 1 | 2 | 34 | 13 | 20 |
| 27th Battery, R.F.A.... | 12 | 9 | 2 | 1 | 51 | 9 | 19 |
| No. 1 Northd. Fus. ... | 12 | 7 | 3 | 2 | 26 | 23 | 16 |
| 36th Battery, R.F.A.... | 12 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 40 | 21 | 11 |
| No. 1 D.L.I. ... ... | 12 | 4 | 8 | 0 | 21 | 26 | 8 |
| 60th Battery, R.F.A.... | 11 | 3 | 7 | 1 | 22 | 33 | 7 |
| No. 2 D.L.I. ... ... | 12 | 1 | 10 | 1 | 13 | 72 | 3 |

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## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
25th April, 1910.

THE principal event of the month with us has been the retirement of our late Commanding Officer, Colonel L. C. Lockhart, V.D., who left us on the 14th inst., on completing 46 years' service. Colonel Lockhart joined the late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Rifle Volunteers, as a private, on the 12th April, 1864, and served in the ranks for nearly ten years before taking a commission. He served under every Adjutant and Commanding Officer who held office in the Corps from its formation until eventually, on the 2nd January, 1907, he became Commanding Officer himself. One of the first certificates obtained by Colonel Lockhart certifies him to have attained proficiency in the Platoon Exercises. Few of our present members, we imagine, have ever heard of these. While still in the ranks, Colonel Lockhart began to make a name for himself as a rifle shot, and as long ago as 1869 he won a "Chillingham" Badge as one of the ten highest scorers at a rifle meeting held on the Newcastle Town Moor. He three times shot in the last stage of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, and in 1884 he was third in the Grand Aggregate, and on one occasion he was placed second in the Alexandra Competition. Colonel Lockhart has also been a winner of the National Rifle Association Bronze Medal at a meeting of the Northumberland Rifle Association, of which he was Secretary for 25 years, and at whose meetings he shot for his company team from the middle of the sixties until he gave up shooting shortly after the National Rifle Association removed to Bisley. From the first camp of his Battalion held at Newbiggin in 1881 to the last one, held at Berwick last year, Colonel Lockhart was only once not present at camp, and on that occasion urgent business detained him after he had packed his kit for camp.

Colonel J. M. Clark, V.D., who succeeded to the command of the Battalion on the 15th inst., has served in the Volunteer and Territorial Forces since the 15th July, 1878, and was for many years in command of the Haltwhistle Company.

A most successful Regimental Instructional Tour for non-commissioned officers was held in the neighbourhood of Hexham on the 10th inst. Twelve non-commissioned officers attended. Captain and Adjutant H. C. Hall acted as Director, with Captains B. D. Gibson and D. K. McComb as Assistant-Directors.

Church Parades were held at Hexham and Prudhoe on Sunday, the 24th inst., roses being worn at both places in honour of St. George's Day.

At Hexham ten Officers and 130 non-commissioned officers and men were on parade, including one Officer and twenty non-commissioned officers and men from Corbridge. The parade was also attended by the local companies of the Church Lads' Brigade and the Boy Scouts.

## 5th Battalion Notes.

WALKER-ON-TYNE,
St. George's Day, 1910.

COMPANIES at Headquarters and Detachments are now busy preparing for Annual Camp. The Company Drills are being made most interesting, the training being progressive and each drill divided into half-hour sections. The Signallers and Machine Gun Section are also busy.

Territorial Efficiency Medals have been awarded to the following:—Sergeant D. Considine, Sergeant J. W. Frier, Private W. W. Dale.

"Battalion Standing Orders" has now been issued in a neat book form to each officer, non-commissioned officer and man. These orders give us all the information we require regarding our duties and will meet a long-felt want.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

| | |
|---|---|
| *To be Colour-Sergeant:—* | |
| Sergeant J. R. Liddell | G Company |
| *To be Sergeants:—* | |
| Corporal W. W. Barker | G Company |
| " H. B. Robson | " |
| *To be Corporals:—* | |
| Lance-Corporal J. H. Pattinson | G Company |
| " N. Rollo | " |
| *To be Lance-Corporal:—* | |
| Private J. H. Brown | G Company |
| " H. Cademy | H " |

## 6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
St. George's Eve, 1910.

COMPANY drilling has recommenced, and this year an endeavour is being made to secure the attendance of each man at every drill of his Company, by reducing the number of drills held. The time at the disposal of officers is so very small in the Territorial Army, that to give a knowledge of the most essential points during the drill season it is necessary to have a progressive course and a full attendance throughout. Hitherto, constant delays for repetition for the benefit of men who have missed a drill have greatly interfered with even the inadequate training possible in ten progressive drills. The difficulty is, of course, with men who work "night shift" in alternate weeks.

As St. George's Day falls on a Saturday this year, the St. George's Ball is to be held by the Sergeants on Wednesday next. The Church Parade will be on Sunday morning, the 24th inst.

The Battalion has been allotted four targets on Whitley Range every Saturday throughout the season. This is an improvement on last year, when the Range was allotted to us for about a month.

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## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
25th April, 1910.

THE Battalion is to assemble for training at Moor Laws Camp near Alnwick from the 2nd July to the 16th. The pitch is a good one, the ground being well diversified and thoroughly suited for training, and a range is available for musketry, which is quite a consideration owing to our present troubles as to shooting facilities. A magnificent view, perhaps one of the finest in the country, of the Aln Valley, with the Cheviots in the background, will compensate all the æsthetically minded for the greater distance from the licensed premises that are popularly, but surely ignorantly, supposed to be a camp attraction.

The Battalion will be well supplied with officers fresh from various courses; Captain Mitchell is at York for musketry, Lieutenants Peters and Smailes are to be attached to the 2nd Border Regiment at Strensall, and Lieutenant Roddam is now with the 2nd Battalion (FIFTH) at Dover.

A machine gun has arrived at last. It is so long since part of the harness and the whip arrived that they are probably out of date by this time, but they will doubtless be sorted up in time for camp. The Companies are increasing steadily, and there is every reason to expect a strong muster in July.

There are to be week-end camps at Whitsuntide, which, with the exception of C and D Companies, will be devoted to musketry. The latter Companies propose to camp at Alnmouth and apply themselves to field work.

Sergeant-Instructor W. Casey has been awarded the Good Conduct Medal with gratuity.

The new equipment is now expected. This issue will be a great boon, as the various patterns on charge made any kind of kit inspection a misery to all concerned.

Church Parades on Sunday, the 24th, being the nearest Sunday to St. George's Day, were held at Morpeth, Ashington and Alnwick, the latter being attended by members of E Company from Amble, as well as by the Headquarters Company. There were present sixty-eight from E and 110 of D. The Ashington parade was under the command of Lieutenant Milburn, Morpeth under Major Gillespie, and D and E Companies at Alnwick under Captain Jackson. At this parade the Commanding Officer, who was attended by Major Reavell and Captain Riddell, presented the Volunteer Long Service Medal to Drummer J. Adamson, and Territorial Efficiency Medals to Sergeants G. Patten and E. Croudace of D Company, and Sergeant W. Horne of E Company. Roses were worn, and D Company's band, with the assistance of ex-Sergeant-Drummer J. Cordial, late of the 3rd Battalion, played the Company to and from church. At Ashington Lieutenant Milburn took the opportunity of giving the men a lecture on the peculiar connection of the FIFTH with St. George's Day, a custom which was followed by some officers in the old volunteer days, and like any effort to promote *esprit de corps*, is one to be much commended.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
27th April, 1910.

AS promised in our Editorial Notes last month, we now publish, as our full page Supplement, a group of the only four boys at present at the Duke of York's School, whose fathers served in the ranks of the FIFTH. In each case the father saw active service with the Regiment, either in Afghanistan, on the Indian Frontier, in the Soudan or in South Africa. James George Burr's father, Colour-Sergeant R. Burr, left the Colours in 1895 after nearly twenty years' service, which included the Hazara Campaign of 1888, and died in 1904. William George Ouzman is a son of No. 1128 Bandsman W. Ouzman, who left the Regiment on completion of twenty-one years' service in 1883, having served in Afghanistan. Henry Percival Oakley (sitting) is the son of No. 7527 Private C. Oakley, who died of enteric fever in South Africa in 1901. Charles Henry Hargrove's father, No. 3430 Private F. Hargrove, served in Egypt and South Africa, and left the Regiment on discharge in 1904.

We hope these four lads will follow in their fathers' example in joining the FIFTH in the course of a few years. They may be sure of a hearty welcome on account of old associations and the ties which will always bind them to the Regiment.

Lieutenant W. Platt, D.S.O., sends us three excellent photographs of the Residency and of the Alumbagh at Lucknow, two of which will be seen with 1st Battalion Notes this month. There are still some of the Old Brigade who take in *St. George's Gazette*; what memories these pictures should conjure up amongst them! Their thoughts will carry them back fifty-three years to the days when, as young men in their prime, they fought a stubborn and cruel enemy in order to uphold the flag of Old England in India. The Residency, we understand, is in much the same state as when Outram, Lawrence and Sir Colin Campbell last looked on its walls. For years it was treated as sacred ground, and the desecrating foot of the native was not allowed within its walls. Now we are more broad minded, though whether a broad minded policy is the best in dealing with Eastern nations is a matter of doubt.

We heard last month from Mr. R. A. Booth, who wrote from Nairobi, British East Africa, on the 13th February. He said that he had just returned from a five months' tour of duty at Zanzibar, which place he tells us is a very pleasant spot for a short time, but rather monotonous for a lengthy stay. Mr. Booth kindly sends us, in addition to his subscription to the *Gazette*, a donation of 11/- to our funds, for which we are of course very grateful. Another donation comes to hand this month in a gift of 14/- from Captain Hardman Jones, who writes from Capetown. This Officer tells us he is still wandering, and expects to continue doing so for the next eighteen months. Life with him, he says, is fairly monotonous, but on the whole he appears to like his job, he is practically his own master, and left pretty well alone.

The letter to the Editor on the next page, signed with the initials "R. E. H.," is satisfactory reading to the Editor,

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our correspondent over the sea not only has more than one kind word to say for *St. George's Gazette*, but backs up his praise by becoming a subscriber. We thank "R. E. H." for all he says in his letter, and are very glad to have his name on our books. This correspondent's letter arrived at the office soon after we had heard from Captain Hardman Jones.

Cordial thanks are tendered by the Editor to all who so kindly sent greetings for the feast of St. George; he much appreciates the many kind sentiments, and doubly he thanks all who have included in their good wishes those nearest and dearest to him.

## *Letters to the Editor.*

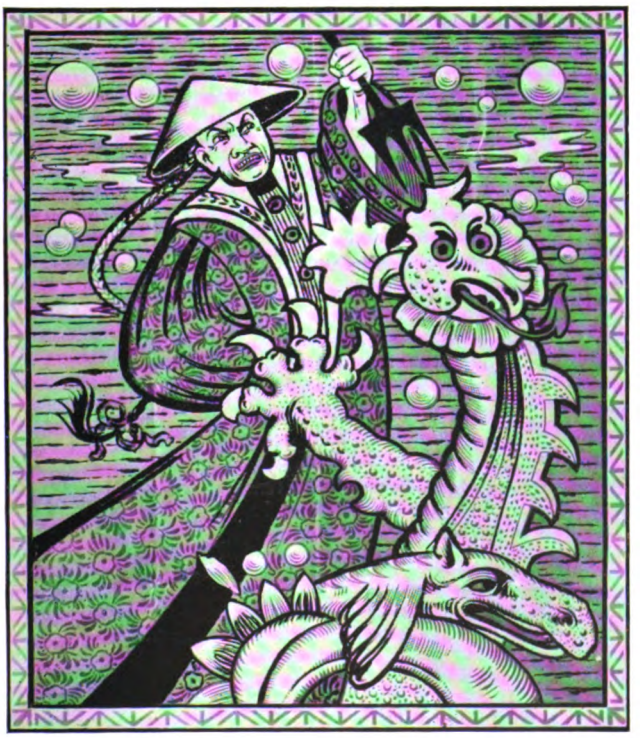
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA,
1st March, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine sends for my inspection a copy of your *Gazette*, the first number that has ever been brought to my notice, notwithstanding the fact that my only brother spent over twenty-one years of his life in your good Regiment, and died in it at Portsmouth, shortly after their return home from Afghanistan close on thirty years ago. I beg to enclose postal order for 3/- and will thank you to put me on your subscribers' list forthwith. Your paper is the most interesting paper of its class I have ever come across, and I shall now look forward to its arrival every month very much indeed, and remain,

Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
"R. E. H."

69a, STREATHAM HILL, S.W.,
St. George's Eve, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I hope your readers are not too much fed up with pictures of St. George? On the chance of your having space



available, I beg to forward a Chinese equivalent for St. George and the Dragon for your favourable consideration. The picture was sent me by the Manager of the local branch shop of the United Kingdom Tea Company, who tells me that it represents their Patron Saint! Hoping you will find space for a reproduction of this picture in your pages,

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
HORACE ELLIOTT.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
St. George's Eve, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that a Mutiny veteran of the FIFTH, No. 3005 Sergeant James Baker, has recently died at Southsea, and was buried there with military honours, the Dorsetshire regiment very kindly sending their band and drums and six sergeants as pall bearers. The FIFTH were represented by Colour-Sergeant Ford who happened to be in Portsmouth, and very properly made it his business to be present.

Colour-Sergeant Ford also procured Sergeant Baker's discharge certificate, of which some details are appended. Enlisted 6th January, 1853. Discharged at Bareilly 25th October, 1872. Discharge confirmed at the Horse Guards 18th March, 1873. Received £5 for Good Conduct badges on 21st March, 1874, and the Good Conduct medal 23rd December, 1874. Was in possession of Indian Mutiny medal with two clasps. It is curious that his discharge certificate shows that he had 21 years and 14 days service. Possibly some of your older readers can explain the system by which this total was arrived at, and the method of granting a lump sum for Good Conduct badges.

Yours faithfully,
H. S. AINSLIE, Major,
Commanding Depôt 5th Fusiliers.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G.T.L."—*No, none of the Editorial Staff, except the clerk and the office char-woman who are shared with another institution in the same building, receive emoluments for their services, they never have and never want to.* "COLONEL R."—*Our grateful thanks for yours dated 8th inst., the information is valuable.* "NEMO."—*It is usual in such cases, as you say, but all rules were made to be broken.* "PETRA."—*Our grateful thanks for yours dated St. George's Eve, we join with you in your good wishes for the all important day.* "X.Y.Z."—*We cannot insert anonymous contributions; will you give us your full name and address? this is usual in such cases.*

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*,
30TH APRIL, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 25th April, 1885.—There has been such a variety of exciting events in Dublin during the past month, that I find it is hard to collect my thoughts and ideas sufficiently to attempt to write an account of our life here in the midst of it all. Of course the great event of the month has been the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and though what I write to you of this will hardly be news, it will be interesting to our outside friends to hear in what way the Regiment assisted at the welcome of their Royal Highnesses to Ireland.

The Royal Party landed at Kingstown early on the morning of the 8th, and proceeded by special train to Westland Row. Here they were met by a magnificent guard of honour of the "Old and Bold," under Captain Malet, with Lieutenants Dashwood and Eagar, with the Regimental Band and the Queen's Colour.

The reception of their Royal Highnesses as they passed through the streets of the Irish Metropolis from the Railway Station to the Castle was most enthusiastic, and as the procession went on, the cheering (particularly in Dame Street) became deafening. All the streets were profusely decorated with flags, banners, emblems and triumphal arches, and as the Royal carriage (accompanied by cavalry escorts) advanced under the waving canopies and draperies of vivid hues, and between the dark, dense multitude, lightly fringed with the lines of infantry, the spectacle was most effective.

* * * * * * *

The Citizen's Ball, given in honour of their Royal Highnesses on the 22nd of the month, was a grand conclusion to the series of entertainments which have been given in celebration of the Royal visit. In the brilliancy of the spectacle, and the complete satisfaction which the arrangements afforded, the ball may well be said to have been successful beyond all expectation or precedent. Notwithstanding

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that there were about 5,000 people present, there was no confusion or delay. The large buildings at Ball's Bridge were magnificently decorated with trophies, mirrors and myriads of lights of various kinds. The supper room was most spacious and the service perfect, over 1,500 people being attended to at a time. Dancing was kept up till after 5 a.m.

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A long account of the Trooping of the Colours on St. George's Day was given on the 24th inst. in the leading daily paper of Dublin, whose correspondent seems to have a most fertile imagination, and must have taken great trouble to find out some interesting facts (?) concerning the Regiment. For instance, he mentions that the "Drummers' colour" was captured at the fall of Lucknow by the drummers of the Regiment! That an old brigadier who commanded the brigade to which we belonged in Afghanistan, General Dolan (!) was present; that the Regiment was formerly known as the "5th Royal Irish Fusiliers;" (!) and to show that our officers have specially far-reaching voices, or that a telephone wire has been laid between Meean Mir and Dublin, he says that the record of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Regiment who were entitled to wear the Regimental Order of Merit was read on parade by Captain Boxwell, the Adjutant (?) More power to his voice!

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The Warrant-Officers, Staff-Sergeants and Sergeants gave their annual "St. George's Day Ball" in the Barracks on Monday, the 27th inst. The two largest barrack rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion—one as a ball room, the other for supper. Dancing commenced soon after 10 o'clock, and was kept up till well into the next day. We hope, in our next month's issue, to give a detailed account of the ball.

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ST. GEORGE'S DAY.—His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had kindly given us permission to use the green in the lower Castle Yard for a Parade Ground, and at 12 noon the Adjutant reported that the Guards were all present on parade. The usual ceremony of Trooping the Colours then took place, Lieutenant Dashwood commanding the escort and Lieutenants Sitwell and Tozer carrying the colours. The Parade was over about a quarter to one, after which we entertained our friends in the cricket tent. We were, of course, terribly handicapped in the matter of showing our guests the Mess premises and Barracks generally, for to invite anybody to pay a visit to Ship Street Barracks can hardly be regarded as a compliment.

However, the luncheon was a great success, and reflected the greatest credit on all concerned, considering the demoralising effect of two days at Punchestown, and both these two days of pouring rain. Especially does the Regiment owe a debt of gratitude to Captain Malet, who as our new Mess President has been indefatigable—a worthy successor to our much missed Captain Chancellor.

What seemed to impress our guests more than even the old third Colour, or the El Bodon picture, or the Peninsular Rags, was a common looking telegram stuck into the looking-glass. It merely consisted of :—

From Meean Mir. To Fifth Fusiliers, Dublin.

"Good Luck."

In the course of the afternoon, B Company, the Grenadier Troop, entertained their friends with a dance. This I believe is only an advanced guard for the Annual Quadrille Party given by the Sergeants of the Battalion.

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DEPOT NOTES.—Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 30th, 1885.—Of course, the great event of the past month has been the celebration of St. George's Day, so before I begin my "Notes," I will endeavour to give an account of what took place on that occasion.

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To begin with, then, I dare say a more miserable day upon which to do honour to the memory of our Patron Saint, never broke. Rain, more rain, fell incessantly; the parade ground looked like a huge lagoon. No chance, apparently, of its clearing up, and as our service at the Cathedral was appointed to be held at 10 o'clock, we could not "wait till the clouds roll by." Accordingly, the rain still falling, the Depôt paraded in great coats—every man with his red and white rose in his cap or busby—at 9.15 a.m., and we marched down to the Cathedral, *via* Grey Street and Moseley Street, the band of the 4th Battalion Durham Light Infantry (kindly lent for the day by Colonel Allison and his Officers) playing us. The Officers present with the Depôt were:—Major Beamish (in command), Captain and Adjutant Buchanan, Lieutenants Harding, Neville and Cradock. The old Colours, which were carried during the Indian Mutiny * * * * (and which were placed in their present resting place after those we now have were presented to us) were decorated with wreaths of roses. They are hung over the regimental stained glass memorial window and plates in St. Nicholas's Church, which record the names of the Officers and men of the FIFTH who fell in India during the Indian Mutiny, and in Afghanistan and India at a later period.

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In the evening the Officers dined together, entertaining as their guests, Colonel Collingwood, C.M.G., Colonel Allison and Officers of the 4th Durham Light Infantry, the Officers of the Royal Artillery, and those Officers before mentioned lately belonged to the FIFTH, and others.

After "the Queen," the usual Regimental toasts were proposed, which were followed by the health of Colonel Collingwood, cordially drunk and ably responded to; then the health of our former comrades now present, responded to in fitting terms by Deputy-Surgeon-General Tippetts and Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson; then came the health of Colonel Allison and Officers Durham Light Infantry, which was drank with great cordiality.

* * * * * * *

Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, Deputy-Surgeon-General Tippetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Pearce-Hobbs, all old members of the FIFTH, were among our distinguished visitors on St. George's Day. They were present at the Cathedral Service, and throughout the festivities also.

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## AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

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S an unusual occurrence—and that's a mild way of describing it—I ought by rights to have reported it to Corporal Tomkins, our scout leader. But I couldn't summon up the courage. He wouldn't have believed me, and my reputation for a truth-telling man would have gone for good and all. As for the other men—well what's the use of joining the R.A.T.A. and then putting yarns like this about the place? Here's the whole truth and nothing but the truth as sure as I sit here chewing the end of a pen and wondering how I can put it into decent English.

I Company was field training and we, that is the Company scouts, had been sent out to make separate reports on a position. The enemy was said to be knocking about somewhere, so we all had our eyes skinned. We were widely scattered and were not to report for an hour or two. I found myself alone in an undulating grassy country and had just sat down for a few minutes to have a look round (and the sun was warm, too, for all that October was a week old) when a flash of light in the valley below, as from a helio, caught my eye and then went out again as it passed behind an intervening ridge of ground. I had hardly time to consider the meaning of this when I heard close at hand the thud of hoofs and the jingling of metal, and round the corner came the most amazing sight that No. 2654 Private Brown of I Company has ever set eyes on since they first opened on this strange old world. It was nothing less than a man in full armour on horseback. He reined up deliberately in front of me, and, though I could not see his eyes, through the slits in his helmet I felt them scanning me up and down from the welt of my boots to the grenade on my cap. I haven't *got* large feet nor an ugly ridiculous face. Yet under this silent gaze and in this tremendous presence I felt painfully, acutely, that I was cursed with both. I had tilted back the peak of my cap for coolness sake, and now, when I most longed to reassert my dignity, I felt that to raise my hand and bring my cap straight on the forehead was an act of physical impossibility. I was literally rooted to the spot and could only sit and stare with mouth open in sheer paralysed stupefaction. The stranger was completely covered, as I said, with burnished armour which seemed to concentrate all the sun's rays and pour them on and round me in a flood of burning light. As far as the glamour would let me I could see that he held in one hand a long lance adorned with a small white pennon on which was a red cross. It reminded me of one of the flags that mark out the football ground. There was a dagger in his belt and a gigantic sword hung by his side. My dazzled eyes had just made out these details when the stranger opened a sort of trap-door in his helmet with a click and began to speak.

"Good day, soldier," he said.

"Good day, sir," I answered fearfully and then stood up and cleared my throat in a desperate effort to feel at ease. The voice I had heard was not loud but clear as a bell. It stirred me to the depths in spite of myself, and the miserable sense of inferiority which I had tried to smother crept over me worse than ever.

"What doest thou?" he asked in the same calm grand manner. This was a queer way of talking. Out of church I had never been

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"thou'd" before though I believe the French "thou" you when they get very friendly.

"I'm scouting," I replied, with a bit more confidence this time as the first shock of surprise began to die away.

"Scouting?" he echoed, still in the same grand style. Courage ebbed again.

"Yes, if you please, sir, I'm Private Brown, sir, of I Company, sir, 2654 Brown, and" (boldness returning) "the best scout in the company by long chalks. I was looking for a contour when you came along. You didn't happen to meet one as you came up the hill, I suppose?" Of course I felt a fool carrying on flippant like this, but in fact I was so unnerved by the whole affair that my tongue simply ran away with me and I talked foolishness from sheer desperation. The man in armour made no rejoinder and the silence got so unbearable that I broke it again wilfully.

"What are *you* doing, sir, if you don't mind my asking? I never saw equipment like that before, no, nor a horse either." It was a broad thick-legged heavy animal something after the cart-horse style but seemingly fresh and spirited despite its heavy rider.

"I ride abroad," said the stranger, "seeing the world and the life spent on it."

Another spell of silence followed while I digested this poser as best I could. Then a sudden thought struck me and I jumped eagerly at the clue which must unravel all this bewildering mystery. There had been a pageant down in the town the week before, and all the history of the place had been given in tableaux dating from goodness knows when—William the Conqueror, or thereabouts. This must be one of the performers. Doubtless he had put on the armour worn at the pageant and was riding across country on the chance of terrifying poor simple folk as he must suppose me to be. What a fool I had been not to think of it before. Well, if he wanted his joke he could have it. I should pretend to guess nothing and play up to his foolery till he had tired of it. The explanation (it *could* be the only one) put new courage into me, and I felt a man once more. It would be his turn to look foolish when he found out I saw through the joke all the time.

"Is that all you do," I began, "ride around and look at things? You should come and watch our new Swedish drill on the barrack square if you want to see something really fine. We've all got necks like swans now with the bending and stretching that they've had. There's no one can get his chin within an inch as far forward as myself bar Private Jinks, and he doesn't count because his face isn't the regulation shape."

"I did much in my time," answered the stranger. "My deeds are recorded in many books. Now I am at rest, but I cannot altogether separate myself from those for whose welfare I have a care. Hence this sight of me you have to-day."

He evidently wasn't going to drop his blarney all at once. I couldn't help thinking what a fine actor he must be to carry it off so well.

"It's very good of you, sir, I'm sure," I said, "especially on a hot day like this. But what *did* you do that is written in books?" I'm no scholar myself, and don't read much except the *Daily Mail* and *St. George's Gazette*.

"What did I do?" he echoed; "I slew terrible monsters and rescued many maidens from peril."

In spite of the absurdity of his words I felt his gaze on me as unruffled as ever and had to struggle hard not to feel once more sheepish and ashamed.

"Have you never heard," he went on, "of the seven champions of Christendom?"

"Where's that?" said I. "The only champion I ever saw was Bill Bruizer of Newcastle. Champion lightweight of the North of England, he was, and nine stone five stripped ——."

"There were James and David," he interrupted, ignoring my remarks, "Antony, Patrick, Denis and Andrew, all stout men and true. We were a noble band, and we warred unceasingly against beasts and dragons. Are there no evil or monstrous things still in the land, or did we indeed destroy them utterly? I scarcely think it."

"Well, there's a general's inspection once a year," said I. "But it'll take a long time before they're abolished."

At this he was silent again and I was hard put to it to keep up my raillery.

"Excuse me, mister," I said, taking a step forward, "but you must use a deal of metal polish for that kit of yours."

Still he was silent, and I began to feel uncomfortable.

"And sword exercise must be no joke at all with that great weapon you've got there."

Drat the fellow, he was a tough one to draw. There was no movement or sign to show he heard or understood my jokes. I could generally make the barrack room laugh all right, but this man was a real damper. More than that, all my efforts to keep perky seemed useless. Every moment that passed made me feel more and more uncomfortable. There was something blighting in the man's gravity, and beyond that something indefinable in his very bearing and presence that knocked all the stuffing out of me. Half in jest, half in earnest, I changed my tone.

"Sir," said I gravely, "you are too much for me. If you are a joke, tell me. But if a reality—that is—I mean——."

What I did mean I don't know. I only know I was beaten, bewildered, conscious of failure. At last he spoke again.

"I am not a joke," he said looking straight at me, "I am a reality. Look at this red cross here on my banner. It is the cross of Saint George. You wear my emblem on your head now."

Recognition swept over me.

"I am a blind fool," was all I could mutter. Words choked me. "A blind fool, a blind fool." I was dazed and repeated the words aimlessly. "And I have been talking mad rubbish and you've let me go on, sir. I never guessed it was you."

"Yes, I am Saint George," he answered, "and though thou hast seen my emblems many times perhaps it was seeing without seeing. Fear nothing from me. Thou art a soldier as I was and art under my special charge as are all who wear my sign. This is my cross ——."

"The red ensign," I interposed, encouraged by his gentle bearing, "of course, sir, I know it well."

"And in this armour, which thou wouldst call uniform, I fought and conquered in the days when not medals or money was the victor's reward but only renown."

"It must be a terrible weight, sir, something over 60lbs., I should think," I ventured to suggest, "and a worrying lot to lay out for inspection. You'd hardly believe it but we grouse quite enough and we've not got to carry half that weight, arms and all. Why, sir, your trousers alone must weigh more than all I've got on, that is—I suppose they're not exactly trousers . . . ."

I didn't know how to describe the iron shin-guards he wore, but he helped me out of the difficulty.

"The jambes? No, they are not heavy. Nothing weighs heavily if it is proudly worn. But thou knowest not the knight's dress, it seems? Well, I myself in these latter years have been sore put to it to master all the many trappings that you English soldiers put on and then lay aside. Was there not a *Brodrick* once? Ill fitted 'twould have been, methinks, to stand a lusty blow at close quarters."

"It didn't have much chance, sir," I answered, "died a natural death, so to speak, after a year or two of disrespectful treatment."

"And then the gauntlets you wear . . . ."

"Gauntlets, sir? Mits you mean."

"Ah, names have greatly changed. See here my breastplate, that would be as it might be a tunic, would it not?"

"Yes, sir, on Sundays it's tunic and busby."

"Busby it is; the old word lives long, though far removed from my helmet and beaver. Round the hips too, do you wear nothing to cover you there? A thrust with the bayonet would deal a parlous wound through mere cloth or fustian."

I told him that indeed with fustian we had to be content if that was his word for my somewhat time-stained service dress. Whereupon he told me of skirts of mail, showing me his own wonderfully wrought and pliant as cloth, with each link welded separately on to the next, and of tasses and tuilles and other curious pieces which I could not keep in mind, but which I truly hope will not come in to fashion before I go on the reserve. I mentioned, too, a cape, which he called a huque, and here was some resemblance, it seemed, judging by his description of the huque. I even handled his sword and shield which latter he called his "kite," and altogether he was that condescending and friendly that all my former terror vanished completely. He told me he was a busy man, for many nations, towns and churches were under his care. He even spoke of the Mahommedans with kindness, for it appeared they reverenced his name in the East. Germany and Venice were protected by him, and I was beginning to wonder if he could think of my country when the name of England came to his lips and with it such a look that all doubt I had was put to rest. He called it his special charge, where most his thoughts were, and then "his precious gem set in the silver sea," or words to that effect, with the comment that so it was called by Shakespeare whose name day was his own.

Then he asked me why his battle cry had died out.

"It worked wonders," he said, "in the old days when a battle was forward."

I had my answer ready this time, knowing my "infantry training."

"It's no good, sir," I said, "you've got that small red book to

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get over which allows on the field nothing but signals, with an occasional stage whisper behind your hand. And besides, by the time we're at charging distance I reckon there's precious few have got wind for any talking. Still, sir, if you've ever heard the roar of a charge from a thousand or two throats all sticky and dust-choked you'll admit it's a rousing note to listen to for all there ain't no articulation about it; same as wild beasts it sounds to me."

"I have heard it often," he answered, a faint gleam, as it seemed, lighting his features. "It has sounded in many lands, and always to victory."

With that he spread out his hand, holding it upwards. "Fingers and thumb are five," he said, as his horse began to move forward. "That is the number. Beyond all things I remember and guard the fame of the regiment whose number is five."

As he said this his horse seemed to leap forward of itself. A slight tinkle of metal and he had vanished from sight. I turned round and made my way to the road. A little while afterwards I was making my report to Corporal Tomkins. I saw nothing unusual, I said, and gave him as good a description of the ground as I could.

"Any enemy seen?" he asked.

"None at all," I replied. "All's clear."

And so now it was, though it had not been at first. Visions? ghosts? I don't believe in them. This was neither; but an unusual occurrence—I admit that.

F. S. R.

## A TRIP THROUGH THE SENEGAL.

(BY H.S.T.)

*(Illustrated from photos taken by the Writer).*

*(Continued from page 43).*

The next day I got a shot at a wild dog, the only one seen during the trip, and to my regret missed him. The wild dog of this country is probably a new variety. Although the same colour as the East African species, black with yellow splodges, he seemed much lower on the legs, and was alone instead of hunting in a pack.

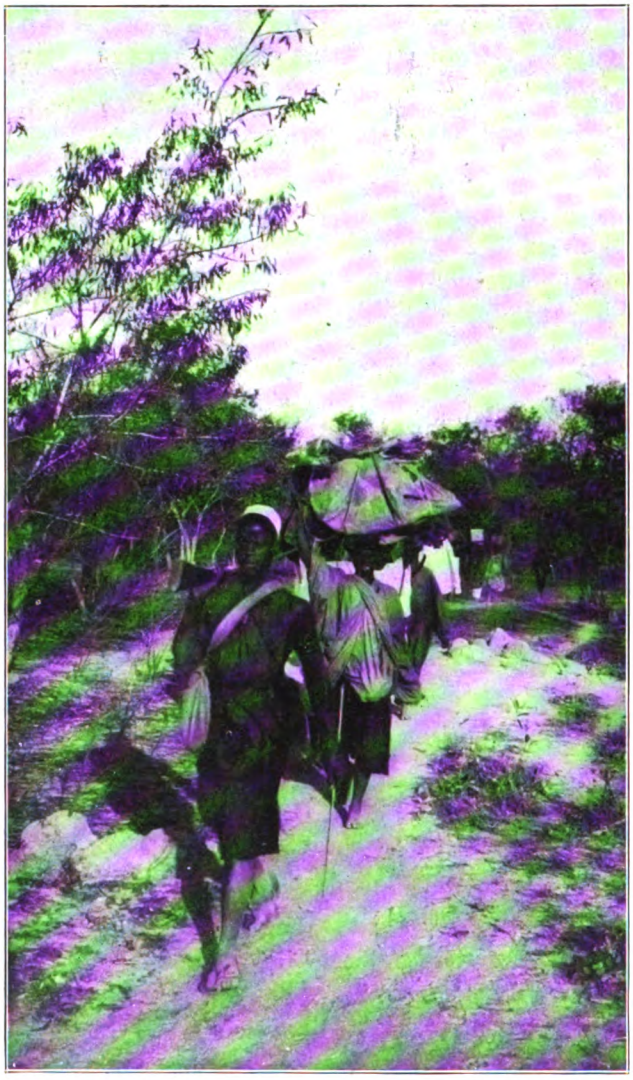
By starting ahead of the porters each morning, I secured specimens of crowned and red flanked duiker and oribi as they were walking along the track in front of me, but there was no big game and very few signs of it until we reached the Haute Gambie.

Practically the whole of the population are Mohammedans. Although forbidden by their faith to eat the flesh of an animal whose throat has not been cut in the orthodox way, whilst alive, by a fellow believer they have an easy method of overcoming this difficulty in the event of an animal falling dead to the shot. When charging his muzzle loader the hunter mutters the word "Similai," as each bullet is rammed home, after which, any beast killed by that bullet is good meat, whether bled or not.

I never allowed anyone to touch a shot animal until I had come up and decided whether its throat might be cut or not, otherwise directly a beast was seen to fall, one's porters would have rushed in and bled it, ruining a headskin I might possibly have wanted to preserve. No meat, however, was lost through being brought back with an unopened throat. Although I never once heard him, my Corporal had always pronounced the magic word for me when I loaded, and if not present, someone else invariably turned up to say he had done it for the Corporal.

"Similai" is an exclamation common to most of these languages, signifying "In the name of God." It is a convenient way out of a difficulty, for myself when I want to take off a headskin without having the throat gashed and for my men because they can eat the meat.

In these districts where there are huge tracts of uninhabited scrub one finds that, apart from the two or three hunters per village, no one else ever ventures into the bush beyond the radius within which the village herds feed daily. They are afraid of being lost, and are almost as much "townees" as a man, who, living all his life in London has perhaps never seen the country. If on arrival at a village, the hunters happen to be out, you will get no one to guide you, even for a few hours' shoot in the evening. The hunters on the other hand have developed the instinct of finding their way (and incidentally water) in the most wonderful way.



*"We reached the 'Haute Gambie.'"*

Starting as kiddies, they trap partridges and guinea fowl round the outskirts of the clearings, with the most primitive looking snares, and with a success that would in England make a professional poacher's mouth water. Later on, when they can purchase a fire arm, they go out for days at a time, prowling about encumbered only by a little ground millet seed and a small water skin.

Of what we should call the full blown hunter there are, however, two absolutely distinct types. He who shoots bush cow or antelope, and the elephant hunter. As a rule this latter hunts nothing except elephant, and he does not burn the grass like his *confrere* after smaller game, for with no long grass there is no cover for himself or food for his quarry.

There are no game licenses to be taken out in French territory. The native, however, who would kill an elephant in the Haute Gambie, cannot just disappear into the bush and fire away until perhaps a lucky shot brings one down, and then dispose of its tusks to the nearest trader. Elephant shooting here is practically farmed by one family, father and son, named Sambatin and Samba respectively. Sambatin who has killed over 110 elephants himself, has established a "school" for would-be hunters. Samba has a branch one, and is apparently more unscrupulous than his father. Sambatin, an old man now, used in his younger days to take his pupils out into the bush and put them up to a few wrinkles. All that the son does is to make them buy his "gris gris" or charms, usually the tip of a goat's horn sewn up in leather or some such rubbish, at fabulous rates. If anything goes wrong in the bush the hunter is told he didn't pay sufficiently high for his "gris gris," and persuaded to purchase a fresh one.

No native dare kill an elephant until he has placed himself in the hands of one of these rascals, and in return for nothing except a most extraordinary superstitious faith, he gives from his first three elephants one tusk of each, to his self appointed tutor. After which he is told he is a trained hunter, and can in future hunt off his own bat, keeping all the ivory.

It probably takes the majority of native hunters half a life time,

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or at least several seasons to actually kill three elephants, however many he may wound, and by the time he is a free man has automatically trained himself to be a pretty efficient tracker, without any aid from his tutor.

I asked one of my trackers, a first-rate man who had very little to learn from either Sambatin or his son—this particular man was under Samba, and who had not yet killed his first elephant—why he shouldn't when he bagged it, defy Samba and sell both tusks himself, or go one better and set up a school on his own for the younger generation, only charging one tusk instead of three.

The tracker fairly laughed aloud at such a preposterous idea, and said if any hunter did that, Sambatin and Co. would work the oracle so effectively with evil "gris gris," that either their guns would burst, or they would be killed by an elephant the next time they went hunting.

We had now after an eight days' march south from the Sénégal River reached the Haute Gambie. East and west of my route stretched an uninterrupted expanse of trackless uninhabited bush. To proceed further south was useless, the vegetation getting higher and greener each day, and as native hunters told me there was plenty of game in this scrub and that probably patches of it had been burnt off in the interior, I decided to turn into it, choosing the west, as we would then have our faces to the coast once more, and would be gradually lessening the distance between ourselves and the sea each time I moved camp.

Seventy miles from my present camp, Mon Médina, was a small village, Gamon, and a track practically parallel to the one I was on, running north and south and passing through Gamon—between the two paths, seventy miles of unknown trackless bush. This second path, however, made it fairly certain that having once turned in westward, and granted we kept on long enough and found water, we were pretty certain of eventually striking it, and then if we could ascertain whether our position was above or below the village, following it into Gamon.

I obtained two hunters as guides, both of whom said they knew the waterholes, and one, who had once been to Gamon, but not from the direction I was coming. I engaged two because, although both were positive about the water, we had seventy miles of anything ahead of us before our objective, a small village or a perhaps overgrown track, were reached, whose position seemed rather doubtful, except that my guides' idea of its general direction and that shewn by a rough sketch map, most considerately given me by the Administrator of the "circle," tallied pretty well, and if there had been only one guide and anything had happened to him, myself and party of twenty-two natives would have been in a fine fix.

My steamer for England was due to leave Dakar in five weeks, and I had 400 miles of practically unknown country to march across before I got there, my idea being that once at Maka, a French post with three officials, situated another eighty miles beyond Gamon, I should follow the telegraph line *via* Kaolack, hoping to find a track good enough to reel off the distance pretty fast. The route eventually taken was a different one, and if only I had realised sooner that it was possible, would have given me another ten days' shooting in that bush—time enough to have turned a moderately successful shoot into a most satisfactory one. As it was, I decided that I must be at Gamon in sixteen days, which meant collecting food for my men, some 200lbs. of crushed millet and mealies, and entailed a halt of two days, also another half-day as my chief guide did not turn up till mid-day of the day we were to have left. His brother had died during the night, and he had to stop and bury him. Unfortunately he had no sense of humour, and took it quite seriously when I hoped that hyenas would eat the corpse so that he (the corpse) would have no chance of dying a second time on the next occasion that my tracker got a job to leave his village for a few weeks.

Of my two guides, Mamadou and Fili, the former had served his apprenticeship, paid his three tusks, and was now on his own as an elephant hunter. Last year his gun had burst and shattered his left hand. He still hunted, however, using the stump of his arm as a rest. He it was who was to lead us to Gamon. Fili, the other, a long-legged unsophisticated savage, with a few filthy rags on his back, a gold ring in his left ear, probably worth several pounds—alluvial gold that he had some time or other washed from the sand of the river Falémé, and then got smelted up by the village blacksmith, and a bunch of tails, trophies of his prowess, at his side, could walk the bush from morning to night without tiring. He was far the best man of the two, and to watch him following a trail over hard ground, or where absolutely no visible signs of an animal having passed were apparent to an ordinary individual, was an education.

He was one of Samba's pupils, and had not yet killed an elephant, and was the man who ridiculed the suggestion that when he did he should keep both tusks for himself. He had numerous trinkets slung round him, mostly from his master, but I could not find out what he paid for them, although, as far as teaching went, he admitted Samba had never been into the bush with him.

*"A pool of clear blue water."*

The first day of my wait at Mon Médina, I was having a late breakfast. Hearing shouts from the village council tree—every village has its large tree (in fact it is usually the tree which determines the site of the village) under which the notables assemble for small talk—I rushed out of my hut just in time to see two eland clatter up a rocky slope which surrounded the village and disappear into the bush. The wind was with them and for some unaccountable reason they had wandered right on to the village without discovering it until alarmed by the shouts. There were three local hunters but one was out and I set off with the other two. It took them the best part of an hour to pick out the trail on the hard ground, mixed up as it was with that of the village cattle, and then away we went through three miles of dense bamboo, the difficulty of marching through which those who have experienced it will appreciate, up on to rocky ironstone plateau where the two hunters shewed a taste of their genius as trackers and then down into another endless sea of bamboo with never a halt from the eland. With a sinking sun we had to throw up and I lost my first and only chance of bagging the great eland of the Sénégal, the grandest and largest antelope in Africa. During the outward trail we came across several sorts of the smaller antelope; homewards when I was prepared to shoot anything, we saw nothing. I however nearly knocked my head against a swarm of bees clustered on a low hanging branch (the only dangerous incident during my trip).

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We entered the big bush on December 17th, destination Dakan on the coast *via* Gamon. The game was there if only one could see and get at it. During the first two days we came across fresh tracks of elephant, buffalo, eland, roan and hartebeeste but never a sign of a living thing and in any case we made too much noise pushing through that undergrowth to have got within shot of anything even if it had been visible.

The second night my chief tracker came up to me in a mysterious sort of way. Once when he had killed an elephant, he had taken the tusks to Maka to sell and had obtained some bottles of liquor (probably trade rum) in part exchange. After polishing these off he had become so gloriously happy that he had fallen on the ground and performed sundry other eccentricities, which he explained in detail and with great pride apparently imagining that he was the first drunk man that had ever existed. Could I give him a bottle of the same stuff? He seemed surprised when I shewed him the amount I had to carry me to the coast. He would have polished off the lot at a sitting. Early on the third day I fairly disgraced myself. We had marched the afternoon previous and struck a large swamp. Pushing through the reedbeds at dawn, one of the hunters was leading. He began to whisper violently and pointed to something dark only about twenty-five yards away. Badly miscalculating the height of the reeds we were in I thought it was a warthog and was explaining that I didn't want warthog when with a crash a solitary buffalo dived out of sight. The reeds that had deceived me also prevented him from seeing us. With no time to grab the heavy bore I sent a chance shot after him with the Rigby-Mauzer. Even this did not frighten him for after going fifty yards he stopped and fairly snorted with rage at being disturbed. We could see nothing however and neither my hunters or self relishing stirring up an angry buffalo in high reeds we left him and heard him shortly afterwards clearing off with all the honours of war. Later on in the same morning pushing through grass over our heads we stumbled right on to a troop of a dozen or so of roan. Only the horns of the biggest were occasionally visible as they bolted and I expended four more useless rounds at the fellow bringing up the rear, trying to time the shots as I thought his head was going to appear. On the Sénégal they tell you all the game has migrated south. True apparently, but once in the south, the grass is so high one can see nothing. Then two blank days—absolutely impossible to see anything and we spent the greater part of each labouring through grass and reeds to our water, which when found meant camp for the night, and following along elephant or game tracks where we could. Twice we heard the distant boom of a native firearm, probably pooped off at an elephant taking his midday nap—but nothing came our way and then at the end of a march found we were looking into a deep creeper clad ravine with a pool of clear blue water—blue on account of its depth—the source of what, during the rains, must be a fine river. I had thought our guide was taking us to the usual swamp and this river although almost dry now, came as a surprise, not being marked on my map. With such a supply of clear good water, the first I had seen since leaving Bakel a fortnight previously which needing no filtering or alum to bring the mud down, I decided to stop a day. The day's march gave me considerable confidence in my guide as anyone leading on to this pool through trackless bush without any landmarks to help them, must have the bump of locality pretty strongly developed. One of them also told me that this stream and a swamp water supply of the previous day converged a few miles below where we were and together flowed into the Nicola Koba—one of the main tributaries of the Gambia. This I proceeded to verify the following morning and at the same time re-learnt for the second time this journey one of the most rudimentary rules of a shooting expedition, viz :—never to start from camp without a supply, however small, of good water. Familiarity and immunity from mishap had made me careless.

The country was so dense that I had thought hunting impossible, and meant to have a day in camp after first visiting the juncture of the two streams.

Expecting to be back to breakfast, I set off after a cup of tea, at dawn, with my two guides, rifles and a porter. Our stream shortly opened out on to a vast reed bed. African reeds are anything from 8ft. high upwards. Full well I knew if there was any game in the country, what lived in the mass of reeds—buffalo—and under the worst possible conditions for a hunter. We dived in, and within ten minutes had struck the overnight tracks of a large herd. For three hours we scrambled through that beastly tangle of vegetation, wet from head to foot with dew from the grass and momentarily expecting to come upon them. Then I cried enough, and we sat down to discuss the best way back.

*"Camp for the night."*

Talking, probably louder than was prudent, we heard a tremendous rumpus and noise, and what we at first thought to be the retreating buffalo, turned out to be a small herd of elephant that had taken fright and happily leaving the reeds had struck straight for the open country—open country comparatively, as it consisted of thickish bush and grass 6ft. high, excellent for following elephant in, but useless for seeing any other sort of game.

From their footprints the herd held nothing really big, but there were tracks of a couple of fair sized bulls, with probably quite heavy enough ivory to materially reduce the expenses of my trip if I could bag them.

*(To be continued.)*

## NORTH COUNTRY YARNS.

### PROBABLY TOO TRUE.

In a school not far from Ryton, the teacher was giving her class an object lesson and talked of crows building their nests. "The

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crow," said the teacher, "knows her own nest and, though there may be many more nests round about, she never makes a mistake and goes into the wrong one. Just like people, they all know their own houses." At this point a little hand went up, "Well, my boy?" "My fether dissent know his own hoose a' Setterday neets!"

### HARD ON THE TEETOTALLER.

A local temperance reformer was going up a steep hill recently near Chester-le-Street. When he came up to a woman, who was pushing a perambulator, he assisted her to the top, when he said "Your child is a good weight to push up the bank?" "It's not a bairn, man, it's fowar dozen o' stoot for wor Geordie," was the reply.

## A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF 1815.

(By B. T. B.)

THERE are probably many officers of the FIFTH who have not seen the battlefield of Waterloo. There are more still who have not seen the battlefields of Ligny and Quatre Bras.

Probably not before the newspapers are filled in 1915 with the *Centenary of Waterloo* will the majority of people realise how little time, trouble, and expense are involved in a delightful trip to that part of Belgium, which for every Briton, and for the British officer in particular, possesses so much sentimental and military interest.

For those, whom the spirit moves to visit these scenes of historic interest, the following article is written. The suggestions made have been tried. Four days will suffice to go to Brussels and back and to "do" the battlefields comfortably in a motor car. If you choose one of the many holiday seasons, your first-class return ticket, share of motor car for two days, hotel and restaurant expenses, will cost eight sovereigns.

The party should, for preference, consist of three, of whom one at least should know his Waterloo Campaign "inside out," and not be too modest to "hold forth" on the field at intervals. Otherwise much of the interest will be lost. Refresh your memory by reading quickly *The Campaign of 1815, chiefly in Flanders*, by Lt.-Col. W. James, *The Campaign of Waterloo*, by Ropes, or Siborne's *Waterloo Campaign*.

It is essential to take large scale maps and plans, and a narrative, on to the field with you. The first-named work will fill every void, for it has excellent maps and plans, and the text is not too diffuse. A pair of field-glasses and a camera (with at least two dozen films) come in handy. There is no difficulty about photographing.

The most direct route to Brussels is *viâ* Ostend. The only objection to this route is the food on the Ostend packet-boat. You must be very hungry if you can manage to tackle a meal on one of the "Princess" line. The Grand Hotel, where rooms are always available, is not far from the station at Brussels, and is near the nicest restaurants and the opera.

As soon as you arrive, go yourself (rather than employ the *concièrge*) to the Garage, 37, Rue des Commercants, and engage a car for the next day for Ligny and Quatre Bras for 80 francs. Stipulate that the return journey from Ligny shall be *viâ* Gembloux and Wavre. (The chauffeur will expect a tip of about 7 or 8 francs). Start from your hotel at 10 a.m. the following day, taking some food and drink with you in the car, as there is no restaurant worthy of the name in Ligny or Quatre Bras. Besides, you will waste much time by waiting for meals in these out-of-the-way places. Your route to Quatre Bras (19 miles) takes you over the battlefield of Waterloo and through Genappe. When you reach the cross-roads at Quatre Bras, orient yourself with your plan of the battlefield, and then drive slowly on, past the Duke of Brunswick's memorial and the farm of Gemioncourt, to the rising ground just north of Frasnes.

From this point on the east side of the chaussée you will be able, no doubt, with the aid of a fairly vivid imagination, to picture to yourself the various situations as they presented themselves to Ney throughout the afternoon of the 16th June. To the west, threequarters of a mile distant, you will see the farm-house of Pierrepont, which marks the southern extremity of the Bossu Wood, unfortunately no longer standing. To the east, about a mile away, the buildings of Piraumont, captured by one of Bachelu's regiments just before the 95th Rifles could reach them. As you look northwards, over the farm of Gemioncourt, you will notice the stiff line of trees along the Quatre Bras—Namur chaussée. For a mile along this road stretched the 5th Division, under the "Rugged Picton," their right resting on the cross-roads at Quatre Bras.

THE FARM OF GEMIONCOURT, WHICH FORMED THE POINT D'APPUI OF THE FRENCH CENTRE DURING THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS, LAY AT THE FOOT OF THE RISING GROUND OCCUPIED BY THE 5TH BRITISH DIVISION. THE FARM WAS DEFENDED BY A BATTALION OF DUTCH MILITIA, BUT CAPTURED BY FOY'S DIVISION ABOUT 3.30 P.M. AND HELD BY THE FRENCH TILL 7.30 P.M., WHEN IT WAS RECAPTURED BY MAJOR CHAMBERS AND TWO COMPANIES 30TH FOOT.

(*From a photograph by the writer of this article.*)

On the ridge just south of the Gemioncourt Farm were some 35 French guns, and in the triangle of ground enclosed by this ridge and the two main roads (a triangle with three-quarter mile side), took place, under a continuous cannonade, the historic struggle between the devoted squares of Kempt's and Pack's Brigades and the no less gallant lancers, chasseurs, and cuirassiers of Piré and the "hero of Marengo." For six hours the élite of the British and French armies battled for the possession of Gemioncourt, while the tide of battle ebbed to and fro through the tall rye crop, which divided the two armies.

What would not the Duke of Wellington have given for two Brigades of British Cavalry during that long afternoon of the 16th June? These were not to arrive, unfortunately, till darkness had set in. In the meanwhile there was not a horseman to oppose the onslaughts of Piré and Kellerman after the Dutch, Belgian and Brunswick Cavalry had been driven away like chaff before the wind.

Three and a half miles to your right rear you will see three manufacturing chimneys topping the intervening rise. This is the northern end of the village of Wagnelée, which marks the flank of the exposed French left wing at the battle of Ligny. More still to your rear, and some two miles away, a church spire is just visible. This will be Villers Perouin, marking the route taken by the "strange column," under D'Erlon.

Returning to Quatre Bras, turn east down the Nivelles-Namur chaussée, past Marbais, to the village of Brye (6½ miles). Take a birdseye view of the country to the south from this point, where Wellington so adversely criticised Blucher's dispositions on the 16th June, while the French columns were emerging from Fleurus. You should now make a tour of the villages, which formed the actual Prussian position, for remember the ground known as the "heights of Brye" was merely occupied by Reserves. Starting

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with Wagnelée, where Blucher attempted his counterstroke against the exposed French Left, drive to St. Amand la Haye. Walk out to the open ground half a mile west of the village to the Hameau St. Amand, and realise Vandamme's situation when the "strange column" was seen moving down on his left rear late in the afternoon. Motor slowly through the straggling village of St. Amand, the scene of very severe fighting between Steinmetz and Von Jagow's Brigades and the 8th and 11th French Divisions, and then retrace your steps through St. Amand la Haye to Ligny, over the rise where the bulk of the Prussian guns were placed.

Once the narrow alleys of Ligny, with their solid high walls, are seen, the desperate character of the street fighting in this sleepy and dirty old village can be more easily imagined. Defended by 16,000 Prussians, this village was for five hours the scene of a hand-to-hand conflict. It was eventually carried by 20,000 French under the personal supervision of the Emperor. The casualties in this village (somewhere about 25 per cent.) were probably heavier than in any other part of the field. In one courtyard alone 300 Prussians were surrounded and bayonetted.

Leaving the village by the south-east exit, pause on the rising ground a quarter of a mile outside, and look at the Prussian position from the point of view of Count Gérard, commanding the 4th French Corps, to whom Ligny was assigned as an objective. From this point it is interesting to study the inviting gap in Blucher's line between Ligny and Tongrinne. Then consider also the gaps between the left, centre, and right of Napoleon's attack. There was little, however, to prevent him at any moment directing his right wing through the wide gap on to the heights of Brye, an operation which would have encountered little resistance from Blucher, and would have separated Tielmann from the 1st and 2nd Corps. So far away was Tielmann's 3rd Corps that it had practically no influence on the battle. Its position in the picturesque villages of Tongrinne and Boignée may have secured to some extent the approach of the absent 4th Corps and the Prussian Line of Communication, but other better uses, to which this Corps might have been put, will doubtless suggest themselves when you push on in the car to a point on the Gembloux-Fleurus road some three-quarters of a mile south of Point du Jour, and consider the Prussian left.

From this point make for Gembloux (6 miles), where you strike an excellent road to Wavre (12 miles). Do not miss going through this picturesque part, where almost precipitous features enclose the river-bed of the Dyle, at the point where Tielmann's magnificent rearguard action of the 18th June prevented Grouchy from exercising any influence on the battle of Waterloo.

From Wavre to Brussels (16 miles) the road traverses the eastern part of the Forest of Soignies. The total distance from Point du Jour to Brussels should be easily covered in 1¾ hours, bringing you home about 6.15 p.m.

After a long day, a good dinner will not come amiss. The Savoy Restaurant (about two minutes' walk from the Grand Hotel) near the Opera House, will satisfy the most fastidious appetite, but if a more rigid economy is being practiced, the Stielen Restaurant, about four doors from the Savoy, will better meet the requirements of the case.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

THAT abounding interest the story of St. George and the Dragon held for me at the age of six may best be determined by the number of little flies which, it is said, essayed to ensconce themselves within my gaping mouth, but as years rolled on I must confess I became sceptical of the truth of the narrative. I do not know, nor do I care, whether that old maiden aunt of mine was personally acquainted with the hero of the tragedy, or whether she happened to be a connoisseur in dragons, but I was half convinced that the story was related merely in an effort to entertain and amuse, and not on account of my aged relation's belief in its veracity. With youthful precocity I attempted to find out whether there was really any truth in the narrative, and discovered that according to Metaphrastes, the Byzantine hagiologist (the awful length and breadth of the discovery was stifling), one of the claimants to the title was born in Cappadocia in the latter part of the second century. He became a soldier, and rose, under Emperor Diocletian, to high military rank. His fame was short-lived, however, for he was put to death at Nicomedia in the year 303. This latter development was disappointing, for there was no mention of dragons. St. George was a nonentity, in my mind, without the horribly attractive dragon, and I was like a boy who has been gulled by a glaring poster at a penny show—I was bent on seeing dragons but was cruelly misled. It might be mentioned here, fearful as I am lest my meaning should be misconstrued, that an hereditary instinct demanded in myself a rooted distaste for alcohol in any form.

Then, according to Gregory of Tours, another aspirant existed in the person of a St. George who, says the chronicler, actually flourished in the French village of Le Maine about the 5th century. This personage also was independent of the dragon genus.

By this time the story of St. George—minus the machinations of the dragon—had gained popularity, and circulated widely, yet how prosaic the relation of it must have been without the incident of the dragon's pugnacity, and the eventual *coup-de-grace* with which St. George ended its miserable existence. The hair on the head of the listener at that time must have remained quite unperturbed, however accomplished the raconteur, for the fillip afforded by the imaginative fiery breathings on the part of the dragon, its lashing tail, its uncomfortable-looking molars, and its awful consuming fury, was absent; as also was the telling of the knight's wary advance with drawn sword, his deft lunges, and his masterful stroke which left the dragon as dead as a door-nail; not even of worth enough to provide food for a domestic animal—of which the maiden aunt above-mentioned had several.

It was not long, however, before the dragon element was introduced into the legend, and, according to Jacobus de Voragine, the story ceased to represent St. George as a sufferer, but as a fighter and victor. Credence was at first given to the narrative, and that the knight should have vanquished a dread enemy of mankind was received with approbation. A dragon watched the garden of Hesperides, and its destruction formed one of the seven labours of Hercules. Dragons were reputed by the superstitious, say some writers, to possess awful strength, and a whole range of demoniacal powers, and should one of these winged monsters be seen, instant death was supposed to follow. One may reasonably feel assured that the death rate attributable to this cause was not very alarming.

Richard Cœur de Lion was said to have successfully invoked the aid of St. George during the First Crusade, but not until the reign of Edward III. was he made the patron saint of the kingdom, although the year 1222, when Henry III. was king, witnessed the ordinance, effected in Council at Oxford, that the Feast of St. George should be celebrated as an annual festival. Henry also, in 1244, "ordered a dragon to be made in fashion of a standard, of red silk, "sparkling all over with fine gold, the tongue of which should be "made to resemble burning fire, and appear to be continually "moving, and the eyes of sapphires, or other suitable stones." Moreover, the banner, argent, and cross-gules of the knight were at the same time instituted as England's national sign.

The origin of the story of St. George is shrouded in mystery, but it is probably a modification of old Aryan myths, and has solar interpretation. Many legends of a similar nature were circulated in those dim ages, and in the passage of years they have become altered and supplemented. These tales generally had reference to fabulous creatures of enormous dimensions, and imaginative creation must have been well employed, for invariably the story, before very long, received the implicit belief of the superstitious folk, who, it is said, lived in mortal dread of one day seeing the sky darkened with the fearfully gruesome form of a dragon—that swift-winged, fire-exhaling, evil-looking creature of death.

Dragons have rendered useful services, however. Nowadays, evidence of a dragon's existence can be observed in the christening of innumerable places of refreshment. Well-illuminated establishments of the "Green Dragon" order may be seen any day, and it has actually been placed on record that occasionally habitués of such places can witness "Green Dragons" any night, and it is suggested that these latter creatures establish the fact that dragons are naturally gregarious.

The name of "George" probably owes its existence to the saint who is the subject of these remarks, and many are the proud possessors of such a name. The rural "Jarge" is probably an offshoot of the same. Many public men are "George's," and one might cite, as an illustrious example, the name of Mr. Lloyd George—but of course it does not necessarily follow that all these are saints!

It is interesting to note that of the British Army the 5th Fusiliers are the only regiment who have "St. George and the Dragon" on their colours. Another distinguishing feature is that on April 23rd, St. George's Day, fitting tribute is paid to the patron saint by the members of the Regiment, who troop the colours, and wear red and white roses in their caps—a pretty and imposing sight.

EDWARD EVE.

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# HISTORY OF THE SECOND BATTALION,

## THE FIFTH OR NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

*(Continued from December, 1909, Supplement).*

**1904.** Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 16th February, 1904:— *London Gazette.*

The undermentioned Lieutenant-Colonel on completion of his period of service in command of a Battalion is placed on half-pay, dated the 17th February, 1904:—Brevet-Colonel Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O.

The undermentioned Major to be Lieutenant-Colonel, dated the 17th February, 1904:—Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Dashwood.

The undermentioned Captains to be Majors, dated the 17th February, 1904:—Brevet-Major W. Somervell, *vice* Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. Dashwood; C. Yatman, D.S.O., *vice* Brevet-Colonel St. G. C. Henry, promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, half-pay.

The best shooting Company for the year 1903 was declared to be A Company, commanded by Captain J. A. C. Somerville:—Part I., Table B, 226; Part II., Table B, 72·1. **Musketry.**

The following proceeded to Longmoor Camp, Petersfield, on the 30th April to undergo a course of instruction in Mounted Infantry duties:—Second-Lieutenant R. M. R. Lamb, 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals, 4 Lance-Corporals and 26 Privates. Brevet-Major C. A. Armstrong also proceeded to take command of a composite Company of Mounted Infantry at the same Camp. **Mounted Infantry.**

Captain A. M. Gibbes was posted to the Battalion by War Office letter 112/5/767, dated the 14th May, 1904, and joined for duty on the 27th May, taking over command of H Company. **Postings.**

Lieutenant W. N. Herbert proceeded to West Africa on the 18th June to join the Northern Nigerian Regiment. **Officers.**

Second-Lieutenant M. M. Carlisle proceeded on the same date to Mauritius to join the 1st Battalion.

Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 3rd June, 1904:— *London Gazette.*

The Northumberland Fusiliers. The undermentioned Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants:—J. I. Benson, *vice* J. R. Heber Percy, resigned, dated the 18th May, 1904; W. G. M. Sarel, *vice* C. S. M. Trench appointed Adjutant, dated the 19th May, 1904.

The Battalion was inspected by Major-General Sir Reginald Hart, V.C., K.C.B., Commanding the Thames District, on the 13th June. **Inspections.**

The Battalion, strength as under, proceeded by train route from Gravesend to Aldershot on the 18th June to be stationed at Badajoz Barracks, South Camp. Officers, 15; Warrant Officers, 2; Sergeants, 35; Corporals, 36; Drummers and Privates, 472. Total, all ranks, 560. **Moves.**

The establishment of the Battalion was fixed as follows, from the 1st June:—Officers, 24; other ranks, 807. Total, all ranks, 831. **Establishments.**

The Mounted Infantry Brigade, 1st Army Corps, was mobilised at Aldershot on the 6th July:—The Battalion furnished No. 1 Company, No. 3 Mobilisation Battalion under command of Brevet-Major C. A. Armstrong. Section commanders: Lieutenant A. E. Wilson, Lieutenant R. M. R. Lamb, Second-Lieutenant C. E. Thornton, Second-Lieutenant B. E. Hervey Bathurst. Number of non-commissioned officers and men, 53; number of cobs, 58 (including 30 borrowed from the 8th Hussars). The Commandant Mounted Infantry, 1st Army Corps, subsequently expressed himself as highly pleased with the work done from the 6th to the 8th July by the above Company. **Mounted Infantry**

Extract from the *London Gazette*, dated the 8th July, 1904:— *London Gazette.*

The Northumberland Fusiliers. Lieutenant W. N. Herbert is seconded for service under the Colonial Office, dated the 18th June, 1904.

(*a*) The following proceeded to Longmoor on the 15th July to undergo Mounted Infantry training:—Brevet-Major H. T. Crispin, to command the 7th Battalion Mounted Infantry; Captain J. A. C. Somerville, to command a Company 7th Battalion Mounted Infantry, and the following detail to form a Section under Second-Lieutenant C. E. Thornton in the above named Company of Mounted Infantry:—Sergeants, 1; Corporals, 2; Lance-Corporals, 4; Drummers, 1; Privates, 27. Total, 35. **Mounted Infantry.**

(*b*) The Section under Lieutenant Lamb, which had been training for twelve weeks, returned to Headquarters on the same date.

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**Inspections.** The Battalion was inspected on parade by Lieutenant-General Sir John French, Commanding 1st Army Corps, on the 18th July. The Inspecting Officer was accompanied by Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary of State for War.

**Officers.** Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 12th July, 1904:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. Second-Lieutenant R. M. R. Lamb to be Lieutenant, *vice* Lieutenant W. N. Herbert, seconded, dated the 18th June, 1904.

Lieutenant W. G. M. Sarel proceeded to Trinidad on the 17th August as Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of that Island, Sir Henry Jackson.

**Draft.** A draft of 8 Recruits from the Regimental Depôt arrived at Headquarters on the 22nd August.

**Army Manœuvres.** Captain Matthews and 80 Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeded to the Army Manœuvres on the 1st September, as fatigue party to Lieutenant-General Sir John French. Owing to the small numbers available, the Battalion remained in Aldershot instead of taking part in the Essex manœuvres.

***London Gazette.*** Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 2nd August, 1904:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. Major J. F. Riddell to be Lieutenant-Colonel, *vice* Brevet-Colonel W. E. Sturges, dated the 15th August.

***London Gazette.*** Extract from the *London Gazette*, dated the 9th September, 1904:—

Captain H. E. B. Leach to be Major, *vice* R. Dill, retired, dated 28th August, 1904.

**Draft.** A draft of 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals and 110 Privates, under command of Lieutenant Rowe, 3rd Middlesex Regiment, left Headquarters, on the 22nd September, for Mauritius, to join the 1st Battalion.

**Mounted Infantry.** Lieutenant R. M. R. Lamb and 28 other ranks proceeded to Longmoor on the 1st October for a course of instruction in Mounted Infantry duties.

**Draft.** A draft of 1 Lance-Sergeant and 21 Privates joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 1st October.

***London Gazette.*** Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 4th October, 1904:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. To be Lieutenant:—Second-Lieutenant C. E. Thornton, *vice* G. H. Stevenson.

**Enlistment.** A special Army Order was issued on the 20th October, altering the term of enlistment:—From this date recruits enlisted for nine years' Colour and three years' Reserve service.

***London Gazette.*** Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 21st October, 1904:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. The promotion to the rank of Lieutenant of the following Second-Lieutenants is antedated as follows:—R. M. R. Lamb to the 30th May, 1904, *vice* A. E. J. Wilson, promoted; C. E. Thornton to the 17th August, 1904, *vice* G. H. Stevenson, seconded for service with the Indian Army, dated the 13th October, 1904.

To be Captain:—A. E. J. Wilson, *vice* G. M. James appointed Adjutant, dated the 30th May, 1904.

Second-Lieutenant R. M. St. J. Booth to be Lieutenant, *vice* H. C. Oxley resigned, dated 25th October, 1904.

***London Gazette.*** Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 1st November, 1904:—

The following Lieutenants to be Captain:—The Hon. N. C. Gathorne Hardy, *vice* J. W. Nelson, seconded for service under the Colonial Office, dated the 28th August, 1904. The promotion to the rank of Lieutenant of Second-Lieutenant R. M. St. J. Booth is antedated to the 28th August, 1904, *vice* the Hon. N. C. Gathorne Hardy.

**Statistics.** Extracts from the Annual Return, dated the 1st October, 1904, showing strength, nationalities, denominations, etc., of the 2nd Battalion on that date:—

| | Sergeants. | Drummers. | Rank and File. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength on 1st October, 1903 ... ... | 38 ... | 15 ... | 336 ... | 389 |
| Strength on 1st October, 1904 ... ... | 39 ... | 16 ... | 443 ... | 498 |

Causes of increase:—Recruits joined at Headquarters, 80; from desertion, 8; from other Corps, 3; from Depôt, 453; from Battalion abroad, 68. Total, 612.

Causes of decrease:—Died, 2 (one accidentally killed on the railway line near Farnborough, one died in hospital at Gravesend); discharged, 59; deserted, 53; to Army Reserve, 72; to other Corps, 5; to Permanent Staffs, 2; to Depôt, 43; to Battalion abroad, 267. Total, 503.

Educational acquirements:—1st Class, 7; 2nd Class, 150; 3rd Class, 273.

Nationalities:—

| | Officers. | Warrant, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. |
|---|---|---|
| English ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 21 ... ... | 459 |
| Scotch ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 ... ... | 10 |
| Irish ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 ... ... | 29 |
| India or Colonies ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... ... | 2 |

*(To be continued.)*

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HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.
*(From a photograph by* ***Stuart****,* ***Richmond****, S.W.)*

BORN 9TH NOVEMBER, 1841.
DIED 6TH MAY, 1910.
**R.I.P.**

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 329.] Tuesday, 31st May, 1910. [Vol. XXVIII.**


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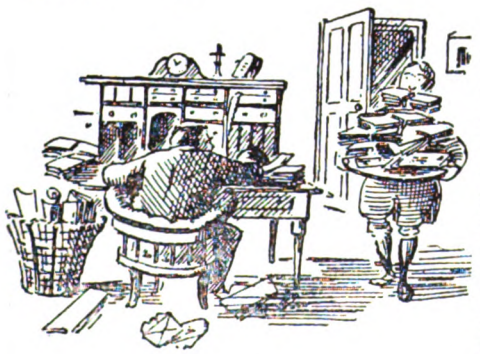
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*


111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*


*31st May, 1910.*



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*It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor* NOT LATER *than the 23rd of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on* ONE SIDE *only of the paper.*

*Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.*

*All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.*

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The Naval and Military Record"
"The XXX."
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Antelope"
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Lion and the Rose"
"The Snapper"
"The Essex Regiment Gazette"
"79th News"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The Household Brigade Magazine"
"H.L.I. Chronicle"
"The Sapper"
"The Journal of the Royal Artillery"
"The China Dragon"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"The Journal of the Leinster Regiment"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

| | | | |
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| Colonel D. G. Beamish ... | ,, 31/12/10 | G. W. M. Sarel, Esq. ... | ,, 31/12/11 |

## BIRTHS.

FENTON.—On the 31st ult., at Derby, the wife of Colour-Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant) J. Fenton, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

O'BRIEN.—On the 25th inst., at 22, Great Cumberland Place, W., the wife of Major the Hon. M. O'Brien, M.V.O., D.S.O., late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

PROBYN.—On the 20th March, the wife of No. 6389 Private Probyn, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

RICHARDSON.—On the 9th March, at Rawal Pindi, India, the wife of No. 5907 Sergeant C. Richardson, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

SMITH.—On the 13th ult., at Dover, the wife of No. 4589 Corporal Smith, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

## DEATHS.

FENEMORE.—On the 7th ult., at Rawal Pindi, India, No. 719 Private G. Fenemore, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 23 years.

GOODWIN.—On the 19th inst., at the Military Hospital, Dover, No. 2663 Private S. Goodwin, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 19 years and 7 months.

McDONALD.—On the 18th ult., at Wimbledon, Caroline, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. McDonald, formerly 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, and daughter of the late Colonel Eyre Smith, 62nd Regiment, and of South Hill, Co. Limerick.


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EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette:*—

3RD BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colonel Lord Algernon Percy, A.D.C., resigns his commission, and is permitted to retain his rank and wear the prescribed uniform. Major and Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel Roddam J. Roddam to be Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 7th May, 1910).

5TH BATTALION THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain Harry Hardy resigns his commission (dated 5th April, 1910). Percy Price Phillips to be Second-Lieutenant (to be supernumerary) (dated 8th April, 1910).

## THE DEATH OF THE KING.

SINCE the last number of *St. George's Gazette* appeared in public the death of King Edward the Seventh, of undying memory, has come as a terrible blow not only to Englishmen but to all the civilized world, removing a figure that will always be memorable in our history. He was a great monarch, wise both in counsel and in action, the work of his reign was to ensure the peace of nations by laying deep and broad foundations of national security, his object in life to form international friendships and to secure proper forces for the safeguard of all we hold.

So suddenly did death come to him that the sad news was published to the world almost before we knew his life was in danger. Words can hardly express the sense of irreparable loss which King Edward's death has aroused. Soldiers of all ranks of every branch of the Service have lost in his death the most popular of all military men, the greatest of modern rulers. He has gone to his rest mourned and lamented by the entire world, which has long since recognised his sterling abilities. A special Army Order in the form of a letter from King George V. to his Army has been issued:—

"My beloved Father was always closely associated with the Army
"by the ties of strong personal attachment, and from the first day
"that he entered the Service he identified himself with everything
"conducive to its welfare.

"On my accession to the Throne I take this the earliest opportunity of expressing to all ranks my gratitude for their gallant
"and devoted services to him.

"Although I have always been interested in the Army, recent
"years have afforded me special opportunities of becoming more
"intimately acquainted with our Forces both at home and in
"India, as well as in other parts of the Empire.

"I shall watch over your interests and efficiency with continuous
"and keen solicitude, and shall rely upon that spirit of loyalty and
"devotion which has in all times animated and been the proud
"tradition of the British Army."

*St. George's Gazette* humbly and respectfully offers to their Majesties the King and Queen, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and the other members of the Royal Family, the expression of its profound sorrow and sympathy in the irreparable loss which their Majesties, the Royal Family and the whole Empire have sustained in the death of the most beloved Sovereign Lord King Edward, whose memory will ever be held in deep affection and reverence; and desires to assure His Majesty King George V. of its unalterable loyalty and devotion to the Crown.

The days of mourning for King Edward VII. reached their climax on Friday, the 20th inst., when his body was borne to its last resting place, Windsor. The sad spectacle in London was such as could have been presented in no other Capital in the world. The spectacle of the funeral procession was not only a sign of an empire's united grief, but it betokened a world's tribute to his memory. It was a day of glorious sunshine. The long procession of kings, foreign representatives and soldiers, and mourning relatives left Westminster Hall, where the body had lain in state for three days; the coffin covered with the Royal Standard, and crowned with the Insignia of Royalty, was borne upon a gun carriage behind which rode King George, the Kaiser, the Duke of Connaught, the Kings of Norway, the Hellenes, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Bulgaria, and the Belgians, and a large company of nobles representing the foreign States. The daily papers have gone fully into all details, for our part we feel we cannot say more. May the soul of our illustrious dead rest in peace.

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS, INDIA,
30th April, 1910.

IT is our sad duty this month to chronicle the death of Lieutenant Thomas Ridge Gunner, who died at the Station Hospital, Rawal Pindi, on the 14th inst. Owing to the Battalion being on the march to Gharial, only Lieutenant Landen, who had been left in Rawal Pindi, was able to be present at the funeral. All the Officers of the station attended, including Sir Joscelin Wodehouse, K.C.B., C.M.G., Commanding Northern Army, Lieutenant-General Martin, C.B., Commanding 2nd (Rawal Pindi) Division, and Colonel Johnson, Commanding Rawal Pindi Brigade. Wreaths were sent by the following:—Colonel Sapte and Officers, 5th Fusiliers; Colonel Cayley and Officers, 14th P.W.O. West Yorkshire Regiment; Colonel Gilbert and Officers, Royal Sussex Regiment; Officer Commanding Station and Staff; Colonel Vaughan and Officers, 10th Hussars; Mr. and Mrs. P. à Beckett; Miss Hayes; Q.A.I.M.N.S.; Non-Commissioned Officers and Men attached Section; Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, Telegraphy Class, and one wreath with no name attached to it.

Lieutenant Gunner soldiered with the 3rd Battalion in South Africa, and after the disbandment of the 3rd and 4th Battalions, joined the 2nd Battalion, finally coming to this country in the autumn of 1908. A keen soldier and a very good athlete, he will be much missed by us all. We offer our deepest sympathy to his family in their loss.

---

Before we left Pindi for the hills the Pindi Week concluded with the final of the Murree Polo Tournament and the Horse Show. In the former the 10th Hussars defeated us by 8 goals to 2 in a hurricane of wind at 8.30 a.m.; in the latter Captain Clifford won the Pony Jumping on Captain Sandilands' "Dairymaid."

---

The move to the hills was fraught with rather less loss than usual. Where the departure of a bullock cart from the road means a drop of anything up, or rather down, to 1000 feet, one views the safe arrival of one's goods and chattels with fervent gratitude. Those whose carts were still *en route* at the time of marching could be recognised by their haggard looks and the everlasting question thrown at the bile gharry wallahs asleep on the road, "Yih hamara hi?" Only about ten men's kits and not more than twenty-five per cent. of the officers' possessions have gone astray.

---

We had perfect weather for the march up and then it began to rain, since when it has done nothing else until St. George's Day was half over. Those who were here last year, and who are consequently entitled to pose as the oldest

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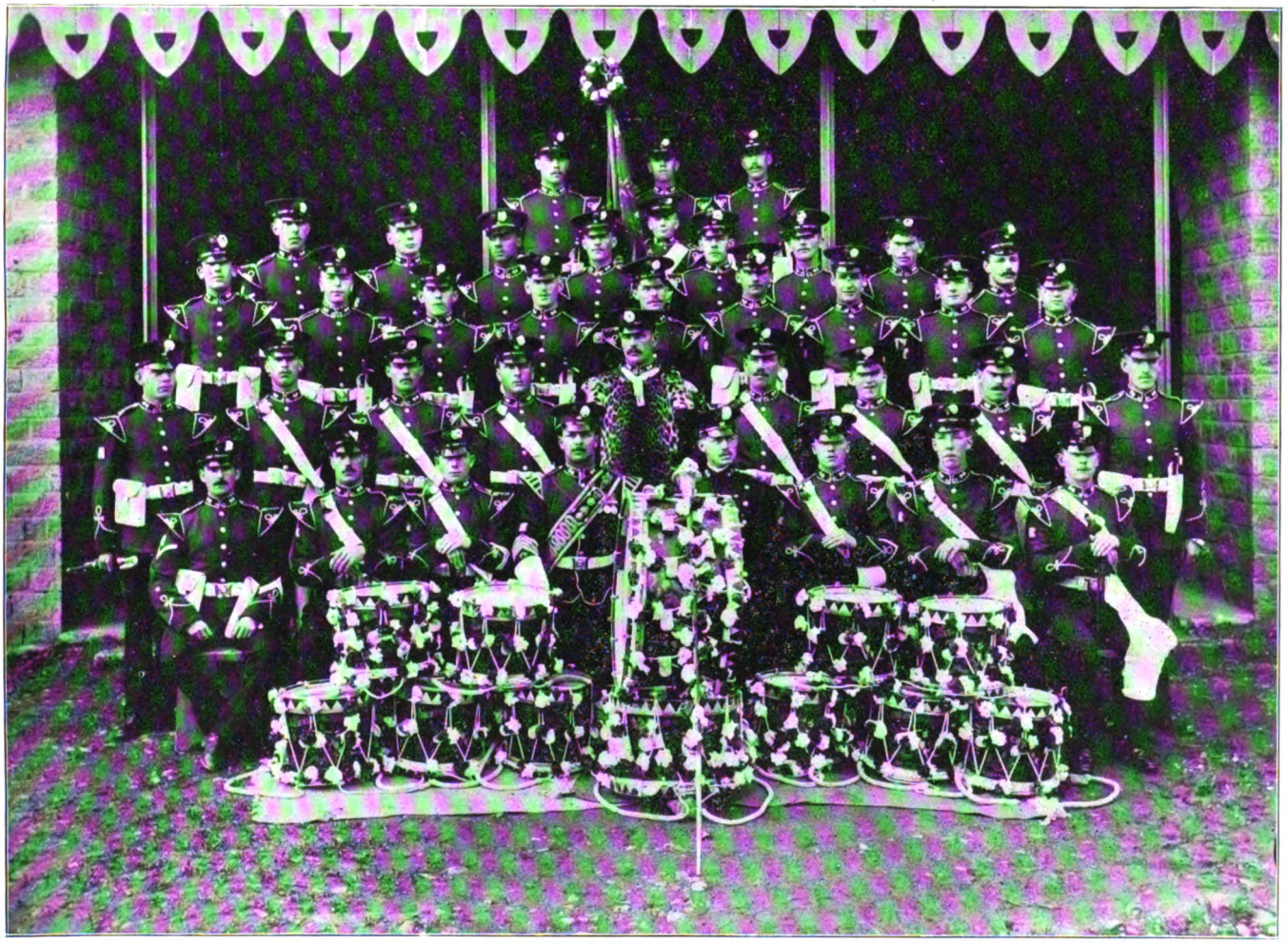
inhabitants or liars, say that, compared with the rainy season, *it has not yet rained.*

Owing to the weather, Trooping the Colours was an impossibility; luckily, the rain stopped about noon and a few people hardened their hearts and came out to lunch, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Dawkins, Colonel and Mrs. Tidswell, and Major and Mrs. Mitchell of the Lancashire Fusiliers, whom some of us may remember at Tipperary, Major Smith, Royal Army Medical Corps, who was with the 2nd Battalion at Penang, and several others. The weather cleared after lunch and we were able to enjoy the

The following is the list of telegrams received on St. George's Day:—Lieutenant Forsyth (late 5th Fusiliers), 72nd Highlanders, Colonel Whitaker, Colonel Sitwell, "Sub-Lieutenant" Thornhill, "23rd April, 1873," Lieutenant Foljambe, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, Majors Darley and Hargreaves and Captain Gall, Lieutenant Douglas, 15th Regiment, Captain Ritson and Lieutenants de Calry and Colmore, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, Lieutenants Hart, Lamb, and Watkin from Srinagar, Lieutenant Lawson, Somersetshire Light Infantry, Major Stewart, 22nd Punjabis, our Special Reserve Battalion, Colonel Stewart, Captain James, of the Buffs, Captain Matthews and Lieu-



THE DRUMS, 1ST BATTALION, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
(*From a photograph by Baljee, Gharial.*)

Band and Drums, who played on the lawn tennis court outside the Mess (this being one of the few flat bits of ground in Gharial).

Gharial is a beautiful place, but, as we used to say at Singapore, "You cannot live on scenery," and cameras have been very active since the Battalion arrived. We hope that some of these photos will shortly appear in the *Gazette*. (*It will not be the Editor's fault if they do not appear.—Ed., "St. G.G."*)

tenant Garnier, Captain Sandilands and Lieutenant Herbert, Lieutenant Salier, from Lagos, Major Percival, the 2nd Battalion 14th P.W.O. Regiment, Colonel James, Captain Douglas, Lieutenant Selby, from Leh. One telegram arrived dated the 23rd April, London, 10.35 a.m., the sender is one Leerean (?) and another from Wellington from "late D Company, 4th Battalion, now H Company, Borderers."

The following order, dated Gharial, 22nd April, serves to remind us of one of our honourable distinctions:—

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"As the Regimental Badge is officially known as the 'Red and "White Rose Slipped,' which Honour no other Regiment except "the 6th Royal Regiment enjoys, the Roses will be worn on St. "George's Day, by all ranks, with the green leaves on as issued."

We have received a photograph of himself from Colonel D. Stewart, and a portrait of Sir Harry Johnson from Colonel Johnson, Commanding Rawal Pindi Brigade, for which we offer our best thanks to the donors.

The following Appointments have been made :—

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporal :—*

No. 6305 Drummer L. Hobbs

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

No. 1240 Lce.-Corpl. T. Darcy
„ 2101 „ G. Forrets

*To be Drummer :—*

No. 9936 Private R. Evans

No. 499 Lance-Sergeant W. Wodehouse has extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours, and No. 5674 Sergeant T. Sanderson and No. 7900 Sergeant C. Gypson have re-engaged to complete 21 years' Army Service.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—

*2nd Class :—*

No. 729 Corporal P. Fulton
„ 514 Lce.-Corpl. W. Banks
„ 1219 Private A. Fleet
„ 987 „ G. Sutton

*3rd Class :—*

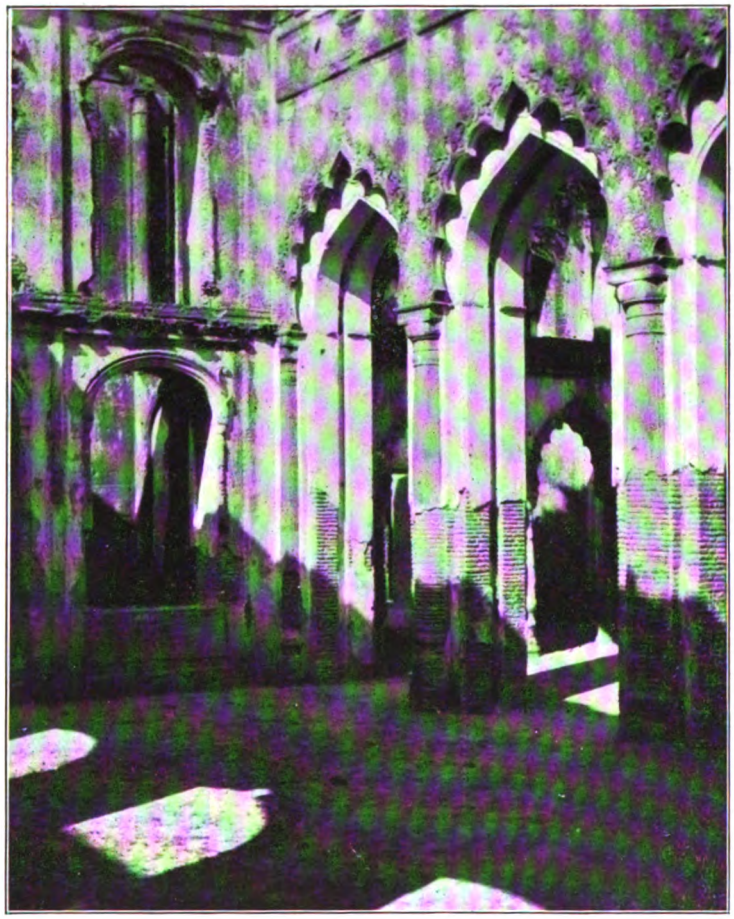
No. 1372 Private G. Farmer
„ 2112 „ R. Fairley
„ 1616 „ J. Chattle
„ 2488 „ P. Welsh

Mounted Infantry Certificates (dated Ambala, 15th April) have been awarded to the following :—

No. 5525 Sergeant Longden
„ 1022 Private W. Hodgeman
„ 1641 „ L. Farrar
„ 1207 „ J. Kirby
„ 1623 „ J. Tonkinson

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1334 | Private A. Moat | 1 from | 12/ 4/09 |
| „ | 1654 | „ E. Henshaw | 1 „ | 15/ 9/09 |
| „ | 628 | „ D. Daley | 2 „ | 8/12/09 |
| „ | 1001 | Lance-Corporal H. Wood | 2 „ | 17/ 2/10 |
| „ | 1011 | „ C. Groves | 1 „ | 26/ 2/10 |
| „ | 929 | „ J. Keeley | 2 „ | 27/ 2/10 |
| „ | 979 | Private J. Wheway | 2 „ | 4/ 3/10 |
| „ | 963 | „ A. Luker | 2 „ | 4/ 3/10 |
| „ | 980 | „ H. Elcock | 2 „ | 6/ 3/10 |
| „ | 978 | „ A. Prior | 2 „ | 7/ 3/10 |
| „ | 985 | „ G. Watson | 2 „ | 7/ 3/10 |
| „ | 9847 | „ P. Madden | 1 „ | 13/ 3/10 |
| „ | 9868 | „ G. Johnston | 1 „ | 16/ 3/10 |
| „ | 1089 | „ T. Loftus | 2 „ | 22/ 3/10 |
| „ | 896 | „ H. Jarvis | 1 „ | 23/ 3/10 |
| „ | 1993 | „ S. Lee | 1 „ | 23/ 3/10 |
| „ | 31 | Lance-Corporal C. Ralphs | 1 „ | 26/ 3/10 |
| „ | 1100 | Private C. Morton | 2 „ | 27/ 3/10 |
| No. | 1124 | Private E. Towler | 2 from | 28/ 3/10 |
| „ | 881 | „ J. Egan | 1 „ | 28/ 3/10 |
| „ | 1109 | „ P. Abthorpe | 2 „ | 28/ 3/10 |
| „ | 1131 | Lance-Corporal S. Jackson | 2 „ | 4/ 4/10 |
| „ | 6941 | „ T. Allen | 2 „ | 6/ 4/10 |
| „ | 830 | Private F. Wiffen | 1 „ | 6/ 4/10 |
| „ | 1142 | „ F. Jones | 2 „ | 6/ 4/10 |
| „ | 1146 | „ W. Brine | 2 „ | 6/ 4/10 |
| „ | 1137 | „ S. Wilkinson | 2 „ | 6/ 4/10 |
| „ | 1827 | „ D. Flanagan | 1 „ | 7/ 4/10 |
| „ | 1150 | „ W. Mann | 2 „ | 10/ 4/10 |
| „ | 2005 | „ H. Gibbs | 1 „ | 14/ 4/10 |
| „ | 2167 | „ R. Inglis | 1 „ | 15/ 4/10 |
| „ | 1500 | „ N. Vernon | 1 „ | 16/ 4/10 |



INSIDE THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant W. Platt, D.S.O.)*

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The chief topic of interest in our Mess lately has been the doings of the second football team. This powerful combination was raised by Sergeant Gellborn, and the only qualification necessary is to express a desire to play. A few of the older members of the Mess have startled the whole garrison by turning out to play with this team. However, they have given the first team a date, when, we trust, the older members will be shown the error of their ways in defying "Anno Domini." We challenged the 10th Hussars to a game, which resulted in a draw; this was followed by a billiard tournament, which the Hussars won by seven games to five, although we scored the greatest number of points. They were not so successful at whist, bridge, and fat. In the first named our members proved their superiority by a large number of wins. The entertainment then merged into an impromptu smoking concert, and a most enjoyable day was brought to a close by a few well chosen words from our Sergeant-Major, to which Sergeant-Major Gordon of the Hussars suitably responded.

Envious of our way of managing this form of entertainment, and anxious to emulate our doings, the Hussars challenged us to a shooting match, which we won by the narrow margin of three points. This was followed by billiards and cards, and later in the evening by a smoking concert.

All the members of our Mess have fired the qualifying practices of the new course, with varying success. It is strange, but true, that as soon as a member fails to qualify, he starts to throw stones at all the crows perched in the vicinity of the Mess. The only reason I can assign for

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this is, that having failed in his course, and being sensitive, the cry of these birds must sound strangely like, Wank, Wank, Wank-er.

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The Right-Half Battalion arrived at Gharial on the 14th inst., followed by the Left-Half two days later. We were fortunate in having fine weather until the Battalion settled down, when the clerk of the weather gave us a sample of what he really could do to those not in his good graces. The march was accomplished without any mishap, although our billiard slates and mess bearers had a narrow escape through being upset by the native driver.

Several married families narrowly escaped being thrown over the Khud, through the native drivers losing control of their horses. In most cases the horses were changed for others more tractable when several families refused to travel any farther, unless more suitable horses were provided.

---

On St. George's Day we invited our married families to lunch, which was followed by a concert. The presence of so many fair critics had no effect on Sergeant Waldon and Mr. Charman, our Schoolmaster, whose songs were greatly appreciated. The remainder of our bachelors seemed to shun publicity, and were invariably absent when called upon to sing. However, the married Sergeants nobly filled the breach vacated by their more modest brethren.

The order of things was reversed at the dance, which took place in the schoolroom, at which there was a large attendance, and judging by the large number who stayed for the last dance, proved an immense success.

As St. George's Day comes round, there is the usual amount of information, given gratis, as to the number of St. George's Days spent in the Regiment, and the number of years' service in the Army. Our scribes in the Orderly Room have settled the latter question beyond all doubt. Bandmaster Moss is an easy first with twenty-six years and seven months, while Lance-Sergeants Gowler and Wodehouse share the honour of being the youngest soldiers with six years' service.

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Congratulations to Sergeant Cossey on having his name inscribed on the Whitaker Cup. This Non-Commissioned Officer's score in the musketry course of 1909-10 reached the fine total of 360 points.

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

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MUSKETRY CAMP, LYDD,
25th May, 1910.

THE daily and weekly press have dealt so fully with the circumstances attending the national mourning that further reference to the subject here is unnecessary, except in so far as it affected our own movements.

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Our move from Dover to Lydd, originally fixed for the 20th inst., was postponed till the 23rd, to allow for our participation in the State Funeral in London. The day proved a very long and tiring one, but no one can have regretted at being present at so historical and solemn a ceremony.

---

The Battalion, 650 strong, paraded at 2 a.m. and marched down the hill to the station under a sky that the dawn had barely begun to brighten. Entraining at three we reached Charing Cross at five, being the first Battalion of the station to start for London. This proved a distinct advantage, as it gave us plenty of time for breakfast and a rest before proceeding to our allotted position in the streets. We marched by Trafalgar Square, the Mall and Constitution Hill to the north side of Hyde Park, and, after breakfast there and the necessary refurbishing, moved on through streets already half full of spectators to the Edgware Road, which we lined from the junction of Cambridge Terrace to a little way beyond Nutford Place. There we had to wait three hours before the distant sound of Beethoven's Funeral March announced the approach of the *cortège*. The monotony of the long interval was somewhat relieved by watching the gradual deepening of the crowd and the efforts of the police to restrain the ever increasing pressure towards the empty roadway. As time went on this pressure grew more and more acute, especially at the junctions of streets, and more than once the crowd burst through, only to be hustled back into position again. The ambulance station close by was kept busily employed, and dealt with over 200 cases. A female ambulance detachment marched by several times with short, but very martial steps, and not infrequently the odd spectacle was observed of four of these ladies bearing off the prostrate form of a member of the opposite sex. By half-past eleven the last of the procession had passed by, amid the unbroken silence of the watching people.

"The shouting and the tumult dies:
"The Captains and the Kings depart."

---

We had to wait another threequarters-of-an-hour before the streets were sufficiently clear to allow movement of troops. Then to Hyde Park for lunch and a short rest, and so back to Charing Cross and to Dover, where barracks were reached at 6 p.m.

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Weather stopped the first two cricket matches on the programme published last month, and the next three also were necessarily given up. Our first game will be on the 1st June, against Folkestone, and before then we hope to have a bit of net practice on the Royal Artillery ground here.

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We arrived here yesterday, after a night at Shorncliffe, and henceforward for three weeks our minds will be fully occupied with "grouping" and "application" and all the details so copiously explained in Musketry Regulations, 1909. Whatever the advantages of these annual sojourns in huts or bell tents no one could accuse the road by which we arrive at these at Lydd of being overwhelmingly interesting or picturesque. The road is very hard and the country is very flat, and that is all that can be said. During the two days' march however, of about seventeen miles, a cool breeze blew most of the time, which made things much easier than they might have been. Winchelsea and Rye and other places in the neighbourhood are well worth visiting, and the change of scene is generally popular.

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We hope to send a Regimental Golf Team to compete in the Army Golf Cup at Woking, on the 14th June, and with reasonable luck ought to do well. Last year we were beaten at Rye in the semi-final by the Black Watch. The opportunities for playing here are exceptional, with the course at Littlestone only five miles away.

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With so many players as we have at present the idea has been mooted of starting Inter-Company Foursomes while we are at Lydd, and also of reviving the Regimental Golf Medal.

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Lieutenant Nicholls was successful the other day in winning the Hants, Isle of Wight and Channel Islands Championship, at Fleet, and he also won the Foursomes on the previous day.

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Mention was made in the March number of Lance-Corporal Hebbron's entry in the Thurston Army and Navy Billiard Championship. After reaching the semi-final he was finally beaten at New Brompton by Sergeant-Major Smith, of the Army Gymnastic Staff, but the game was a very close and exciting one. The score read, Hebbron 245, Smith 221, when the latter got in and scored the remaining 29 points. Under the circumstances, which did not apply in the winner's case, it was very creditable of Hebbron to have made such a good fight among a crowd of 300 spectators, all strangers, and on a strange table.

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Five more medals have been added to the Mess collection, the donors being Lieutenants Sidney, Nicholls, Rushbrooke and Brownlow. Our best thanks to them for their gift.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Roddam, 3rd Battalion, paid us a brief visit last week at Dover, on his way to Hythe for a "refresher" course. His son, Second-Lieutenant Roddam, 7th Battalion, has lately been attached to us for instruction.

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Colour-Sergeants Stott and Durham have left us to serve with the Territorial Force, the former at Newcastle, and the latter at Gosforth. Sergeant Thompson has also gone to join the 3rd Battalion. We are very sorry to lose these three non-commissioned officers, and wish them all success in their new posts.

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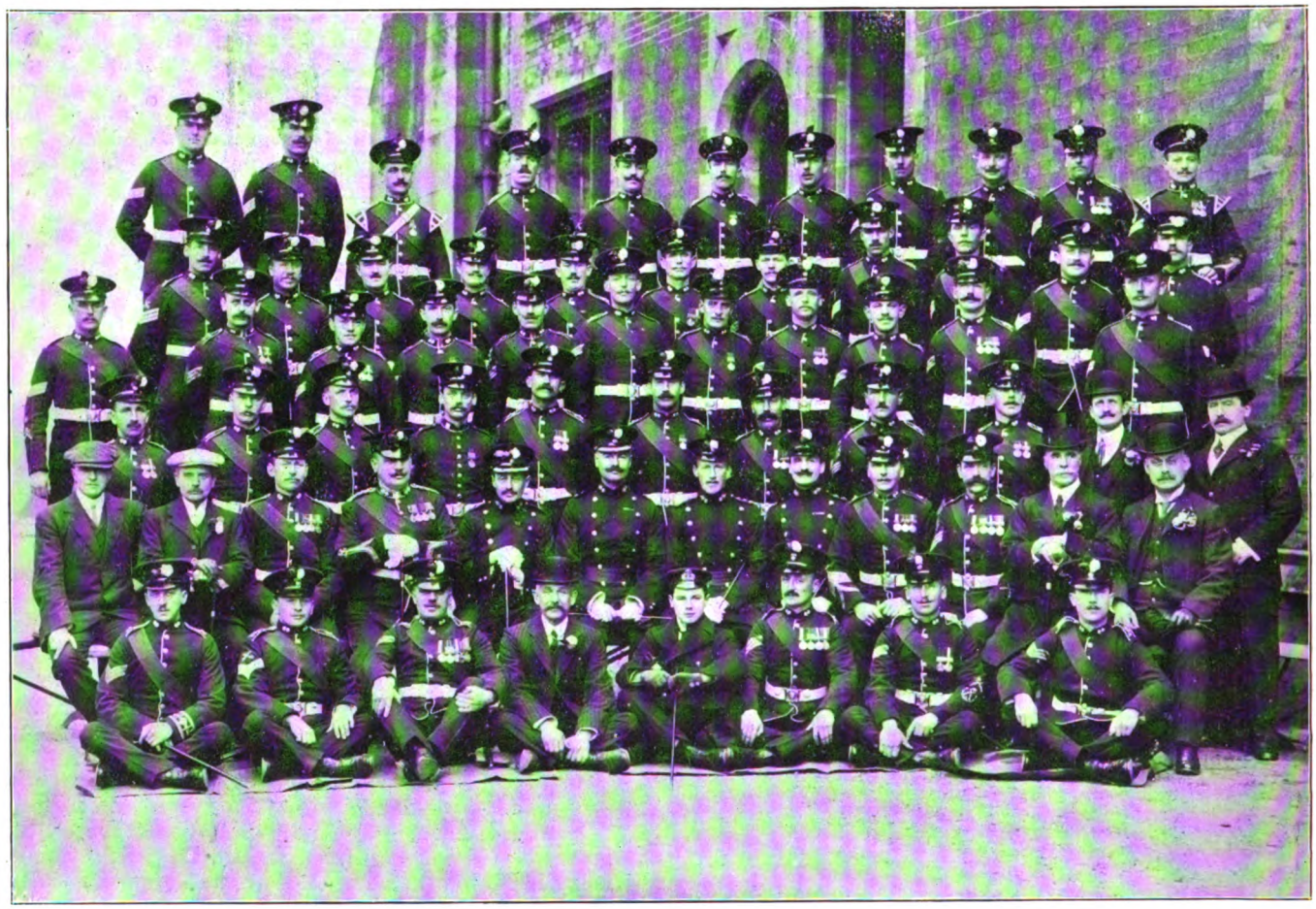
On Whit Monday the townspeople of Canterbury held a most successful Athletic Meeting. In the 130yds. race (open handicap) Private Collier won the 1st prize, a handsome marble clock of imposing size. We trust this result will encourage him to make other and equally successful efforts in the world of sport. But if he continues to win prizes of such massive proportions we advise him to put in for a special size of haversack in which to carry them away.



SERGEANTS, 2ND BATTALION, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
*(From a photograph by C. S. Harris, 77, London Road, Dover.)*

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The following men have left the Battalion during the month :—

No. 8537 Private J. TOWERS.—Enlisted, 2/5/02 ; transferred to Army Reserve, 1/5/10 ; service, 8 years ; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service : South Africa, 3 years and 325 days ; India, 3 years and 86 days.

No. 8538 Private W. WHITEMAN.—Enlisted, 3/5/02 ; transferred to Army Reserve, 2/5/10 ; service, 8 years ; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service : South Africa, 3 years and 294 days ; India, 3 years and 118 days. Indian General Service medal and clasp N.W.F., 1908.

No. 8551 Private J. BUTLER.—Enlisted, 14/5/02 ; transferred to Army Reserve, 13/5/10 ; service, 8 years ; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service : South Africa, 337 days ; Mauritius, 2 years and 59 days ; India, 4 years and 14 days.

No. 8554 Private T. TINNING.—Enlisted, 20/5/02 ; transferred to Army Reserve, 19/5/10 ; service, 8 years ; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service : South Africa, 112 days ; Mauritius, 2 years and 307 days ; India, 4 years and 14 days ; Indian General Service medal with clasp N.W.F., 1908.

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

*To be Colour-Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant) :—*

Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Corporal) J. Tindle from 1/5/10

*To be Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Clerk) :—*

No. 8254 Lance-Sergeant J. Vernon from 1/5/10

*To be paid Lance-Sergeants :—*

No. 8022 Lance-Sergeant J. Brooks C Company from 1/5/10
" 9891 " G. Woods B " " 1/5/10

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

No. 8033 Lance-Corpl. C. Hebbron C Company from 26/4/10
" 9236 " T. A. Stanton C " " 1/5/10
" 2191 " B. Wardle C " " 3/5/10

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*

No. 1293 Private A. Clark from 22/4/10
" 2433 " A. Routh " 22/4/10
" 2482 " R. Ramshaw " 22/5/10
" 2561 " E. Blyth C Company " 22/4/10

*To be Bandsman :—*

No. 7883 Private G. Barrett G Company from 29/4/10

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Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—

*1st Class :—*

No. 8004 Lance-Corporal J. Reynolds F Company from 22/3/10

*Map Reading :—*

No. 7198 Lance-Corporal D. Smith E Company from 22/3/10

*1st Class, except Map Reading :—*

No. 197 Corporal S. Davis H Company from 22/3/10

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Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

No. 1195 Lance-Corporal J. Stephens H Company 1 from 7/2/10
" 337 Private M. O'Connor H " 1 " 22/3/10
" 2008 Bandsman King 1 " 13/4/10
" 1174 Private F. Wells G " 2 " 20/4/10
" 1507 " A. Pursley C " 1 " 15/4/10

---

No. 38 Lance-Corporal A. Andrews transferred to 16th Lancers on the 30th ult.

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No. 337 Private M. O'Connor, H Company, has been permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years with the Colours from the 21st inst.

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## FOOTBALL.

The following Football reports are overdue, but were crowded out of the April number :—

On the 2nd April we played against Folkestone Wednesday in the Folkestone and District Senior League with the same team that eventually lost to the 21st Lancers. Owing to a misjudgment on the part of our goal-keeper, Folkestone drew first blood, but we soon equalised and later on Todd and Draper added two more. During the later half of the game we were pressing very hard and their goal was as hard beset as it was ably defended. On our side Cunningham was conspicuous for his good passing and dribbling. Result, a win, 3—1.

---

The next match—5th Fusiliers v. 1st Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment—ended in a win by 2—0. Brown scored the first one from a good pass by Todd, who himself added the second a little later. In the second half Groves had to fall out with an injured knee, but Mudd by exceptionally good work more than compensated for his absence.

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On the 16th April our team met the 60th at Dover and won by the same margin of goals. They were not, however, playing in their best form and the game was unusually slow. In the first half we scored from a penalty kick, the ball being put through by Pattison after an exciting struggle. Our second goal was scored by Todd from a pass by Hiorns who was playing outside left, Drummond taking his place on the right. Though the Rifles pressed hard throughout the second half they did not succeed in scoring. Result, a win, 2—0. Four days later our opponents were Dover Wednesday, and they also went down by 3 goals to love. We were distinctly the better side throughout. Sutton scored twice and Pattison and Brown once, but Sutton was given off-side on one occasion, making the score what it remained to the end.

---

On the 20th April we played against Dover. Our team shewed marked signs of staleness and this was not surprising when it is remembered that, counting Company matches, they were playing three or four times a week. Sutton and Brown each shot a goal against the one which Dover scored against us. Result, a win, 2—1. This match was the semi-final of the Dover Charity Cup.

---

On the 22nd April we managed to carry off the Hallam Parr Shield by 4 goals to 1, our adversaries being the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment. We only began to score after half time with a shot from Hiorns. Drummond added two more, one from a very fine centre by Davis. After this we had the upper hand till the whistle blew. The fourth goal resulted from a scrimmage in front of goal. Drummond played centre-forward in this match and Robinson inside-right in place of Brown who was lame. Drummond and Hiorns were in fine form, and the whole team are to be congratulated on winning the shield.

---

Our second, or A team, played a draw with the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire R.A.T.A. team on the 23rd March, each side scoring twice. Team :—

*Goal :*
Laws

*Backs :*
Draper Langford

*Half-Backs :*
Dresser Duke Bradford

*Forwards :*
Crann Robinson Freestone Broadley Graham

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On the 31st March they were well beaten (5—0) by the Royal Irish Rifles, but were playing without two of their best men. Even so we should have scored if the forwards had been stronger in shooting.

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On the 6th April we defeated the Band, 52nd Light Infantry, by 2—0. Draper and Smith scored our goals. The combination at forward between Palmer, Robinson and Smith was noticeably good.

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On the 8th April we played the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment R.A.T.A. in a return match. Our forwards did not combine very well together, and the result was that we lost by 2—1.

The result of the Football season has been on the whole very satisfactory. The back play of both first and second teams is much above the average. It is in the forward line that there is room for improvement, both in the way of passing forward, not indiscriminately from side to side, and in greater control of the ball when rushing forward. With a little neater foot-work and more complete combination we should in the future show a very fine side.

## Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th May, 1910.

WE have been firing our annual course at Whitley Bay during this month. After sampling every kind of weather, from hail to dense fog, we were lucky enough to get good weather for the classification practices, with the result that we have got eight marksmen as against two last year.

Owing to unforeseen delays, the launch of Captain Gatehouse's "Blue Bird" will probably not take place until after the Annual Training, but great activity is being displayed in the dockyard.

We have entirely failed to get a glimpse of the comet. On one occasion a blur of light was discovered on the western horizon, but it turned out to be a common or garden lamp-post.

We are getting ready for our Annual Training next month. We are lucky enough to be going to our jolly camp at Moorlaws again. All the officers are going out except Captain Kershaw, who will remain in command of the Depôt.

No. 944 Sergeant-Major J. Honeyball has been awarded a pension of 45 pence for life.

No. 2454 Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Terrill was discharged on the 6th inst. on termination of second period of engagement.

No. 5036 Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Purcell has been posted from the 2nd Battalion, from the 7th inst.

No. 4884 Quartermaster-Sergeant H. Belcham has been posted to the 2nd Battalion, from the 7th inst.

No. 4587 Colour-Sergeant H. Partington has been posted to the 6th Battalion, from the 31st inst.

No. 4611 Sergeant T. Logan has been promoted Colour-Sergeant, dated the 2nd ult.

No. 6689 Sergeant W. Fenemore, No. 2110 Private A. Nesbit and No. 2359 Private G. Goodwin have been attached from the 2nd Battalion for a tour of duty, from the 4th inst.

No. 6452 Sergeant T. Thompson has been posted from the 2nd Battalion, from the 18th inst.

No. 9522 Corporal A. Woodhead has extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 6441 Corporal J. Brennan has been appointed unpaid Lance-Sergeant, dated the 22nd ult.

No. 1974 Lance-Corporal G. Walsh has been promoted Corporal, dated the 1st inst.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Newcastle-on-Tyne, 13th inst.:—

*2nd Class:—*

No. 2768 Private E. W. Gosman — No. 2812 Private E. Mortimer

*3rd Class:—*

No. 2203 Private G. Younger — No. 2809 Private T. Sampson
No 2815 Private G. Newman

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
24th May, 1910.

OUR share of the general sorrow felt on the occasion of the death of our late Sovereign was deepened by the knowledge of the great and kindly interest which King Edward VII. took in the Territorial Force from its inception.

On the 12th inst. His Majesty King George V. was proclaimed at Hexham, by the High Sheriff of Northumberland. The ceremony took place in the picturesque old Market Square, the Battalion was represented by fifty officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

The Memorial Services on the 20th inst. were attended by all our Detachments at their respective stations.

A Week End Camp was arranged to be held at Allendale on the 21st and 22nd inst., but had to be cancelled owing to a difficulty as regards camp equipment. However, we hope to hold a Week End Camp at the same place from the 27th to the 29th inst.

After many rumours Richmond, Yorks, has been selected as the place of our annual training this year. This is the first time the Battalion has trained there, and the selection appears to have given general satisfaction, although many of our members would have preferred a seaside resort.

Colour-Sergeant-Instructor G. Hitchiner has been permitted to remain in the Service for two years after completion of his second period of engagement.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
25th May, 1910.

COLOUR-SERGEANT Lalor, lately the Instructor to G and H Companies, was Chief Scoutmaster to the Berwick contingent of Boy Scouts, and on his departure for Queensland, where he is to fill an appointment under the new defence scheme, was presented with a testimonial from the committee at the hands

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of Major A. T. Robinson (Commander of the Berwick-on-Tweed Artillery Volunteers until the disbandment of that Corps). Major Robertson spoke highly of the efficiency and zeal shown by Scoutmaster Lalor, who feelingly responded.

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS FIELD TRAINING ON THE SANDS.
(*From a local photograph.*)

Scoutmaster Lalor was also the recipient of testimonials from the Scouts themselves, and from other institutions where he had acted as Drill Instructor. The Berwick Companies and many of Colour-Sergeant Lalor's old comrades in the FIFTH wish him luck in his new appointment "down under."

---

At the Proclamation of King George V. by the Sheriff of

MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN AMBULANCE 7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AT WORK.
(*From a local photograph.*)

Northumberland, in the County Town of Alnwick, a guard was furnished by D Company, under Captain G. S. Jackson. Owing to the absence of subalterns on various courses, the Colours were carried by Captain E. A. Leather. The Commanding Officer, Colonel Scott, and Captain Riddell, the Adjutant, represented the Battalion. The Morpeth and Berwick Companies also turned out at the Proclamation in their respective boroughs.

---

A Week End Camp at Buston Links, Alnmouth, was held by C and D (Belford and Alnwick) Companies, at Whitsuntide. The Companies marched by road from Alnwick, and were inspected *en route* by Major-General Plowden, commanding the Northumbrian Division, attended by Colonel R. Scott and Captain E. A. Riddell. On Sunday a Church Parade was held at Alnmouth Parish Church, and in Camp an instructive lecture on musketry was given by Captain Mitchell.

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On Monday an interesting Coast Defence Scheme was carried out, the attack being commanded by Captains Mitchell and Leather, C and E Companies, and the defence by Captain Jackson, D Company.

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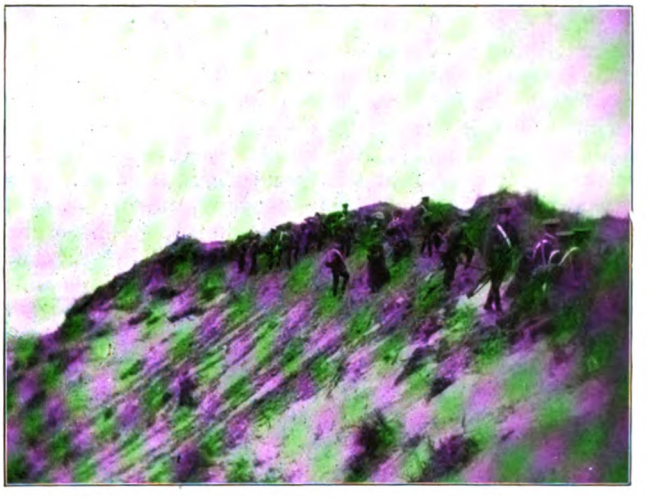
Another Camp, on Alnwick Moor, of Morpeth Company,



7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS OCCUPYING A SAND DOME AT FIELD TRAINING.
(*From a local photograph.*)

under Major Gillespie, and Ashington Company, under Lieutenant Milburn, was held at the same time. Musketry was the chief feature, but the Company officers also organised interesting tactical exercises, in which they were assisted by Captain McComb and Lieutenant Smith, of the 4th Battalion, who were attached for the Camp. The Companies were inspected by Major-General Plowden.

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Church Parade, on Sunday, at Alnwick Parish Church, was attended by both Companies.

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All the Companies attended Divine Service at their respective towns on the occasion of the funeral of His Majesty King Edward VII.

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A feature of the Alnmouth Camp was the presence of the Alnmouth Detachment of the St. John Ambulance Association, many imaginary wounds being skilfully dressed by Mrs. Selby Bigge, Mrs. R. Scott, Mrs. E. Riddell and a group of enthusiastic ladies; added interest lying in

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the fact that the Dr. G. S. Jackson, who trained the detachment to heal wounds, was the same Captain G. S. Jackson who on Monday was doing his best in mimic warfare to inflict them.

## Editorial Notes.

111, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.,
27th May, 1910.

JUST before we went to press with our last issue we received an interesting letter from Mr. E. M. Watts, formerly Sergeant in the 2nd, then (Permanent Staff) 5th, Battalion of the Regiment. Mr. Watts pointed out some discrepancies in our March issue when we referred to the Featherweight Championship, but unfortunately his letter disappeared from this office very soon after it was received. It arrived too late to insert under the head of "Letters to the Editor," but it had been the Editor's intention to say something about it in this month's Editorial Notes. However, as the letter did not turn up the only thing to do was to write to Mr. Watts, and ask him to kindly repeat what he then told us; this we did, and have heard from him in reply. He tells us that a cup, similar to the one shewn in our illustration on page 34, was awarded to his son Bandsman B. H. Watts for the Amateur Heavyweight Championship of the County, and that both cups were awarded at the same meeting, thus creating a record in the sporting annals of the Regiment. The pride which we all feel in the worthy achievements of men of the FIFTH, whether individually or collectively, which adds to the credit of the Old Corps, is doubly gratifying from a personal standpoint, when we realise that the winner was born in the Regiment, and is one of four brothers, all in the King's Service, to say nothing of the father himself being an old Fusilier.

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On page 61 of our last issue may be seen an answer to a correspondent "G.T.L.," which initials by-the-bye should have been "G.L.T." Since that answer appeared in our pages, another letter on the subject has reached this office, "Why?" says this one, "should *St. George's Gazette* have to pay a clerk, a charwoman, and a share of the office rent at all?" We are glad to have an opportunity of explaining. Some years ago when the Editor was put in charge of another journal an office had to be found, he wrote to the then Commanding Officers, Colonels Lambton, Stewart, Armstrong and Sturges, mentioning the fact, and explaining that he thought it would be right as *St. George's Gazette* work would have to be carried on in that office, that it should pay a portion of the expenses. Finally it was agreed that *St. George's Gazette* funds should pay one quarter of the office expenses, the other paper three-quarters, and this has been done ever since, as a reference to our figures in December *Gazette* for the past seven or eight years will shew. A clerk in an office is as necessary as a charwoman, and without both and the other journal's share in the wages, the present Editor simply could not run the *Gazette* at all; he trusts this explanation is satisfactory.

The same correspondent adds a P.S. to his letter, expressing a hope that we did not forget to send copies of our last to the four lads—sons of the Old and Bold—whose portraits formed the subject of our full page supplement. In reply we hasten to inform him that none of the boys were forgotten, each one had a complimentary *Gazette* sent him on the day of publication.

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Under the head of "Deaths" this month appears that of Mrs. W. McDonald, correcting an announcement in our last issue, for which our apologies are due to the family of the late Mrs. Norman MacDonald. When a cutting was sent us by a correspondent from the *Daily Telegraph* recording the death of Mrs. McDonald, we unfortunately, and without referring to our correspondent, amended what we took to be a misprint in our contemporary, and in doing so were responsible for reporting inaccurately in our columns the death of Mrs. Norman MacDonald, the widow of the late Colonel Norman MacDonald, who commanded the 1st Battalion from July, 1881, until May, 1885; this lady as a matter of fact died shortly after the Colonel, many years ago. The correct entry now appears, and we much regret the mistake in the first instance.

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We beg to thank the Chairman of Committees for a presentation copy of *The Book of the Army Pageant*. Besides thirteen full page illustrations of battles, from Hastings to Waterloo, there are copious commentaries on the seventeen principal episodes and battles which will be portrayed at Fulham Palace in three weeks time.

The evolution of arms, the relation of tactics to weapons, and the growth of military science generally, is dealt with by many of the best known authorities on history, armour, weapons and heraldry. Those who feel disposed to expend half-a-crown on this publication will be rewarded with some hours of most entertaining reading, and will at the same time be assisting the Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society.

---

We regret to record the death of Mr. R. E. H. Holt, which took place in London on the 13th inst. Mr. Holt, who had many friends in the 1st Battalion, always took a keen interest in the Regiment, and was a subscriber to the *St. George's Gazette*, though never a Fusilier himself. We tender our sincerest sympathy to the widow of the deceased gentleman and to his daughter, Mrs. Bryan Evans.

## Letter to the Editor.

Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society,
8, Higham Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
26th May, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Owing to the Regimental Dinner having been abandoned the Annual Meeting of the General Committee and Subscribers will be held this year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on a date which will be notified hereafter.

Yours truly,
Jas. Thomson, Major,
Secretary Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nemo."—*We are helpless in the matter.* "Constant Reader."—*Glad to hear our last supplement was appreciated; your suggestion re a picture for our Christmas supplement will have consideration.* "Mars."—*About 18 years ago.* "X.Y.Z."—*Certainly not.* "Fugel Man."—*Your idea is not compatible with modern methods.*

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## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST MAY, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 25th May, 1885.—We learn from the *Gazette* that Colonel T. Rowland, C.B., commanding the 2nd Battalion, having completed five years' tenure of command, is placed on half-pay, dated 4th May.

While we all regret the loss we shall suffer in his being removed from among us after so many years of service in both Battalions of the FIFTH (for all who knew him well had in him a kind and sincere friend, and a good Commanding Officer) we heartilly wish him God speed and good luck.

* * * * * * * *

Real summer weather has not begun yet, so our cricketers have hardly commenced work. Three matches have had to be put off on account of bad weather—the only two played against the Phœnix were drawn, either from want of time or unfavourable weather. Next month we trust to settle down to a regular average of two matches a week.

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The 16th Lancers' Race Meeting, which took place at Baldoyle on the 20th inst., was most satisfactory for "backers." It was a fine—though coldish—day, and the hospitality of the 16th enabled us all to enjoy ourselves to the full extent.

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DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 30th May, 1885.—The Volunteer Review at Gosforth Park has just taken place, and was, indeed, the chief event of the month.

On the 26th inst., Whit Tuesday, over 4,000 of the local Volunteers were reviewed by Colonel Collingwood, C.M.G. General Willis, C.B., was unable to attend, being away in Wales inspecting the troops.

* * * * * * * *

This was the first occasion on which our local Volunteers used the Martini-Henry rifle.

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A VISITOR TO THE DEPÔT.—On the 21st inst., an old man, lame and but poorly clad, might have been seen entering the barrack gate, and afterwards wandering about the Fusilier lines. This was No. 1072 Private Samuel George Greenham, late of the 5th Fusiliers, who walked here all the way from Thirsk, to try and obtain some information relative to his discharge.

He enlisted in 1835, and obtained a free discharge in 1850; was servant to Colonel Sutherland for several years; and now, though sixty-five years of age, has a wonderful memory, and told me many stories of adventures with the FIFTH in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. Some of them I have noted down, and hope to tell you next month.

The old man could not understand that we had no "gosling green" facings. "Why, sir," he said, "they might be the same as any body else now."

NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, Alnwick, 27th May, 1885.—The recruits of the Battalion assembled at Alnwick, on Monday, the 4th inst., for their annual two months' preliminary drill. Only thirty-nine recruits, nine "old hands," and five militia non-commissioned officers came up, on account of most of the recruits, who enlisted since the annual training of 1884, having been drilled at the Regimental Depôt at Newcastle-on-Tyne on enlistment.

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No. 1242 Colour-Sergeant H. Plowwright having received his discharge, confirmed for the 26th inst., is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date.

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## ASTRONOMIC PILLS.

### SECOND SERIES, BEING No. 15 DOSE.

BEFORE commencing this article I must trespass on your patience while I correct one or two printer's errors that crept into the last.

In comparing the rings of Saturn to a bridge, the word "space" instead of "span" was printed. Again, there were the words "ringlight and *on* ringlight." This should have been "ringlight and *no* ringlight." Another, and more serious, mistake was in reference to the diameter of the rings. I was made to state that the "interior diameter of the rings is some 176,000 miles." It should read "exterior diameter." Lastly, a little further on—"our earth would have ample space *and* roll round on them" should read "*to* roll, etc."

I apologise for these errors, and will now proceed with the next dose.

The next Planet outwards from Saturn, which, as I have already said, was the ancient frontier of the Solar System, is Uranus, otherwise known as Herschel's Planet. Herschel, the greatest astronomer of his day, discovered this planet, and in this connection a short history of how this celebrated man became an astronomer might be interesting to those who do not know it.

Herschel was born across the water in the Fatherland. He was originally a German bandsman. I do not mean to libel him by accusing him of being one of that class of alien invader of our peace and quiet, the musical, save the mark! raider of our streets armed with weapons of brass and wood, assaulting our ears with hideous and discordant sounds. No, as you shall see further on, he was a being in a much higher sphere of art and science. He was a member of the Band of the Hanoverian Guards, a boy about 14 years old, somewhere about the middle of the 18th Century. His regiment was concerned at that time in some fighting with the French, in which he also took a hand. Having experienced the horrors of a gory battle, he came to the conclusion that soldiering, even in a band, was not his trade, so he discharged himself, sifted out of the Fatherland and skipped over to England. After some vicissitudes in his musical profession he was appointed organist of the Octagon Chapel at Bath. Here he became famous as a musician, and took up the study of his art seriously. This study involved that of mathematics, and the jump from mathematics to optics is not wide, and so he became absorbed in the latter science. The combination of these two subjects led to the study of astronomy, but he was hampered by the want of a good telescope. Finding such an instrument beyond the resources of his pocket, nothing daunted, he proceeded to manufacture one of his own. To make a long story short, he finally, after some trouble, achieved his object, and constructed quite a good telescope. Armed with this, he took seriously to the study of the heavens. Then on the night of the 13th March, 1781, while looking at the stars around the constellation of the Twins, he saw one that looked peculiar. While the other stars appeared as mere points of light, this one looked round, a disc in fact. Increasing the magnifying power of his eyepiece, this disc got larger. Now, only a planet or a comet could have such an appearance, and at first he thought it was the latter. While night after night the other stars were fixed in space, relatively to each other, this peculiar heavenly body changed its position, moving in a certain direction. After careful study he concluded it was a planet, and calculated its orbit. Thus was a new member of the solar family discovered, which finally received the name of Uranus. This planet is so far off that he is hardly visible to the naked eye. He, like Jupiter, appears larger than he really is on account of his thick envelope of clouds. He is not so solid as the earth, and is therefore probably hot and soft, being so much larger and not having cooled down as much as our globe, otherwise his clouds would be precipated as water, which would be frozen solid at that great distance from the sun.

The diameter of Uranus is 31,700 miles, and he revolves round the sun at a mean distance of 1,780 million miles in 30,687 days. The period of rotation of this planet on its axis is unknown; he is so far off that it cannot be observed.

The satellites of Uranus are four in number, and they have a peculiarity in their orbits which make them different to all the other satellites of the planets. These moons of Uranus revolve round that planet in perfect circles, not elipses, in the same plane, and the plane of these orbits is at right angles to the plane of the planet's orbit, and not as in the case of other satellites, more or less in that of their primary. The periods of revolution of these satellites round Uranus tell us that this planet is fifteen times heavier than the earth. So much for this interesting planet and his discoverer, who became so celebrated that he was knighted.

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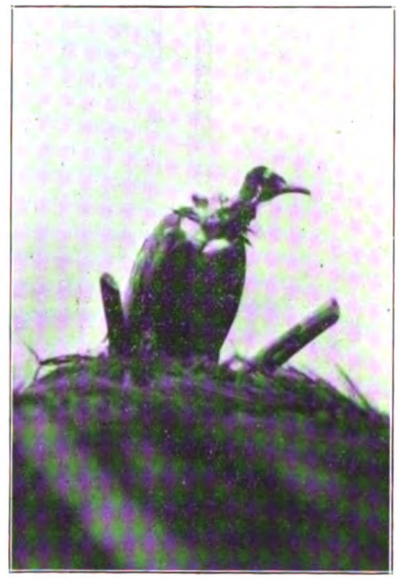
For over sixty years to Uranus remained the distinction of being the outermost planet of the solar system, when another romance was added to the history of astronomy. It must be understood that once the orbit of a planet is calculated, its position in the heavens can be predicted accurately at any time in the future; this is done by mathematical calculations. Between the years of 1822 and 1845 it was found that Uranus was upsetting all these calculations; he was behaving in a most reprehensible manner by being either not up to time or ahead of it. These peculiarities were called the perturbations of Uranus, which in turn perturbed all the astronomers. Perturbations of heavenly bodies are produced by the attraction of others within the reach of their respective force of gravity. Thus Uranus passing near Saturn, the force of gravity of each would act on the other, and there would be an appreciable acceleration or retardation of one or other of these planets in their respective orbits. These perturbations from known sources are calculated and allowed for in predicting the position of any planet for any future time. But here were perturbations of Uranus that were unaccounted for, and they must proceed from some unknown body. In 1845 two mathematicians, Adams, of Cambridge, and Leverrier, of Paris, independently set to work to find out what these extraneous forces were that had such an extraordinary effect on Uranus. It must be noted that these were not men who looked through telescopes, that did not interest them, they just did huge sums. For a year each worked at tremendous and complicated calculations, and at the end of that time almost simultaneously, unknown to each other, arrived at the conclusion that a very large planet outside the orbit of Uranus was upsetting him. Moreover, they not only came to this conclusion, but they predicted the exact position this planet would occupy on a certain date. Adams sent his results to the Observatary at Cambridge, where, I believe, it was characteristically pigeonholed. Leverrier sent his to Berlin, where the astronomers immediately did as they were told, and then, sure enough, they saw the planet through their telescopes. These two wonderful mathematicians, be it noted, having finished their calculations, did not bother to look through telescopes for the planet, that was not their business; they had found the planet on paper, let others look for it in the heavens as they were told. This was the last planet of our solar system discovered, not accidentally through a telescope, as in the case of Uranus, but deliberately on paper by mathematicians, who said "Look at a certain spot in the heavens and you will see a planet," and it was so.

This new planet was given the name of Neptune, and now occupies the proud position of being the furthest planet from the sun.

Neptune revolves round the sun at a mean distance of 2,780 million miles in 60,127 days. His diameter is 34,500 miles, and the period of his rotation on his axis is unknown owing to his distance. He has one satellite which revolves round him once in nearly six days. Neptune is also surrounded by an envelope of clouds, and is therefore still hot and soft, but nothing can be made out of his surface as he is too far off.

And so we arrive at the frontier of our solar system. Beyond it are the stars, which we will consider later. Before leaving the territory of the sun, however, there are some other minor but not less wonderful members of his family to be considered. I allude to those mysterious visitors, the comets and the so-called shooting stars. These we will consider in the next dose, and by the time you have digested that, Halley's comet will have come and gone.

"AUDIOR."



*"A vulture will come to investigate."*

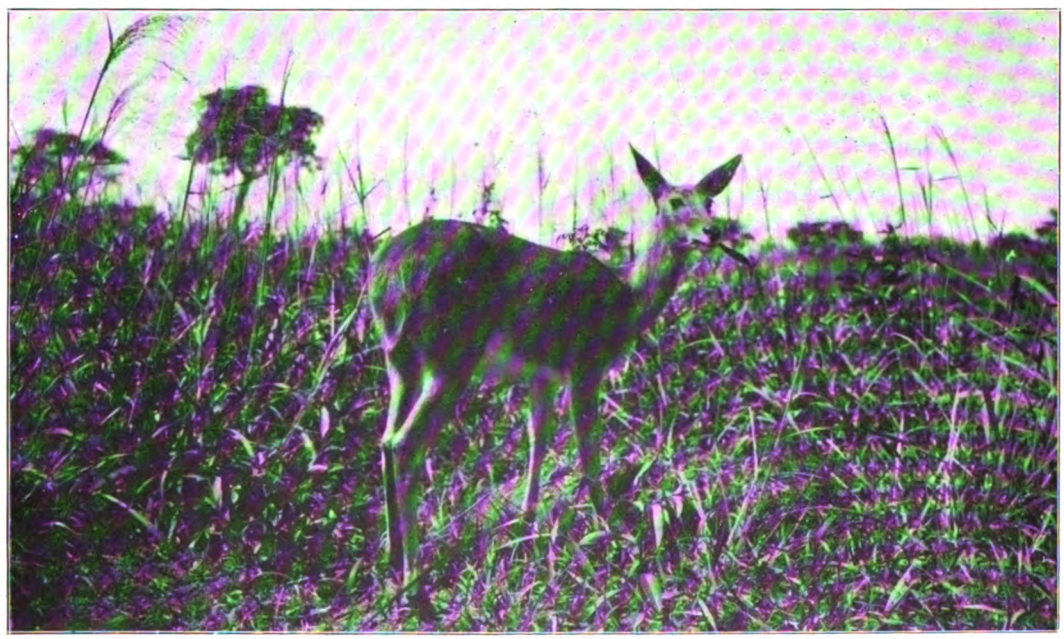
## A TRIP THROUGH THE SENEGAL.

(BY H.S.T.)

*(Illustrated by photos taken by the Writer).*

*(Continued from page 66).*

We hastened after them at once. The wind was all wrong, following dead behind, and after an hour's hard travelling we had caught them up only to be scented and to hear the herd crash off again. A second endeavour to get close by making a big detour and strike their trail at right angles in a belt of big trees where we expected they would halt during the heat of the day, was also frustrated by the wind and they dashed away again for the third time. It was past midday now, I had been travelling hard since daybreak on an empty stomach, and, thoroughly done, gave up further pursuit.



*"Fascinated at seeing man for the first time in her life."*

None of us had a drop of water with us, a morsel of food or even a kola nut, and with about ten miles of bush between ourselves and the camp we felt it was time to be returning. The hunters mounted trees, declared they saw recognisable landmarks and

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we set off for home. At 3 p.m. they confessed we were lost and as I was just about played out they suggested they should leave me, find the camp and come back with food. It seemed highly probable that, if they could lose themselves once, they might do so a second time, and never locate the spot I had been left in, so I did not fall in with this arrangement.

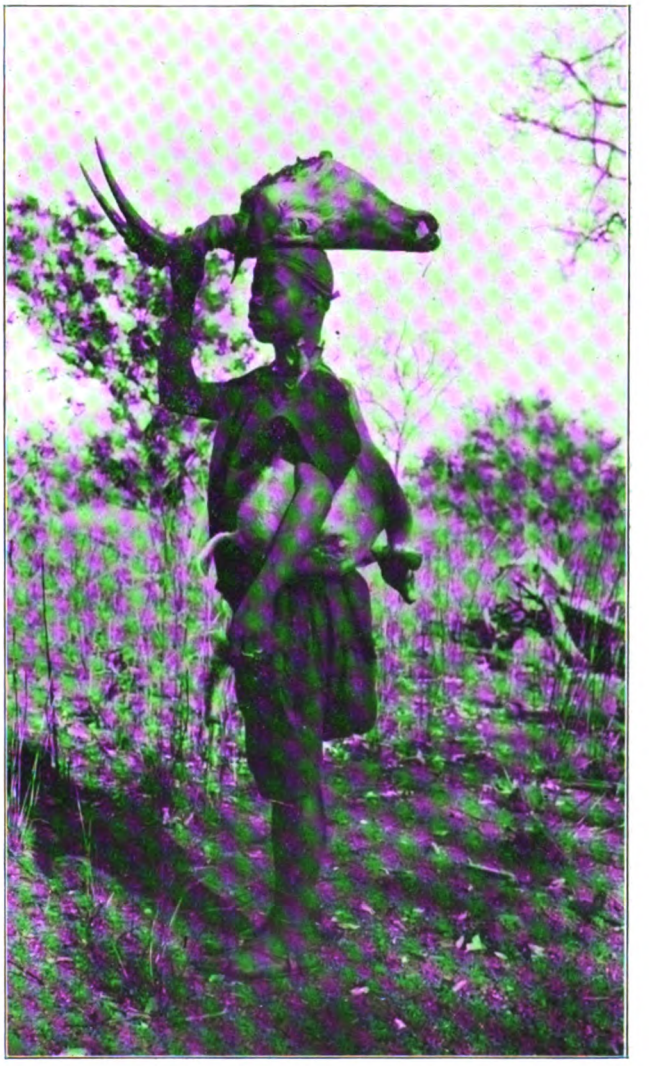
We knew our general direction had been pretty accurate and also that a line of trees, greener and larger than the surrounding scrub, marked the water where our camp was, and so pushed on from one strip of green vegetation to another hoping, but for long in vain, to stumble on it suddenly. Unfortunately also no meat had been killed, otherwise vultures in the sky, hovering over the drying pieces, would have given us a certain clue. Then to our joy, just as the sun was sinking, we heard in the distance two faint reports. My "boy" knowing something must be wrong, as I had been away all day without food, had had the sense to discharge my shot gun at intervals throughout the afternoon and guided by the sound I arrived back in the dark cooked to the world.

We had been at close quarters that morning with both buffalo and elephant and seen neither. My luck was dead out.

This camp was worth staying another day in but it brought us nothing. Then we suddenly came face to face with a party of two native hunters and a small boy carrying their food and an axe. I thought it an extraordinary coincidence to have met these natives in a trackless bush, where one could not see more than one hundred yards ahead—usually not more than half that distance—and forty miles from the nearest village. My men, however, told me that all the hunters in the country were now out in this bush, trying to obtain meat for their great Mohammedan feast of Bairam, which corresponds to the Passover, and was to take place in a few days. If they killed anything, they would carry back as much meat as possible, and if able to make their village the same day, return for help, concealing the remainder of the carcase with grass or bushes to protect it from vultures. It is seldom, however, that meat unless very well concealed will remain untouched for twenty-four hours. A few drops of blood overlooked or anything at all conspicuous about the way the beast is hidden and a vulture will come down to investigate. Once one solitary bird has spotted a free meal it is only a question of a few minutes before they are sailing in from all quarters and they soon dispose of anything smaller than an elephant. If you can throw the birds off the scent by day, it is long odds that hyenas or jackals discover your store during the night, in which case results are the same.

This particular trio were following the trail of a solitary female elephant with a calf at heel, a youngster so small that its footprints were not larger than those of a lion. They had been following her for two days and said, probably rightly, that they would have her in time, as she could not travel fast with a calf that size. Since leaving the Sénégal I have seen correspondence in the papers regarding preserving elephants in French West Africa, on similar lines to those enforced in our own colonies, and this was a case in point where the native, only thinking of meat, irrespective of sex and age, was doing his best to exterminate the game. Moving camp to the next water westward, we found a similar reed bed and similar tracks of another herd of buffalo on the outskirts.

It was a case of in after them or leave them alone, and within half-an-hour we had stumbled on to the lot. My guide suddenly halted and pointed ahead. Twenty-five yards away, I could just distinguish through the grass, a solitary brown form. There was no chance of even seeing which end the head was, much less to which sex the beast belonged. I had already heard a faint snort or two proceeding from the same direction and knew it was one of the herd and that in a few seconds it would stampede, carrying the rest with it. I gave the brown spot both barrels and the herd dashed off from almost under our feet, leaving a full grown cow behind, dead. It was "blind hookey" shooting in its worst form; moreover I respect bush cattle. They are nasty animals when irritated and I don't appreciate having to approach almost to scratching distance, and then fire, without knowing whether he is head or tail end on to you.



"*Hartebeeste . . . and duiker.*"

I had now been a week in this scrub, working hard morning and evening and with luck and undergrowth against me, only bagging one bush cow.

Christmas Eve I determined to make a special effort to give the porters a full meal. Starting off at dawn we walked till nearly midday without seeing a living thing to shoot at, and then fed and rested. We had brought out a full commissariat this time. Starting on the return journey in the afternoon, we were nearing camp, with the same absence of game as in the morning and I was feeling pretty disgusted with the country from a sporting aspect, when just as we were about to cross a small open space a couple of hartebeeste walked into it from the opposite end. This was the first opportunity I had had of properly seeing an antelope and taking my time at him since leaving Mon Médina and profiting by the opportunity I bagged the pair. Afraid of losing the meat if left out all night, the porters, on my return, went and brought it back by torchlight.

This was the turning point in my luck and during the following week I obtained the greater part of my total bag.

Two days later, moving west again, the guides began to whisper between themselves about midday, and finally admitted that we should have struck a water hole two hours previously, that they had missed it and did not know of any water nearer than the Nicola Koba, a river right out of our course and some six hours to the south. We decided to turn left-handed and try to make it before dark. I had made all the porters carry small water skins daily, so that we should not have been absolutely hung up even if we could not reach the river that night. It was a nuisance however, and as my guides' knowledge of the country was obviously getting daily hazier and they had acknowledged not knowing for certain where any water ahead was to be found I was afraid to keep on my original course.

All day we had been steadily ascending, although the undergrowth was so dense, and we were so occupied in struggling through it, that the rise had been hardly perceptible. Now, an hour after we

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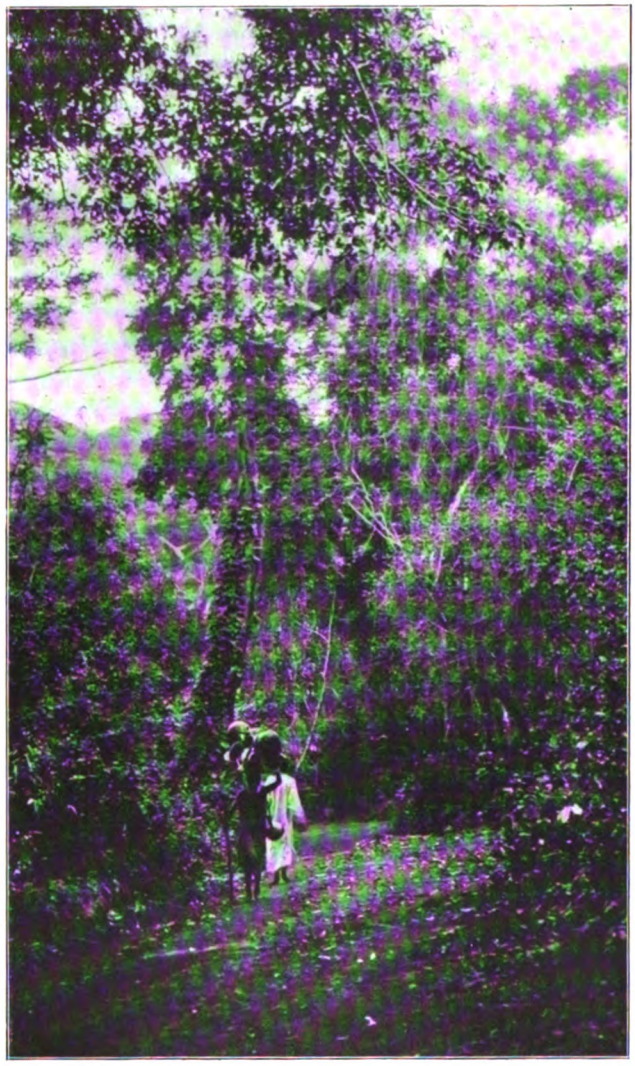
had turned south on our search for the Nicola Koba, the country suddenly opened out into a fine plateau, short grass, good water and game in abundance.

Here was the very spot I had been tramping the Sénégal and Gambia for two months to find, and hit upon by mere chance, moreover it was apparently unknown even to native hunters as the game had not been scared and was easy to approach. In fact one female reedbuck was so fascinated at seeing man for the first time in her life, that I had to throw stones at her before she would condescend to bolt. Unfortunately it had come almost too late as I had a good many miles yet between myself and the sea and could only spare a three days' halt. During that time nevertheless I managed to bag decent heads of hartebeeste, roan, oribi, duiker and bushbuck. With a little luck I should have seen eland and buffalo as well, for there were plenty of fresh tracks about. Then we descended again into the same old long grass, pushing on westwards towards Gamon. On New Year's day the guides had said we must be pretty near the village, or would perhaps probably strike the track that led to it during the morning, and they were correct.

About 10 a.m. two natives suddenly appeared moving silently across our front as we marched on. Although I was ahead of the caravan and saw them before the men, my porters recognised what they implied sooner than I did, and gave a shout which made the strangers heave away their loads and bolt for their lives. When we had reassured them they told us they were travelling south to the English Gambia, to barter cloth for kola nuts, and I found, as the men had already anticipated, that we had fetched up on the track and were only about four miles south of Gamon. All credit to my two hunters. We had been sixteen days wandering about in a tangled, trackless mass of vegetation, the distance between our entering point and destination being seventy miles as the crow flies, not allowing for all the twisting and turnings in search of water, and yet with no landmarks and several times in difficulties themselves, they had, with only the sun to guide them, brought me out within four miles of my objective. Our much vaunted road was not much class as roads go in England. It was a porter's track perhaps a foot wide and hardly distinguishable from a game trail. It put new life into the men however, and with a fugleman chanting out an improvised song about the hardships they had endured, the quantity of meat eaten, amount of money shortly to be paid them and other things dear to the native mind, and the remainder joining lustily in the chorus, we were speedily in Gamon. I accepted the chief's invitation to make myself at home in his village. As a rule, for peace and a quiet night the bush is infinitely preferable to a village, and this one was no exception. There is no privacy in a French native village. The European rest house with its screening wall of green or wattle, as it exists in our African colonies is unknown here, and if there happens to be a traveller's hut, it is certain to be in the centre of the village in full view of every loafer who likes to come along and stare at you. You also know that the only object in life of every village dog is to carry off one of the heads that has cost you so much labour to obtain, and then there is that nightly grating sound when everything is quiet and you wake up wondering whether the author, a hungry mouse, has succeeded in working his way into your precious flour sack or eaten a hole in your only pair of trousers. Even dawn seldom brings peace, for after the first cocks start, there is the village crier (in a Mohammedan village) calling the Faithful to worship, and then more cock crowing until finally the village is fairly awake and the sun begins to show.

I turned in that night with mingled feelings of relief and regret—relief, that we were through without having been once really badly hung up for water, regret at the opportunities which might have arisen, but did not, of making a fine bag. From Gamon onwards hunting practically ceased and porter troubles commenced in earnest. I had now roughly 330 miles to rail-head for the coast, and twenty-five days before my steamer left. This meant reeling off a steady thirteen miles a day, Sundays and week-days, and a double journey if I stopped a day anywhere to shoot.



*"Two natives . . . moving silently across our front."*

Gamon was just inside a new district, the "Circle de Maka." Here the rule was that you engaged porters from one village to the next along the main route. No man need go further once he had deposited his load in the next village. I paid off all my old lot of "Haute Gambie" men, after having been with me nearly three weeks, and just as we were beginning to know each other, and then my difficulties started. This stage system of porterage is hopeless for anyone wanting to shoot, as the local chiefs are only obliged to see you out of their own village and dumped down in their neighbour's. Your men's only idea is to get the journey over and be back in their own huts the same night. They wont leave the road or halt whilst you hunt and you have no power to make them, bearing in mind the fact that they are protected by law from the stick and if you were to cut their pay, the next relay of men would refuse to carry your loads any further.

It is the cause of endless daily worry and trouble, listening by the hour to palavers of lies and excuses on the part of chiefs as to why they cannot furnish you with the number of men you require.

At Gamon the chief was bubbling over with promises and goodwill. However I persuaded him to assemble all my men the night before I started, and went through what I knew to be a useless farce of writing down their names.

One third hooked it during the night and the sun had been up a couple of hours before I finally made a start, with substitutes, for the next village twelve miles away.

Here I found that the festivities of December 24th had been too much for the inhabitants. They had set fire to their village and gutted the whole place. A week had since passed, the women were out in the fields collecting grass for new roofs, and the men all resting under the village tree, presumably expecting Providence to rebuild their huts for them but not putting in a hand's turn to help. This was a grand opportunity of evading supplying me with porters and it looked, at one time, as though I was booked to remain in my present position (inside the shell of a burnt out house, with a mat

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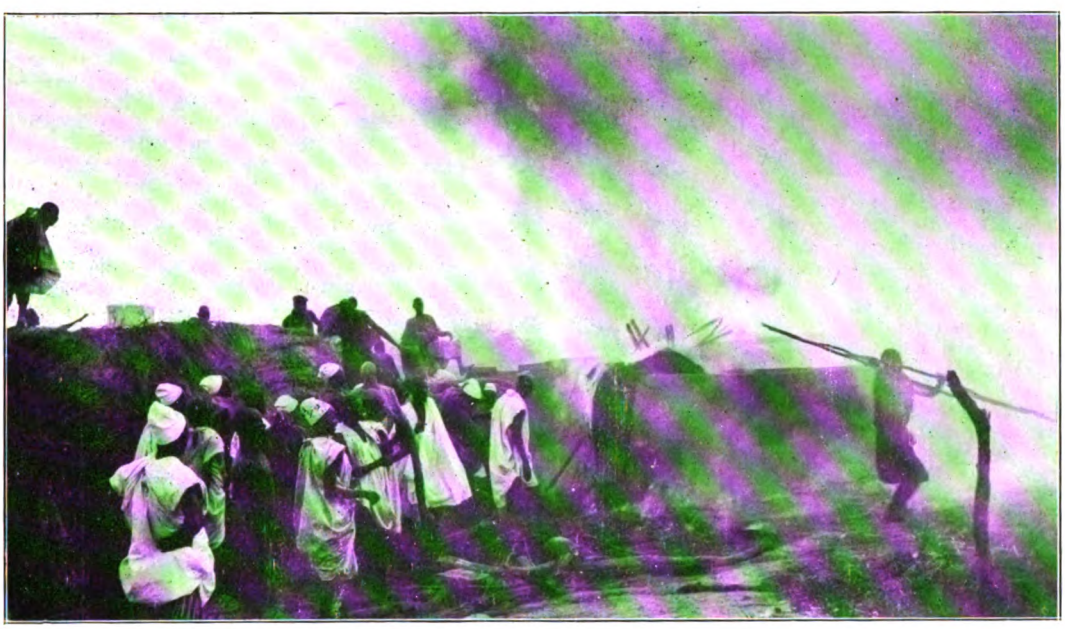
over one corner of the top, where a roof had been, as protection against the sun) for the rest of my existence. They weighed up whether it would be less annoying having to feed me than to see me to the next village only six miles on, and eventually decided to let me move. A six mile march was not much use to me, especially as the village beyond that was only a further six miles, and I wanted a relay of men at 8 a.m. to take me the second stage. This palaver occupied two hours although the chief could have got his men together in five minutes if he had wanted to. I managed to get my relay by representing that half the crowned heads of St. Louis—the only place of importance they understood, as it is their capital—were waiting for me, their special ambassador, at the coast, and if I only travelled six miles a day my head and that of the chiefs who delayed me would be forfeit.

Little did they care for a wrathful adjutant, far away at Dover, or an unfortunate officer being asked to put into writing his reasons as to why he had overstayed his leave a fortnight. They did, some of them, realise the enormity of delaying a white man whom officials (in unknown quantity) superior in rank to their own district commandant, the only European of their acquaintance for whom they had any respect, were waiting to see. This sort of thing went on daily over the hundred miles between Gamon and Maka. If I could have purchased bullocks or donkeys and hired men to go right through I would have done so, but then again I should have had to change the drivers at each stage.

*(To be concluded).*



*"They had set fire to their village."*

## HANNAH SNELL, A WOMAN SOLDIER.*

HANNAH SNELL was born on the 23rd April, 1723, in the city of Worcester. Her father was a hosier, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom Hannah was the youngest. It is said that in her youth this girl showed a bad spirit, and even a martial turn. However this may be, after the death of her parents she came, in 1740, to London to reside with a sister, married to a ship carpenter, at Wapping. About two years afterwards Hannah married a Dutch seaman, who proved a very bad husband. After using her shamefully he finally ran off, leaving her on the eve of bringing her first child into the world. This child only survived seven months, and some time after its decease Hannah, finding herself alone and unencumbered, formed the romantic notion of setting out in search of her eloped spouse, for whom she still appears to have entertained a strong affection.

The best way of finding him, she thought, was to enter the Army. Accordingly, secretly assuming her brother-in-law's dress, and also borrowing his name, which was James Gray, Hannah set out in November, 1745, for Coventry, where she enlisted in the corps of General Guise. The main body of this regiment was then at Carlisle, and Hannah was sent thither with other recruits.

Shortly after this, a recruit who had before known her, joined the regiment, and Hannah, afraid of exposure, besides being already disgusted with her situation, resolved to desert. She did so, and got in safety to Portsmouth, where she enlisted in the Marines, and was speedily drafted on board the *Swallow*, sloop of war, destined to join Admiral Boscawen's fleet in the East Indies. Hannah's sex remained undetected on board of the *Swallow*, though she did not scruple to show a degree of womanly skill in washing and in cooking, which caused her to be much beloved by her comrades. She, however, went through all ordinary duties at the same time—such as taking her turn on watch, exercising, and the like. About the Bay of Biscay the *Swallow* fell into great distress, and after much severe work at the pumps, in which Hannah took her full share, as she did in all the most trying duties, the sloop put into Lisbon, and afterwards succeeded in joining the rest of the fleet, which the Admiral led against the Mauritius. Hannah made herself noted by her extreme bravery in the attack on the island, which proved unsuccessful.

From the Mauritius the fleet sailed to Fort St. David, on the Coromandel Coast, where the Marines were put on shore to join the army in that country. The siege of Areacopong was the first enterprise in which our heroic heroine was here engaged, and she gained so much applause for her soldierly conduct that she was chosen as one of a select band ordered upon the dangerous service of bringing stores from the shore at a particular point. This service was successfully effected, and Hannah distinguished herself by revenging a comrade's death, killing the author of it with her own hands.

The siege of Pondicherry followed these events, and here Hannah underwent the most severe toil. She was on guard seven nights successively, and stood a great part of the time up to the breast in water, exposed continually to the enemy's shot. She herself fired thirty-seven rounds, and when the place was taken, she came off with six wounds in one leg and five in the other. The wounds were submitted to the care of the surgeon.

On leaving the hospital, the brave soldier James Gray, as she was called, was put on board of the *Tartar Pink*, and afterwards of the *Eltham*, man-of-war; while in this vessel, having refused to sing at the wish of a domineering lieutenant, she was doomed to a dozen lashes and to four days' confinement in irons, on the pretext of her having stolen a shirt, though the spite of the officer was the real cause. The shirt was afterwards found in the owner's trunk, and her innocence established. Hannah was at length sent to England in the *Eltham*. Being called "Molly Gray" by her comrades, on account of her smooth chin, every frolic that could

* A correspondent from Newcastle-on-Tyne sends us the account of Hannah Snell, who was born on St. George's Day, 187 years ago, thinking it will be suitable matter for our pages. The article is apparently taken from the pages of some newspaper, but what paper, our correspondent does not tell us. The matter is not without interest; at any rate, it is appropriate for our issue on account of the heroine having been born on St. George's Day.—(Ed., "St. G. G.")

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help to conceal her true character was joined in by her whenever the ship touched at any port, and she thus succeeded in getting her appellation changed to that of "Hearty Jemmy." At Lisbon she heard, by mere accident, that her husband had perished at the hands of the public executioner at Genoa, for murdering a native of that city. Thus was Hannah's original reason for donning man's attire done away with.

On reaching England in 1750, Hannah had the honour of receiving two offers of marriage, one of these took place in London, when having received her pay, and being about to part with her comrades, Hannah disclosed to them the secret which she had previously been so assiduous to preserve. One of her old comrades offered her his hand on the spot, but she declined the proposal. Her wounds, and the remarkable nature of her adventures now attracted the attention of the Duke of York, who ultimately settled on her a pension of £30. Before this grant was made, Hannah, having assumed the habit of a woman and taken up her residence with her sister, was induced, in consequence of the attention which her story excited, to appear on the boards of Goodman's Field Theatre and to sing some songs, and to perform the sword exercise. The pension placed her above the necessity of resorting to such public exhibitions of herself for subsistence. She lived to the year 1779, and died in the fifty-sixth year of her age. From the portraits given of her, she appears to have been stoutly-formed and not ill-looking.

## THE STORY OF THE BAYONET.

*(Reprinted by permission of the Editor, "The Army and Navy Chronicle.")*

AT a very recent period there were not wanting critics—including military officers—who went about saying and writing that the days of fighting with the cold steel were past, that the great accuracy and rapidity of fire of the modern magazine rifle would shortly relegate the bayonet to the limbo of museums and curio shops. The events of the Boer war rather lent point to their arguments, for though the Irish Fusiliers and the Dublins at Talana Hill, the Marines at Graspan, and the Dublins again at Ladysmith, made gallant attempts to get at the enemy with the bayonet the Boers were too slippery for them and got away before they really felt the effects of the cold steel. During the rest of the war the combatants on both sides were usually content to "crape and crawl and scharne," as the song puts it, and of hand to hand fighting there were little or none.

But the Russo-Japanese campaign knocked all these theories on the head. Here the intrepidity and dash of the little Japanese encountered the bravery and stubborness of the Muscovite troops, who, whatever their leading and generalship, had always put the greatest faith in the bayonet. "The bayonet is a strong man, the bullet a silly woman," said Suvaroff, the famous Russian General of days gone by, and the Russians in Manchuria, with the long 4-fluted bayonets with screw-driver points, which they never remove from their rifles, showed that they had not forgotten the traditions of their army.

The history of the bayonet, as compared with that of other modern weapons, is a short one. It was not invented till the middle of the seventeenth century, and was not adopted by the British Army till 1672. Its ancestry is a somewhat mixed one. It is of course, in one sense, the successor of the pike or spear, with which a portion of the men of an infantry battalion were armed for some time after the introduction of the musket. But its immediate predecessor was the "swine's feather," which in its turn took the place of the pointed stake, which was planted in the ground by archers, to protect themselves from the charge of mounted troops. Later the musketeers with their heavy arquebuses and their rests found themselves somewhat defenceless against cavalry, until some unknown genius equipped the latter with a long rectangular spike and so enabled it, in addition to its ordinary functions, to take the place of the archers' pointed stake. In some cases the shaft, being made of iron tubing covered with leather, contained the spike which sprang up and fixed itself in position on a spring being released, in others one of the prongs of the rest terminated in a similar blade. But as muskets became lighter, rests were no longer required, and then it was that the bayonet made its appearance. Its name is generally supposed to be derived from Bayonne, where, according to some accounts, it was first made, but there are other stories as to its origin. One of these states that the Malays were the first people to improvise a weapon of this kind, by fastening their krisses to the ends of their muskets. Again it is said to have been invented by De Puysegur, a native of Bayonne. The probability is that this French officer merely adapted a broad-bladed knife or dagger, which had been made and commonly used at his native place for a number of years, as a bayonet in the present sense of the word. For it appears that "Bayonette" was the name given to a special class of dagger in more or less general use long before his time, and especially by cross-bowmen, for a dictionary, published in 1611, gives "Bayonnier" as the French for this class of mediæval soldier.

But after all the origin of its name is immaterial. The fact remains that somewhere between 1630 and 1646, the musketeer began to carry a bayonet as part of his equipment. The first bayonets were what were known as "plug bayonets," because their handles were made in the form of a wooden plug to fit tightly into the muzzle of the musket. The earliest types had blades a good inch wide and handles a foot long. The handles were originally the same length as the blade, but were soon shortened to 8in. or 9in. Later on the shape of the blade was altered and the weapon was fitted with a small cross guard. Several of these kind of bayonets are to be seen in the Tower of London; some were of a rather more elaborately decorated kind bearing the inscription "God save King James the IInd." Some of the Continental patterns were most handsome. We may note in passing that Napoleon III.'s famous squadron of "Cent Gardes," cavaliers resplendent in decorated cuirasses, sky-blue coats and enormous white horse hair plumes falling to the waist, carried long thin swords which they were able to fix bayonet-wise to their carbines. Although the plug bayonet continued in use in the British service up to the end of the 17th century, Continental nations had some time before determined that as the musket could not be fired when it was fixed, an improvement must be made. A better type was one with ring and catch and a very long blade dating from 1641. The British before very long had disagreeable experience of the improved weapon, for in one of the campaigns in Flanders the men of the 25th Regiment, whose bayonets were made to screw into the muzzle of their fire-locks, were attacked by a French regiment, which, having its bayonets fitted by a ring over the muzzle, fired a volley and immediately charged them, greatly to their astonishment. A similar misfortune befel the British troops at the battle of Killiekrankie in 1689 between the forces of William III., under General Mackay and the adherents of James II. under Graham of Claverhouse. A sudden onslaught of the Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons with target and broad-sword caught the red-coats with unfixed bayonets and what between the ceasing of fire in order to fix them, the fumbling during the operation and the impossibility of firing after it had been completed, the soldiers were swept away in rout in the space of two minutes. It is said that after this General Mackay invented the bayonet with two rings so that "the soldiers may safely keep their fire till they "pour it into their breasts, and then have no other motion but to "push as with a pick." But a far more serviceable bayonet was already made on the Continent. It was a regular socket-bayonet fitting over the muzzle of the musket and prevented from turning by a slot fitting over a stud. The British Army adopted a similar weapon about the same time. Bayonets more or less of this pattern continued in use all through the 18th century. At the latter part the famous musket known as "Brown Bess," with which the British fought their way all through the Peninsula war, and defeated the French at Waterloo, was fitted with the triangular bayonet, and excellent use they made of it, as even their opponents acknowledged. "The English infantry," wrote the French General Foy, "is not afraid of charging the enemy with the bayonet."

At Fuentes de Onoro, May, 1811, the Connaught Rangers cleared the streets of the French Grenadiers at the bayonet's point. At Almarez the 50th and 71st Regiments stormed Fort Napoleon, defended by 9 guns and 500 French troops, in three places and drove them out with the bayonet. At the battle of Sauroren the 27th and 48th fell upon the enemy three separate times with the bayonet, and lost more than half their own numbers, while in one of the battles of the Pyrences the Grenadier Company of the 20th Regiment actually charged the head of a whole French column and drove it back. Instances of a similar kind might be multiplied to almost any extent, for with the bayonet the British soldier has rarely met his match. The triangular "Brown Bess" bayonet, with various modifications, survived in the British service up to the introduction of the present knife-bayonet. The first important improvement was the adoption of a spring catch on the socket to prevent it being pulled off the musket at close quarters. This was succeeded by a catch on the rifle itself serving a similar purpose, and finally in 1853 the "locking-ring" was introduced. This contrivance revolving round the socket of the bayonet allowed the foresight of the rifle to pass through it, after which a partial turn locked it firmly to the rifle's barrel. The bayonet of our first breech-loading rifle, the "Snider," was only half an inch longer than that of "Brown Bess," and had a straight point instead of a slightly

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curved one. The Martini-Henry rifle being a shorter weapon made up its length by having a bayonet five inches longer (originally it was intended to fit it with the heavy new saw-backed sword-bayonet). Otherwise it was the same in appearance. This bayonet did effective service in Egypt and the Soudan, and with it the Marines and Highlanders in the broken square at Tamai were enabled after a sanguinary combat to beat off the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" with their heavy trenchant swords. There was an outcry at the time on account of the bending or breaking of a considerable number of these long thin rapier-like weapons, but on enquiry, it was discovered that these were not made in the Government factory at all, but had been purchased and passed by the Indian Office under a former system of supply. For its particular work the Martini long triangular type was hard to beat, and it is related that when the new short knife-bayonet was introduced in a British regiment in Egypt a deputation of old soldiers waited on the commanding officer to object to it, which they did on the grounds:—"We can't get it in and we can't get it out."

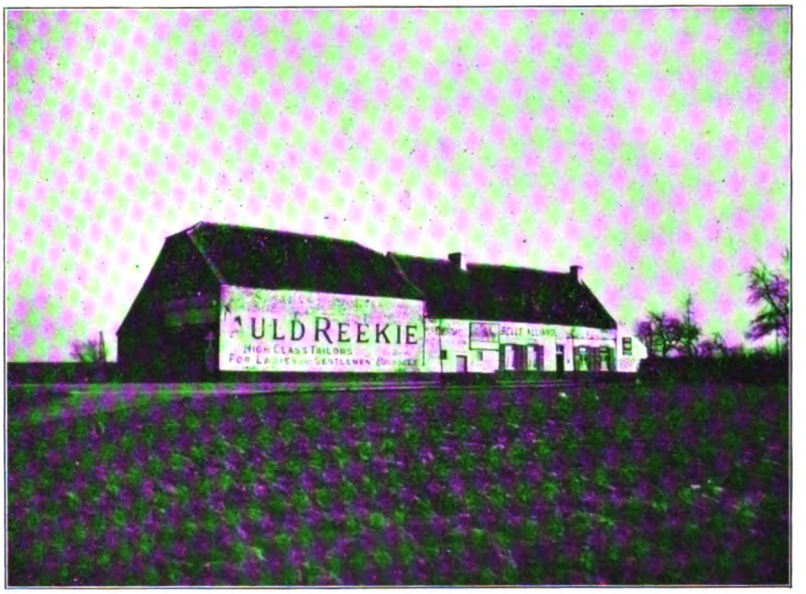
Concurrently with the triangular socket-bayonet various types of sword-bayonets were adopted by certain regiments in the British service and by some Continental nations. Thus the British Rifle Brigade had a sword-bayonet in the Peninsular; and the Engineers belonging to the Honourable East India Company had a queer looking bayonet with a socket in 1845. A very queerly shaped Indian bayonet was used in 1810; it could hardly have been adapted for thrusting, but might perhaps have been formidable as a cutting weapon. A broad Austrian bayonet was used between 1830 and 1850. A peculiar Swiss type, fitting into a tube brazed to the musket barrel where it was retained by a catch, was also in use at one time. The Spenser repeating carbine, which was used here and there in the sixties, had a flat brass-hilted bayonet. The Royal Engineers carried a sword-bayonet with black handle and brass mounts about the same period. This would seem to have been suitable, either for cutting or thrusting, as the strong central rib gave it great stiffness. It is noteworthy that the Germans, having already decided to abandon the short knife-like bayonet that became almost universal after the introduction of the magazine rifle, have adopted a weapon that, though smaller and lighter, is of very similar construction. The Navy, too, for a number of years combined cutlass and bayonet. This weapon, while forming a serviceable sword, was too heavy and unwieldy to be a successful bayonet, besides which its weight acted deleteriously upon the barrel. A shorter sword-bayonet was therefore substituted, which lasted till the introduction of the short dagger-bayonet which is now used both in the British Army and Navy. During the reign of the long socket-bayonet, the sergeants of infantry, the Rifles and one or two other corps carried a heavy sword-bayonet, not at all unlike the French type, except that it had a straight guard and a black handle instead of a brass one. This French pattern was what was used in the great war of 1870, their opponents then being mostly armed with a triangular type. This, with the introduction of the Lebel rifle, gave place to a light straight sword-bayonet, which was again replaced by the very long steel-handled weapon at present in use. The Lee-Enfield latest pattern bayonet is a very strong short knife-like instrument, which may be very useful in campaigning, but hardly so well adapted for thrusting as the French and German types. The United States Army bayonet goes to the other extreme, being merely a sharply pointed rod, which lies under the stock of the rifle and is pulled forward and held by a catch when required—just as were the "swine's feathers" in the old musket rest. We may conclude by the following extracts from an article by a Russian officer who fought in the late war, and after reading them we must admit that there is little chance of the bayonet ever becoming obsolete:—"It is thus impossible to pass over in silence the value of the "bayonet as a means of education for the soldier," he writes. "The indispensable condition of its employment being the crossing "of the bayonet body to body engenders the need to advance, of "approaching the enemy, and inculcates in the soldier the idea "that the fire combat is only the preparation for the bayonet charge. "A soldier trained in this school does not fear the assault of the "enemy and does not himself hesitate to march to the assault. "Personally, as witness, and as an actor in the bayonet assaults, I "have seen the *arme blanche* clear, in a few minutes, trenches on "which for three days we have rained thousands of bullets. I have "seen the moral effect on the victorious soldier after a bayonet "assault. I have seen how implacable and decisive such a shock "is; after it, the die is cast, there are only the living victors and "the vanquished dead."

Table shewing the lengths of modern service rifles, with bayonets fixed:—

| | ft. | in. |
|---|---|---|
| France ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 6 | 0 |
| Germany ... ... | 5 | 10 |
| Russia ... ... | 5 | 9 |
| Turkey ... ... | 5 | 7 |
| Japan ... ... | 5 | 5 |
| Denmark ... ... | 5 | 3 |
| Italy ... ... | 5 | 2 |
| Great Britain ... | 4 | 8½ |
| United States ... | 4 | 6 |

N.B.—The British rifle referred to is the new short Lee-Enfield, which is not yet in universal use. The older pattern with bayonet is 5ft. 1½in. long.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, the authorities have awakened to the fact that the British soldier is armed with a rifle and bayonet which is six inches shorter than any other with the exception of that carried by the United States infantryman. In many cases the comparison is still more to his disadvantage. It is now decided that Atkins is to be equipped with a sword-bayonet, modelled on that worn by the Japanese soldier, which has been selected out of a number which have been carefully considered. It is said to be fully five inches longer than our present knife-bayonet.




LA BELLE ALLIANCE, ON THE BRUSSELS-CHARLEROI ROAD. FROM THIS POINT NAPOLEON WATCHED THE BATTLE, AND IT WAS HERE THAT WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER MET AND SALUTED EACH OTHER AS VICTORS, ON THE EVENING OF THE 18TH JUNE.

## A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF 1815.

(By B. T. B.)

*(Illustrated with photographs taken by the Writer.)*

*(Concluded from page 68).*

Although the hotel Concièrge will probably try and persuade you that the best way of seeing the battlefield of Waterloo is to go there and back in the coach, which leaves Brussels every morning, I do not recommend this form of conveyance. Not only does it tie you down to a particular hour for returning, but it will necessitate a rather weary tramp if a proper idea of the battlefield is required.

You cannot do better than hire a motor again from the garage in the Rue des Commercants for nominally half a day. This will cost fifty francs, and perhaps five francs as a tip to the chauffeur.

On reaching the battlefield (a drive of thirty-five minutes) go straight to La Belle Alliance. Get out a plan of the battle and a narrative, and study the situation as it appeared to Napoleon when, from this point, on the morning of the 18th June, he saw, with agreeable surprise, the army of Wellington drawn up 1,400 yards away on the ridge of Mont St. Jean. To your front, in a dip of the ground between the two armies, the farm of La Haye Sainte, de-

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fended to the last cartridge by 400 of the King's German Legion; half a mile away to your left front the roof of Hougomont lying well in advance of the British right nestling among some trees in the hollow; and a mile distant to your right front a collection of farm buildings known as Papelotte, La Haye, and Smohain. These latter advanced posts in front of the British left were held by Saxe Weimar's Nassau Brigade. A spire can just be seen in the low ground threequarters of a mile away to your right rear. This is Plancenoit Church, which marks the last stand of Napoleon's Old Guard against the persistent and eventually successful attacks of Bülow's Brigades. The capture of Plancenoit cost the Prussians 5,000 casualties in about three hours' fighting. It was the decisive point, for its possession by Bülow set a seal on the allied victory, and also on the further resistance of Napoleon's right flank. This picturesque and straggling village, on the steep semi-circular slopes, which fall away to the east, should be looked at from the Prussian side. So vitally close to the French line retreat was it that there can be small wonder that Napoleon's attention during the latter part of the afternoon was so wholly absorbed in this part of the field.

PLANCENOIT VILLAGE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. THE CHURCHYARD WAS THE SCENE OF DESPERATE FIGHTING, AND WAS MOST GALLANTLY DEFENDED BY THE OLD GUARD AGAINST REPEATED ATTACKS OF BÜLOW'S BRIGADES.

Visit next the farm of La Haye Sainte, the scene of Baring's heroic stand and the gallant attacks of the Brigades of Allix. Much of the soil above the north-western angle of the farm has been removed for the construction of the mound on which the Belgian Lion now stands. This has altered slightly the patch of dead ground, which so nearly proved fatal to Wellington's line of defence. Do not be induced to think that any fee can be legally extorted by the occupants of the farm.

And now to Hougomont. Unfortunately the wood which adjoined the southern wall has been cut down, but the rising ground, 400 yards to the west, which commands the farm enclosures and kitchen garden, tells a tale of the seven hours' bombardment to which the gallant defenders were subjected. The interior of the chateau and enclosure are well worth inspection. There is a small fee for this. Send your motor to meet you at the steps of the Belgian Lion, and walk through Hougomont to the north-eastern angle to see the ground over which Colonel Colborne led the 52nd in the famous counter attack against the Imperial Guard. Follow the slope up to the Belgian Lion to the centre of the British right, where Halkett, Kielmansegge and Ompteda withstood the repeated charges of 77 squadrons under Marshal Ney, and then, if you wish to get a somewhat false idea of the ground, do as all tourists do, and ascend the 200 steps to the Belgian Lion. The view, of course, is very fine, and you will, for a franc, hear quite a good lecture from an English guide, who is an old soldier. A climb to the top of the monumental mound, which was chiefly constructed by female labour, is about the extent of the acquaintance with the battle field which most tourists care to make. If you spare your legs and pass by, you will lose very little.

Following the road to Wavre, on which Picton's Division was deployed, with Bylandt's unfortunate Brigade exposed to the full fury of the French attack on the forward slope, make for the village of Smohain. Notice *en route* the ground over which the Union Brigade charged down on the helpless masses of Donzelot and Marcognet. An isolated red brick building stands now where Pack's Highlanders joined the Scots Greys as they swept forward in their wild career through the great French battery of seventy-eight guns. This battery was ranged along an underfeature which runs parallel to and only 600 yards away from the British position.

The various advanced posts round the village of Smohain are somewhat difficult to distinguish. Not only does the native render one little assistance in the matter, but the nomenclature has in some cases been altered since the battle. Except for Papelotte, the other buildings are ill-suited for defence, as the wood of Frischermont restricts the field of fire to a considerable extent.

Attacked by part of Durutte's Division, they were fortunately never wholly captured by the French. The arrival of Zieten's Corps late in the afternoon entirely re-established Saxe Weimar's position in these posts.

Our tour of the battlefield may now be considered finished. There is a museum and also a restaurant on the battlefield near the Belgian Lion. The museum is hardly worth visiting. The restaurant is kept by an Englishman. It is like other English restaurants abroad. That is my reason for recommending others to take food with them in the car.

On the way back to Brussels, stop in the village of Waterloo and see the interior of the church there.

In this church are several memorial tablets put up by British regiments to the officers and men who fell during the four days' fighting. Nowhere on the actual battlefields is a British memorial to be seen, except one erected a few years ago in Hougomont.

INTERIOR OF HOUGOMONT, SHOWING THE GATEWAY AT THE NORTH-WESTERN ANGLE WHICH THE FRENCH FORCED, BUT WHICH FOUR OFFICERS AND A SERGEANT COLDSTREAM GUARDS SUCCEEDED IN CLOSING AGAINST THEIR ASSAILANTS. A WELL IN THE CENTRE WAS FILLED WITH THE DEAD BODIES OF A NUMBER OF THE DEFENDERS.

Opposite the church is the inn where the Duke established his headquarters on the night of the 18th June, and the room where his staff officer, Colonel Gordon, died of his wounds.

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 330.]** **Thursday, 30th June, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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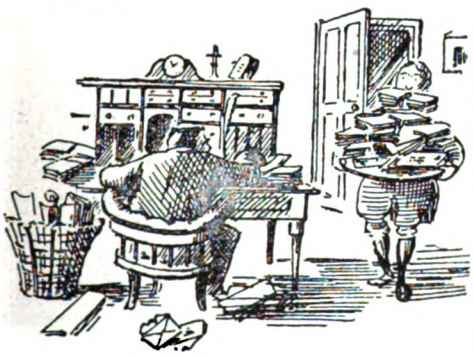
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*

*30th June, 1910.*



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## BIRTHS.

BOLTON.—On the 29th April, at Cliffden, Murree Hills, India, the wife of No. 8180 Sergeant J. Bolton, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

BURNELL.—On the 25th ult., at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 2787 Sergeant J. Burnell, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

FUTERS.—On the 16th ult., at Dover, the wife of No. 3545 Lance-Corporal Futers, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

HARVEY.—On the 19th April, at Cliffden, Murree Hills, India, the wife of No. 4926 Sergeant H. Harvey, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

JAMES.—On the 19th inst., at 34, Wilton Crescent, S.W., the wife of Captain G. M. James, The Buffs (late Northumberland Fusiliers), of a daughter.

WELLBURN.—On the 8th April, at Rawal Pindi, India, the wife of No. 7931 Sergeant G. Wellburn, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

## DEATHS.

CONLAN.—On the 25th inst., at Athlone, Ireland, Edith, wife of Mr. E. G. Conlan, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

DAY.—On the 6th inst., at Sherborne, Dorset, Edward Day, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 49 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain Francis P. Braithwaite resigns his commission (dated 4th June, 1910). Second-Lieutenant G. R. Leverson to be Adjutant, *vice* Captain H. W. Archer (dated 26th June, 1910).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Quartermaster and Honorary-Lieutenant T. A. Hedley is granted honorary rank of Captain (dated 28th April, 1910).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Honorary-Major J. P. L. Bentham, and Captain W. L. Bentham, resign their commissions (dated 25th February, 1910). Captain J. S. Orde resigns his commission (dated 6th April, 1910). Quartermaster and Honorary-Captain J. O'Neill resigns his commission (dated 28th April, 1910). G. Armstrong to be Second-Lieutenant, with precedence next above supernumerary

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Second-Lieutenant P. P. Phillips (to be supernumerary) (dated 8th April, 1910). Lieutenant A. J. Davis resigns his commission; Second-Lieutenant R. F. Petterson resigns his commission (dated 22nd June, 1910). R. J. Holloway to be Quartermaster, with the honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 17th May, 1910).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant A. Temperley resigns his commission (dated 22nd June, 1910). Second-Lieutenant G. L. Paget resigns his commission (dated 25th June, 1910).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant E. A. Mallett, from Tynemouth Royal Garrison Artillery, to be Lieutenant (dated 21st May, 1910).

THE BAND, 1ST BATTALION, PLAYING AT GHARIAL, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant A. C. Milne-Home).*

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

GHARIAL,
MURREE HILLS, INDIA,
1st June, 1910.

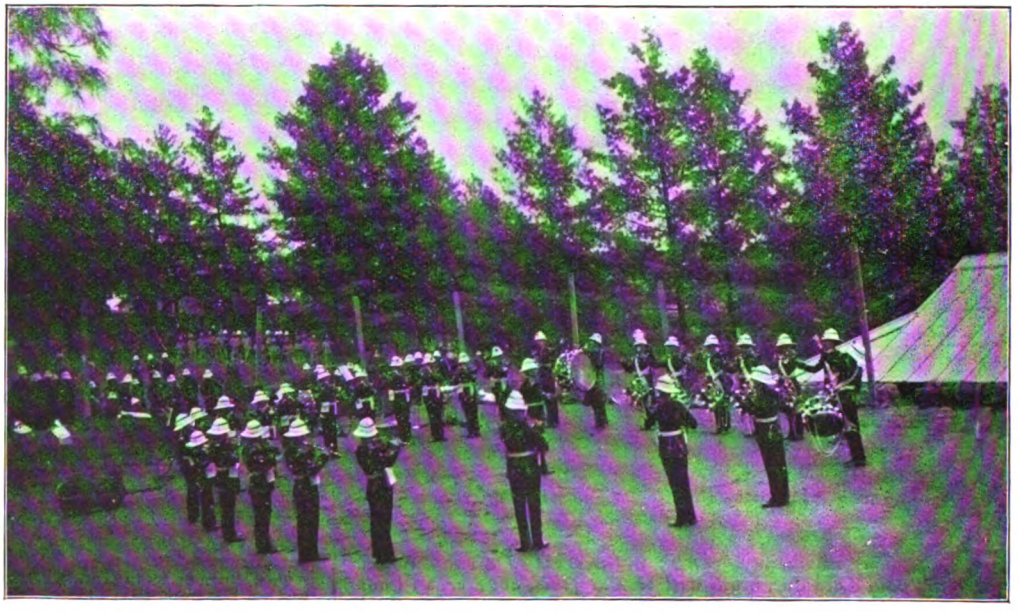
THE past month has been overshadowed by the death of His late Majesty King Edward VII. It came to us as a complete surprise, as many of us had no idea that he was seriously ill.

The Annual Regimental Sports were held on Monday, the 30th May. The Khud Race was run a week previously, in which Private Baxter repeated his success of last year by coming in at least two minutes ahead of anyone else; he also won the One Mile Race. Corporal Wadsworth and Private Webster won so many first prizes that we must really devise some means of increasing the field of competition next year. The final of the Tug-of-War was most exciting, D Company winning after two severe pulls with E Company in the final.

We had a very slight shock of earthquake the other night, so slight was it that some quite uncalled for insinuations have been made by a non-bridge player, who had gone to bed before the earth shook ! ! !

The local leopard has been located (by a disinterested native of course). An officer of a distinguished corps searched for the spots of the aforesaid leopard for two whole nights, but found them not. He is evidently possessed of an obsolete copy of the Musketry Regulations. We can only find brown Germans; no bull's-eyes or other spots on what we shoot at in these days, and nights.

We should have recorded in last month's notes the fact that, with a view to cementing our old established friendship with the 71st Highland Light Infantry, we



THE DRUMS, 1ST BATTALION, PLAYING OUTSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS AT GHARIAL, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant A. C. Milne-Home).*

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have made one another permanent honorary members.

We hear from our Srinagar correspondent that the season there is in full swing. Though the weather conditions were atrocious for the greater portion of last month, and one felt far safer on a boat than on land, they have been amply atoned for this month by a succession of perfect days.

Polo is going strong, and there have been some excellent games. There are now twenty-three players, which gives eleven or twelve chukkers. Last week there was an American Tournament, for which four teams entered, the "What Not" team coming out victorious. In a few days time the "week" begins. Included in the various functions are a polo tournament, horse show, dog show, golf tournament, tennis tournament and regatta. The Maharajah is presenting a challenge cup for the polo tournament, being anxious to do what he can to attract those here to play.

If one is not keen on going to chase the wily Himalayan goat up and down his mountain fastnesses, one cannot very well put in a more enjoyable three months' leave than by trekking up there with ponies, playing good polo three times a week, supplemented by golf, fishing and bear shooting, to say nothing of the attractions of pariah dog shikar and a new and most exhilarating form of aquatics called night diving. The extraordinary kindness and hospitality of the residents considerably adds to the enjoyment of the place.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

*To be Sergeants:—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 8276 | Lance-Sergeant | B. Hill | from 22/4/10 |
| ,, 4266 | ,, | W. Horn | ,, 2/5/10 |

*To be Corporals:—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1361 | Lance-Corporal | H. Butler | from 22/4/10 |
| ,, 1203 | ,, | E. Bradford | ,, 2/5/10 |

*To be paid Lance-Corporals:—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 701 | Lance-Corporal | R. Gardiner | from 22/4/10 |
| ,, 1031 | ,, | G. Banks | ,, 2/5/10 |
| ,, 9949 | ,, | J. Wodehouse | ,, 24/5/10 |

*To be Drummer:—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 9682 | Private | E. Creighton | from 2/5/10 |

No. 5749 Colour-Sergeant F. Payne has re-engaged to complete 21 years' Army Service, and No. 7761 Lance-Sergeant A. Graham has extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

Private A. Boothman has been transferred from the 2nd Battalion Cheshire Regiment to serve with his elder brother in this Battalion.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 9797 | Private | J. Kemp | 1 | from | 23/2/10 |
| ,, 1068 | ,, | W. Schofield | 2 | ,, | 17/3/10 |
| ,, 1062 | ,, | T. Sutcliffe | 2 | ,, | 17/3/10 |
| ,, 455 | ,, | S. Lown | 1 | ,, | 21/3/10 |
| ,, 1212 | ,, | J. Jones | 1 | ,, | 26/3/10 |
| ,, 1111 | ,, | C. T. Foster | 2 | ,, | 31/3/10 |
| ,, 2203 | ,, | D. Piper | 1 | ,, | 1/4/10 |
| ,, 1136 | ,, | C. Seabridge | 1 | ,, | 5/4/10 |
| ,, 1021 | ,, | T. H. Anderson | 2 | ,, | 17/4/10 |
| ,, 1023 | ,, | J. Curtin | 2 | ,, | 20/4/10 |
| ,, 1139 | ,, | J. Peden | 1 | ,, | 24/4/10 |
| ,, 1071 | ,, | W. Seago | 1 | ,, | 24/4/10 |
| ,, 1179 | ,, | T. Boles | 2 | ,, | 25/4/10 |
| ,, 1178 | ,, | J. Haggarty | 2 | ,, | 25/4/10 |
| ,, 1190 | Lance-Corporal | G. Baldwin | 2 | ,, | 2/5/10 |
| No. 737 | Private | J. Wilcox | 1 | from | 2/5/10 |
| ,, 1029 | ,, | F. Oxford | 2 | ,, | 6/5/10 |
| ,, 195 | ,, | P. Grace | 2 | ,, | 8/5/10 |
| ,, 196 | ,, | M. King | 2 | ,, | 8/5/10 |
| ,, 641 | ,, | W. Robins | 1 | ,, | 10/5/10 |
| ,, 505 | ,, | C. Baker | 1 | ,, | 11/5/10 |
| ,, 9923 | ,, | C. H. Neep | 2 | ,, | 13/5/10 |
| ,, 8822 | ,, | F. Kelly | 2 | ,, | 15/5/10 |

## FOOTBALL.

On the 19th May the Regimental Football Team played the Black Watch at Murree, and although most of our team had taken part in a khud race earlier in the day they put up a good fight. The result was a win for the Black Watch by 2 goals to 1. A few days afterwards an experimental team played the Royal Sussex Regiment on the "Flats," but had to acknowledge defeat by 3 goals to 1.

Great interest is being taken in Company football, both in the 1st and 2nd XI. Leagues. The latter promises to prove the most exciting, and practically nothing divides the first four teams. One or two promising young players have made good their claim to 1st League football.

Paget's Horse Cup, 1st XI. League Table, up to date:—

| Coy. | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Goals For. | Goals Ag'st. | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | 5 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 12 | 5 | 9 |
| H | 4 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 2 | 7 |
| C | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 5 |
| B | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 6 | 5 |
| F | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 8 | 3 |
| G | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 9 | 3 |
| E | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 2 |
| D | 4 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 |

2nd XI. League. League Table up to date:—

| Coy. | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Goals For. | Goals Ag'st. | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D | 5 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 10 | 6 | 6 |
| A | 5 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 6 | 6 |
| B | 5 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 8 | 6 |
| G | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 5 |
| C | 5 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 7 | 7 | 5 |
| F | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 8 | 10 | 4 |
| H | 4 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 |
| E | 5 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 3 |

The following is the result of the Khud Race (teams of twelve):—

1st man in, Private Baxter; 2nd, Private Henshaw

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | Company | *723 | points, | 10 | men | in | |
| H | ,, | 695 | ,, | 12 | ,, | | |
| G | ,, | 671 | ,, | 11 | ,, | | |
| D | ,, | 528 | ,, | 8 | ,, | | |
| A | ,, | 501 | ,, | 8 | ,, | | |
| B | ,, | 461 | ,, | 7 | ,, | | |
| F | ,, | 382 | ,, | 7 | ,, | | |
| E | ,, | 266 | ,, | 4 | ,, | | |

* Counts 13 points to Regimental Athletic Cup

Result of Inter-Company Bayonet Fighting Competition:—

1st .. .. B Company
2nd .. .. D ,,

## BOXING.

*Catch-Weights.*—1st, Private Cooper; 2nd, Private Prendergast.

*Middle-Weights.*—1st, Private Miller; 2nd, Private Darling.

*Light-Weights.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Markham; 2nd, Private Sherwin.

*Feather-Weights.*—1st, Corporal Falloon; 2nd, Private Taylor.

*Bantam-Weights.*—1st, Private Doyle.

*Boys.*—1st, Boy Carlin; 2nd, Boy Duggan.

*Best Loser.*—Private Earle.

*Consolation Prize.*—Private Edwards.

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## REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

The Sports were held at Gharial, on the 30th May, the following is a list of events with results:—

*Throwing the Cricket Ball.*—1st, Private Payne; 2nd, Private Thorne; 3rd, Private Young. Distance, 97yds. 1ft.

*Quoits.*—1st, Privates Wilkinson and Smith; 2nd, Privates Tighe and Rix.

*High Jump.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Hobbs and Private Matthews. Tie. Height, 5ft. 2ins.

*Putting the Weight.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Parrant; 2nd, Private Dwyer. Distance, 31ft. 3ins.

*Long Jump.*—1st, Private Webster; 2nd, Corporal Wadsworth. Distance, 19ft. 6ins.

*Football Dribbling Race.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Wood; 2nd, Sergeant Ashmore.

*Lloyd Lindsay Race.*—1st, Sergeant Horn's Team. 2nd, Corporal Griffin's Team.

*Half-Mile Race.*—1st, Corporal Wadsworth; 2nd, Private Wyatt; 3rd, Private Elcock. Time, 2mins. 21secs.

*Four-Legged Race.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Grundy's 3; 2nd, Private Lowe's 3.

*100 Yards Race.*—1st, Private Webster; 2nd, Private Saunders; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Cook. Time, 10⅘secs.

*Mile Race.*—1st, Private Baxter; 2nd, Private Woodward; 3rd, Private Mattershaw. Time, 5mins. 20secs.

*Sack Race.*—1st, Private Ellis; 2nd, Private Tudor.

*Hurdle Race.*—1st, Private Webster; 2nd, Private Hobday; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Hobbs.

*Corporals and Lance-Corporals' Race.*—1st, Corporal Wadsworth; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Wood; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Cook.

*Reveillé Race.*—1st, Private Saunders; 2nd, Private Jukes; 3rd, Boy Duggan.

*Quarter-Mile Race.*—1st, Corporal Wadsworth; 2nd, Private Webster; 3rd, Private Scott. Time not recorded.

*Mop Fighting.*—1st, Privates Leach and Carie; 2nd, Privates Lacey and Dougherty.

*Sergeants' Race.*—1st, Sergeant-Drummer Hone; 2nd, Sergeant Vines; 3rd, Sergeant Casey.

*Officers' Race.*—1st, Captain E. B. Gordon; 2nd, Second-Lieutenant Baxter; 3rd, Second-Lieutenant Balfour.

*Quarter-Mile Race (Open).*—1st, Lance-Corporal Wright, 14th (Prince of Wales' Own) Regiment; 2nd, Private Rook, 2nd Battalion The Black Watch; 3rd, Private Riley, 14th (Prince of Wales' Own) Regiment.

*Old Soldiers' Handicap.*—1st, Sergeant Horn; 2nd, Bandsman Peatling; 3rd, Colour-Sergeant Condon.

*Relay Race.*—1st, A Company; 2nd, H Company; 3rd, B Company.

*Band Race.*—1st, Private Knopp; 2nd, Private Haman; 3rd, Private Wilkinson.

*Boat Race.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Ralph's Team; 2nd, Private Padley's Team.

*Children's Race* (Boys).—1st, R. Lendon; 2nd, F. Carey; 3rd, L. Condon.

*Children's Race* (Girls).—1st, B. Down; 2nd, M. Sykes; 3rd, P. Condon.

*Final Tug-of-War.*—D Company.

*Women's Nomination Race.*—1st, Mrs. Wilkinson.

*Consolation Race.*—1st, Private Wilkinson; 2nd, Private Smith; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Grundy.

## CRICKET.

### Right-Half Battalion v. Left-Half Battalion.

This match was played at Gharial on the 26th ult., and resulted in a win for the Left-Half by 23 runs.

RIGHT-HALF BATTALION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Second-Lieutenant Sutherland, st Eatson, b Banks ... | 14 |
| Private Money, c Banks, b Parrant ... ... ... ... | 40 |
| Second-Lieutenant Crew, lbw, b Parrant ... ... ... | 32 |
| Sergeant Casey, b Banks ... ... ... ... ... | 26 |
| Lieutenant Milne-Home, b Parrant ... ... ... ... | 8 |
| Private Russell, run out ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 |
| ,, Harbourne, c Banks, b Balfour ... ... ... | 10 |
| Second-Lieutenant Baxter, b Parrant ... ... ... | 13 |
| Private Adams, b Lowe ... ... ... ... ... ... | 36 |
| ,, Carr, not out ... ... ... ... ... ... | 22 |
| ,, Foster, c Balfour, b Yatman ... ... ... | 9 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 11 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | 222 |

LEFT-HALF BATTALION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Second-Lieutenant Banks, lbw, b Foster ... ... ... | 29 |
| Lance-Corporal Parrant, c Baxter, b Harbourne ... | 16 |
| Private Sherlock, b Casey ... ... ... ... ... | 52 |
| Major Yatman, c Adams, b Foster ... ... ... ... | 8 |
| Second-Lieutenant Balfour, c Sutherland, b Foster ... | 26 |
| Private Lowe, lbw, b Casey ... ... ... ... ... | 37 |
| ,, Gould, c Harbourne, b Casey ... ... ... | 29 |
| Lance-Corporal Eatson, b Foster ... ... ... ... | 22 |
| Private Mann, b Money ... ... ... ... ... ... | 12 |
| ,, Green, not out ... ... ... ... ... ... | 9 |
| ,, Newton, c Russell, b Foster ... ... ... | 0 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 5 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | 245 |

### 5th Fusiliers v. Lancashire Fusiliers.

This match was played at Gharial and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by 51 runs.

FIFTH FUSILIERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Second-Lieutenant Crew, c Jessop, b Spriggs ... ... | 12 |
| Private Russell, c White, b Maguire ... ... ... | 12 |
| Second-Lieutenant Banks, c Spriggs, b Maguire ... | 4 |
| Lieutenant Milne-Home, c Miles, b Jessop ... ... | 41 |
| Major Enderby, b Spriggs ... ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Captain Jacob, R.A.M.C., c Miles, b Maguire ... ... | 96 |
| Lance-Corporal Parrant, c Miles, b Maguire ... ... | 31 |
| Private Adams, c Jessop, b Maguire ... ... ... | 14 |
| Corporal Wadsworth, not out ... ... ... ... ... | 5 |
| Major Fishbourne, b Maguire ... ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Private Foster, c Russell, b Maguire ... ... ... | 0 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | 216 |

LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Spooner, b Parrant ... ... ... ... ... | 14 |
| ,, Maguire, c Fishbourne, b Parrant ... ... | 2 |
| Bandmaster Miles, not out ... ... ... ... ... | 81 |
| Bandsman Russell, b Parrant ... ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| ,, White, c Jacob, b Parrant ... ... ... | 18 |
| Lance-Corporal Marshall, c (sub), b Foster ... ... | 21 |
| ,, Shaw, b Foster ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Private Percival, b Foster ... ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Conran, c Wadsworth, b Parrant ... | 16 |
| Private Spriggs, c Crew, b Parrant ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| ,, Jessop, c Adams, b Parrant ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 13 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | 165 |

Lance-Corporal Parrant took 7 wickets for 58 runs, and Private Foster 3 for 12.

### Practice Match.

Played at Gharial, on the 18th ult., between F and E Companies. F Company won by an innings and 24 runs. Scores:—F Company 240 (Lance-Corporal Parrant 145, Lance-Corporal Eatson 36 and Private Sykes 18); E Company 82 (Private Priestley 18, Private Rix 19 and Private Newton 12) and 134 (Godfrey 33, Locker 29, Newton 20 and Colour-Sergeant Price 18). Lance-Corporal Parrant took 9 wickets for 74 runs, and Lance-Corporal Godfrey 9 for 97.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The only means of locomotion among the hills "other than marching" is the pony, of which there is a good sample at Gharial. There have been no Staff Rides worthy of note, yet we could dispense with a book which only instructs how to keep on, for one showing how to fall soft when returning home after dark from the different Messes in Murree Hills. It is early days to prophesy who will win the Gharial Derby, as the form of the ponies is an unknown quantity, but several of our Mounted Infantry experts have been busy sampling them. This classic event promises to be a much closer thing this year than last.

Our married people are all engaged in poultry breeding and vegetable raising; it is wonderful how some of our married members can speak with such authority on poultry, beans, potatoes, etc., and it is to be hoped that at the end of the year they will enjoy the fruits of their labour, instead of digging up the ground looking for the seeds they originally planted.

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On the 19th May the Regimental Khud Race took place. Each Company had to include a Sergeant in the team. During the preceding week Khud climbing was a topic shunned by every one, the reason being that no one felt quite certain of finishing in the time limit, which was sixteen minutes after the first man came in. Sergeants Pines, Walton, Hills and Longden, however, came in early enough to augment the points gained by their Companies. The remaining four, if not quite so speedy, proved that their bump of locality was strongly developed, for, with one exception, they all finished climbing just under the Mess.

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The Recreation Ground on the "Gharial Flats" has not been allotted to us sufficiently often for the 2nd XI. to prove their superiority over the 1st XI., but we understand that the latter will take the earliest opportunity of vindicating themselves in the eyes of the Battalion.

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At the Regimental Sports we were *at home* to the Garrison. A word of praise is due to the Committee for their successful arrangements. In the Sergeants' Race the Drum-Major gave us a glimpse of the old form which used to win him many prizes. Much amusement was caused in the Nomination Race by the extraordinary skill with which married men threaded needles. It seemed they had profited by plenty of practice in sewing on their own buttons!

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
25th June, 1910.

WHILE in Camp at Lydd we held our usual Annual Regimental Rifle Meeting on the 10th June. Weather and general conditions were all that could be desired. The results were as follows:—

INDIVIDUAL COMPETITIONS.

CLASS I.—OFFICERS.

**Captain B. T. St. John ... ... ... ... ... Winner**
**Distances—200 (snapshooting), 300 (rapid) and 500yds.**

GROUP TAKEN OUTSIDE THE SERGEANTS' MESS, 1ST BATTALION, AT GHARIAL, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Baljee, Gharial).*

CLASS II.—MEMBERS OF SERGEANTS' MESS.

| Competition. | Rank and Name. | Coy. | Score. | Prizes. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snapshooting ... | Sergeant W. Molyneux ... | B ... | 19 ... | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, G. Moore ... | F ... | 18 ... | 0 5 0 |
| | Lance-Sergeant C. Mercer | D ... | 18 ... | 0 2 6 |
| Rapid Firing ... | Sergeant C. Long ... | C ... | 43 ... | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, W. Remnant | C ... | 39 ... | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, A. Wells ... | D ... | 37 ... | 0 2 6 |
| Slow, 500yds. ... | Lance-Sergeant H. Poole | F ... | 18 ... | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, H. Todd | F ... | 17 ... | 0 5 0 |
| | Sergeant T. Smallwood | G ... | 16 ... | 0 2 6 |
| Aggregate ... | ,, C. Long... ... | C ... | 71 ... | 1 0 0 |
| | ,, W. Corrighan | F ... | 71 ... | 0 12 0 |
| | ,, M. Hyams .. | E ... | 69 ... | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, T. Smallwood | G ... | 67 ... | 0 3 0 |

CLASS III.—MARKSMEN AND 1ST CLASS SHOTS (RANK AND FILE).

| Competition. | Rank and Name. | Coy. | Score. | Prizes. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snapshooting ... | No. 124 Lce.-Corpl. Small | F ... | 20 ... | 0 12 6 |
| | ,, 2148 Private Patterson | D ... | 20 ... | 0 12 6 |
| | ,, 7732 Sutton | D ... | 19 ... | 0 5 0 |

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| Competition. | Rank and Name. | Coy. | Score. | Prizes. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rapid, 300yds. ... | No. 6389 Private Probyn | D | 48 | 0 15 0 |
| | ,, 2319 ,, Geradine | H | 19 | 0 2 6 |
| | ,, 2747 ,, Cave | A | 47 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 9381 ,, Carter | G | 46 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 6543 Lce.-Corpl. Keene | A | 45 | 0 2 6 |
| Slow, 500yds. ... | ,, 8031 Bandsman Keene | B | 19 | 0 12 6 |
| | ,, 1632 Private Hannon | B | 19 | 0 12 6 |
| | ,, 2734 ,, Parkes | C | 18 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 9494 Corporal Duke | E | 18 | 0 2 6 |
| Aggregate ... | ,, 2148 Private Patterson | D | 77 | 0 15 0 |
| | ,, 6389 ,, Probyn | D | 77 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 6530 ,, Mowatt | B | 76 | 0 7 6 |

CLASS IV.—2ND CLASS SHOTS (RANK AND FILE).

| Competition. | Rank and Name. | Coy. | Score. | Prizes. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snapshooting ... | No. 636 Private Patterson | A | 20 | 0 12 6 |
| | ,, 2206 Lce.-Corpl. Towler | B | 20 | 0 12 6 |
| | ,, 5304 Bandsman Gwilliam | B | 19 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 9369 Corporal McGuire | H | 19 | 0 2 6 |
| Rapid, 300yds. ... | ,, 246 Private Bainbridge | E | 39 | 0 15 0 |
| | ,, 2716 ,, Smith | E | 39 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 7898 ,, Watts | B | 39 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 2200 ,, Leith | B | 37 | 0 2 6 |
| Slow, 500yds. ... | ,, 5605 Corporal Moffit | B | 18 | 0 15 0 |
| | ,, 5304 Bandsman Gwilliam | B | 17 | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, 7192 Private Squibb | E | 17 | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, 9369 Corporal McGuire | H | 17 | 0 2 6 |
| Aggregate ... | ,, 7898 Private Watts | B | 73 | 0 15 0 |
| | ,, 5304 Bandsman Gwilliam | B | 67 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 9369 Corporal McGuire | H | 67 | 0 7 6 |

CLASS V.—3RD CLASS SHOTS (RANK AND FILE).

| Competition. | Rank and Name. | Coy. | Score. | Prizes. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snapshooting ... | No. 2689 Private T. Curzon | G | 16 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 2614 ,, D. Quinn | E | 16 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 2414 ,, W. Middleton | F | 15 | 0 2 6 |
| Rapid, 300yds. ... | ,, 2573 ,, A. Evans | G | 35 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 2753 ,, J. Fletcher | D | 34 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 1907 ,, A. Worth | C | 34 | 0 2 6 |
| Slow, 500yds. ... | ,, 2697 ,, W. Edwards | C | 18 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 2543 ,, A. Coatsworth | E | 15 | 0 5 0 |
| | ,, 2731 ,, S. Forrest | B | 15 | 0 2 6 |
| Aggregate ... | ,, 2573 ,, A. Evans | G | 61 | 0 15 0 |
| | ,, 2753 ,, J. Fletcher | D | 55 | 0 10 0 |
| | ,, 2504 ,, J. Masterson | D | 53 | 0 7 6 |

CLASS VI.—RECRUITS.

| Competition. | Rank and Name. | Coy. | Score. | Prizes. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snapshooting ... | No. 2362 Private F. Poole | F | 18 | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, 2643 ,, E. Boulton | H | 17 | 0 2 6 |
| Rapid, 300yds. ... | ,, 2362 ,, F. Poole | F | 35 | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, 2116 ,, F. Worley | E | 35 | 0 2 6 |
| Slow, 500yds. ... | ,, 2570 ,, G. Buglass | C | 16 | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, 2116 ,, F. Worley | E | 14 | 0 2 6 |
| Aggregate ... | ,, 2362 ,, F. Poole | F | 64 | 0 12 0 |
| | ,, 2116 ,, F. Worley | E | 62 | 0 7 6 |
| | ,, 2570 ,, G. Buglass | D | 59 | 0 3 0 |

## TEAM COMPETITIONS.

NO. I.—TILE COMPETITION.

Range, 300 to 200yds.

| | Team. | Prize. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| 1st ... | B Company, No. 4 Section | 2 0 0 |
| 2nd ... | C ,, ,, 3 ,, | 1 0 0 |
| | F ,, ,, 1 ,, | 0 10 0 |

NO. II.—SNAPSHOOTING COMPETITION.

Range, 200yds.

| | Team. | Score. | Prize. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st ... | B Company, No. 2 Section | 16 | 2 0 0 |
| 2nd ... | B ,, ,, 4 ,, | 15 | 1 0 0 |
| 3rd ... | A ,, ,, 4 ,, | 15 | 0 10 0 |

NO. III.—RAPID SHOOTING.

Range, 200yds.

| | Team. | Score. | Prize. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st ... | C Company, No. 3 Section | 67 | 2 0 0 |
| 2nd ... | B ,, ,, 4 ,, | 63 | 1 0 0 |
| | C ,, ,, 1 ,, | 62 | 0 10 0 |

NO. IV.—INTER-COMPANY CHAMPIONSHIP.—SLOW SHOOTING.

Range, 600yds.

| | Team. | Score. | Prize. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st ... | F Company | 231 | 2 5 0 |
| 2nd ... | G ,, | 222 | 1 5 0 |
| 3rd ... | D ,, | 220 | 0 15 0 |

NO. V.—SPECIAL SECTION CHAMPIONSHIP.

| | Team. | Prize. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| 1st .. | B Company, No. 4 Section | 2 0 0 |

## COMMITTEE.

Major F. C. Turner .. *President*

Second-Lieutenants G. R. F. Leverson and H. L. F. Nicholls
Sergeant-Major J. Morgan and Colour-Sergeants I. M. F. Hamilton, G. G. Cooper and E. Thompson

For the second year in succession our Golf team succeeded in getting into the semi-final of the Army Golf Cup Competition, succumbing eventually to a better team. In the first round the King's Own Scottish Borderers scratched to us. In the second round we beat the Army Service Corps by 11 holes to 8, and were then drawn against the Army Ordnance Corps, who were to prove the winners in the final. Theirs was a distinctly stronger team than ours, their last man being a one handicap. Our team consisted of Major Percival, Captain St. John, and Lieutenants Nicholls and Brownlow. We hope to have better luck next year when the competition will probably be held at St. Andrew's. Major Armstrong won the Regimental Medal on the Littlestone course with a score of 108—30=78.

---

We returned from Lydd on the 17th June after finishing the Annual Musketry Course. Our time there was a thoroughly enjoyable one. We only had one completely wet day, and golf, cricket and tennis kept us fully occupied when not on the range. Once again "Practice 22" proved a stumbling block to many aspirants to the honours of a marksman. To twice fill the magazine and fire fifteen rounds at an indistinct figure 300 yards off in 60 seconds is indeed no light task. Towards the latter end of our stay the Camp grew greatly in size with the advent of a large force of Territorial artillery. As the future mainstay of home defence their movements and shooting were watched with much interest.

---

Lieutenant Heyder and twenty non-commissioned officers and men are at Fulham Palace taking part in the Army Pageant. We understand that under the tutelage of Mr. Benson they are learning to scale walls and storm breaches and die painful deaths with a skill only to be acquired by incessant practice; and it cannot be true that the cause of the regrettable accident to Joan of Arc was caused by one of our Peninsular heroes suddenly saying "shoo" without warning.

---

The Cricket XI. have played seven matches up to date, of which three were won, two lost and two drawn. Wickets were slow at first which did not favour high scoring, and we have all suffered from want of practice. The ground at Lydd was too rough to be of much use, and the Crabble ground seems to be constantly in use for matches on our net days. In our first match, against Folkestone, time alone robbed us of victory. In the return match we were severely beaten. Mr. Maude's XI. at New Romney beat us, but we turned the tables in an exciting match on the next occasion that we played them. The match against Dover Wednesday was a fairly easy win, but things looked very bad in the match against the Somerset and Wilts Wanderers until our most successful effort in the second innings pulled the match out of the fire. The last match played resulted in a win against Dover College. What we should all like to discover is a good slow bowler, but he has not arrived yet.

---

The Turner Inter-Company Cricket Cup Junior Competition resulted as follows:—

1ST ROUND.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Company | beat | B Company | by | 54 | runs |
| H ,, | ,, | E ,, | ,, | 6 | wickets |
| D ,, | ,, | G ,, | ,, | 5 | ,, |
| F ,, | ,, | A ,, | ,, | 10 | runs |

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SEMI-FINAL.

H Company beat C Company by 5 runs
D ,, ,, F ,, ,, 4 wickets

FINAL.

H Company beat D Company by 4 wickets

---

Lieutenants Fletcher and Gething are representing the Battalion in a Tennis Tournament held at Shorncliffe between the 27th June and 2nd July open to the Garrisons of Deal, Lydd, Dover, Shorncliffe, Canterbury and Maidstone. At the time of writing we have succeeded in reaching the semi-final in both the open Doubles and Regimental Championship.

---

We were very glad to see Colonel Sitwell, who paid us a visit and seemed very fit and well on his return on leave from India.

---

Congratulations to Captain Gathorne Hardy on his marriage which took place in New Zealand this month, also to Major Shoubridge on his engagement.

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Our thanks are due to Captain Gibbes for two medals added to our collection, which, rearranged and mounted in larger cases, looks very well.

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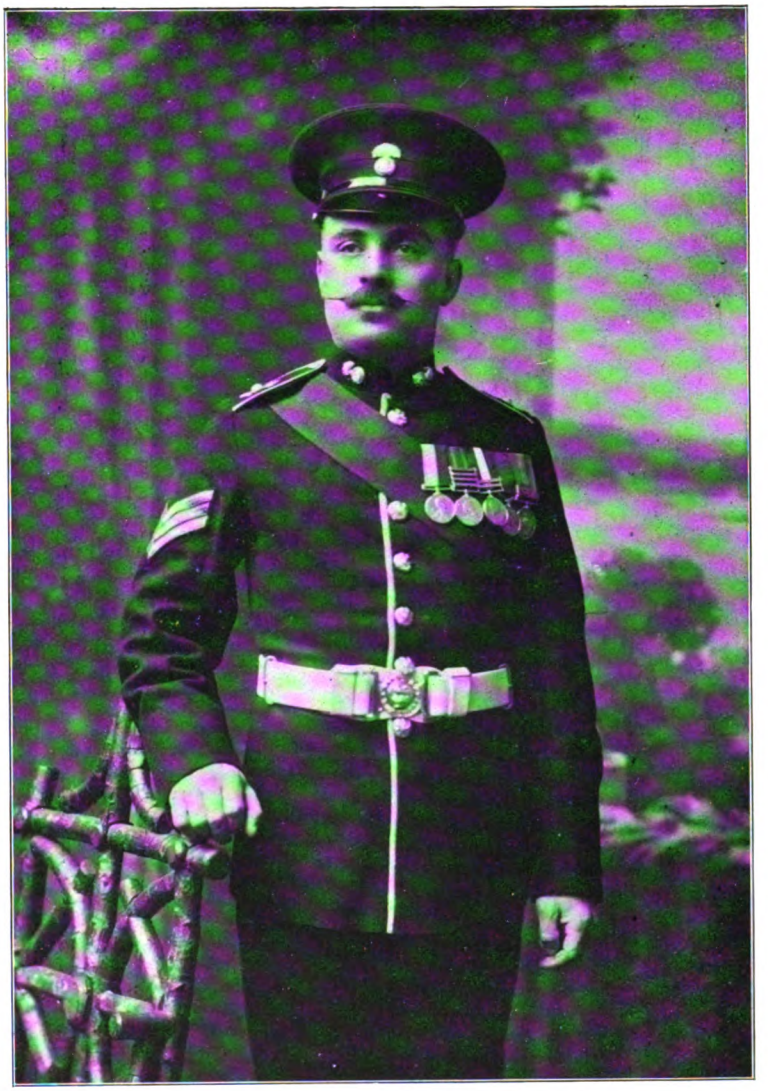
The following men have left the Battalion during the month :—

No. 5453 Private J. BLAKE.—Enlisted, 7/6/98; discharged, 6/6/10; service, 12 years; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: Malta, 123 days; Crete, 56 days; South Africa, 299 days and 2 years 157 days; Mauritius, 112 days. Queen's South African Medal and Clasp Cape Colony.

No. 1705 Private M. MACAULEY.—Enlisted, 21/6/98; discharged, 20/6/10; service, 12 years; served in 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions. Foreign service: Gibraltar, 2 years and 190 days; Crete, 314 days; Malta, 1 year and 37 days; South Africa, 2 years and 195 days; India, 1 year and 361 days.

No. 8590 Lance-Corporal E. BUXTON.—Enlisted, 12/6/02; transferred to Army Reserve, 11/6/10; service, 8 years; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions; Foreign Service: South Africa, 3 years and 294 days; India, 3 years and 118 days. Indian General Service Medal, Clasp N.W.F., 1908.



SERGEANT WILSON, LATE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS FIFTH FUSILIERS.
*(From a photograph by C. Oakley, Bacup).*

No. 2465 Sergeant A. WILSON.—Enlisted, 12/6/89; discharged, 11/6/10; service, 21 years; served in 1st and 2nd Battalions. Foreign service: India, 1 year and 322 days; South Africa, 3 years and 139 days; Gibraltar, 8 years and 106 days; Egypt, 259 days; Crete, 198 days; Mauritius, 308 days. Medals: Queen's Soudan and Khedive's, King's South African with Clasp 1901 and 1902, Queen's South African with Clasps Belmont, Modder River, O.F.S., and Transvaal; Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

---

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

No. 1761 Private A. Gollop, H Company, obtained Group I. of 1st Class Certificate, dated Kneller Hall, March, 1910.

*2nd Class :—*

No. 2272 L.-Cpl. H. Bigsby
,, 2432 ,, Lawrence
,, 1354 ,, H. Middleton
,, 2259 ,, H. Webster
,, 2264 ,, T. James
,, 2705 Private J. McGeever
,, 2212 Boy F. Coulthard
,, 2536 ,, E. Hardie

*3rd Class :—*

No. 2492 L.-Cpl. Cullingworth
,, 2246 Private W. Bell
,, 2683 ,, T. Bartlett
,, 2355 ,, C. Fossey
,, 2247 ,, J. Hurst
,, 2398 ,, W. Ward
,, 2689 ,, T. Curzon
,, 2345 ,, C. Parsons
,, 2657 ,, C. Thompson
,, 2168 ,, R. Welsh
,, 2670 ,, S. Foster
,, 2556 ,, R. Moore
,, 2200 ,, A. Leith
,, 2391 ,, F. Robertson
,, 2650 ,, J. Sheard
,, 1269 ,, E. Bullock

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:

*To be Colour-Sergeants :—*

No. 5045 Sergeant W. Taylor, from 31/5/10
No. 5205 Sergeant R. Simpson, from 12/6/10

*To be Sergeants :—*

No. 8434 Lance-Sergeant H. Richardson, from 31/5/10
No. 8451 Lance-Sergeant T. Hiorns, from 12/6/10

*To be Corporals :—*

No. 3444 Lance-Corporal D. McIntosh, from 31/5/10
No. 3545 Lance-Corporal G. Futers, from 12/6/10

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*

No. 2310 Lce.-Cpl. W. Key, E Company, from 14/5/10
No. 2130 Private F. Blades, G Company, from 27/5/10
No. 2432 Private A. Lawrence, G Company, from 27/5/10
No. 1977 Private W. Bailey, G Company, from 30/5/10
No. 2106 Private P. Black, G Company, from 30/5/10

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The following have enlisted from dates stated :—

No. 2824 Private J. Kinney from 25/5/10
,, 2826 ,, W. Nichol ,, 1/6/10
,, 2827 ,, L. Taylor ,, 1/6/10

---

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2530 Private F. Payne | E Coy. | 1 | from | 27/3/10 |
| ,, 1159 Drummer E. Hobbs | E ,, | 2 | ,, | 13/4/10 |
| ,, 2366 Lce.-Corpl. I. Glasspole | D ,, | 1 | ,, | 24/5/10 |
| ,, 2232 Private F. Stacey | E ,, | 1 | ,, | 15/6/10 |

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No. 9188 Lance-Corporal Grayson, D Company, has been permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 2588 Private F. Dallison, B Company, transferred to the Army Service Corps on the 21st inst.

## FOOTBALL.

### Biddulph Challenge Shield.

The following are the results of the Senior Football Cup Competition :—

1st Round.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Company | beat | G Company | .. | 2 | goals | to | 0 |
| E ,, | ,, | F ,, | .. | 2 | ,, | | 1 |
| D ,, | ,, | H ,, | .. | 3 | ,, | | 2 |
| B ,, | drew with | C ,, | .. | 1 | ,, | | 1 |
| B ,, | ,, | C ,, | .. | 0 | ,, | | 0 |
| C ,, | beat | B ,, | .. | 3 | ,, | | 1 |

Semi-Final.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Company | beat | E Company | .. | 2 | goals | to | 0 |
| D ,, | ,, | C ,, | .. | 1 | ,, | | 0 |

Final.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Company | drew with | D Company | | 2 | goals | to | 2 |
| A ,, | beat | D ,, | | 3 | ,, | | 1 |

A Company thus retain possession of the "Biddulph Challenge Shield," having won the same in 1908-09. This Company also possess the unique distinction of winning both the Senior League and the Senior Shield.

The following is the position of Companies on completion of the Senior League :—

| | Played. | Won. | Drawn. | Lost. | Goals For. | Goals Ag'st. | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A Company ... | 7 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 22 | 10 | 11 |
| C ,, ... | 7 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 21 | 12 | 10 |
| E ,, ... | 7 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 19 | 11 | 10 |
| D ,, ... | 7 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 14 | 8 | 8 |
| F ,, ... | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 15 | 14 | 6 |
| B ,, ... | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 6 |
| H ,, ... | 7 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 9 | 17 | 5 |
| G ,, ... | 7 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 2 | 29 | 0 |

A Company win the medals granted for this League by a margin of one point.

## CRICKET.

### 5th Fusiliers v Folkestone.

Played at Folkestone, on the 1st inst., and ending in a draw in favour of the Fifth.

Fifth Fusiliers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Gibbes, b Radford | 13 |
| Mr. B. W. E. Gething, b Edwards | 10 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c Finn, b Edwards | 0 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, not out | 153 |
| ,, K. Molineux, b Blake | 54 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, b Brockman | 40 |
| Captain Archer, b Mate | 6 |
| ,, Wood, b Edwards | 0 |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, b Mate | 0 |
| Major Turner, b Price | 6 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, not out | 10 |
| Extras | 6 |
| Total (9 wkts.) | 298* |

* Innings declared.

Folkestone.

| | |
|---|---|
| M. F. Blake, c Gething, b Beckingham | 27 |
| E. Mate, c Rushbrooke, b Beckingham | 5 |
| T. Usher, b Beckingham | 32 |
| Sir H. Ripley, c Gibbes, b Molineux | 0 |
| S. C. Brady, b Rushbrooke | 25 |
| D. M. Radford, c Nicholls, b Molineux | 13 |
| S. W. Price, not out | 17 |
| A. C. Edwards, did not bat | |
| L. R. Finn, not out | 14 |
| R. D. Brockman, J. Norton | did not bat |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total (6 wkts.) | 138 |

### 5th Fusiliers v. Romney.

Played at Romney, on the 4th inst., and resulted in a win for our opponents by 62 runs.

Romney.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. W. Maude, c and b Molineux | 44 |
| G. C. Collins, b Molineux | 48 |
| Rev. H. G. South, b Molineux | 4 |
| H. W. Stringer, b Molineux | 8 |
| G. Hick, b Nicholls | 0 |
| D. Carey, c and b Nicholls | 0 |
| J. Maude, b Molineux | 17 |
| H. Keath, c Brownlow, b Beckingham | 0 |
| H. Anderson, b Molineux | 13 |
| Dr. Gauntlett, b Beckingham | 0 |
| J. Taylor, not out | 4 |
| Extras | 3 |
| Total | 141 |

Fifth Fusiliers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, c J. Maude, b Collins | 2 |
| ,, B. W. E. Gething, b Collins | 6 |
| Captain Gibbes, b Collins | 11 |
| Mr. H. L. F. Nicholls, b F. W. Maude | 6 |
| ,, G. K. Molineux, c J. Maude, b Carey | 26 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, b Collins | 0 |
| Captain Wood, c South, b Carey | 6 |
| ,, Wild, b Carey | 0 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, b Collins | 2 |
| Major Turner, b Collins | 7 |
| Colonel Heard, not out | 8 |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total | 79 |

### 5th Fusiliers XI. v. Next XXII.

Played at Lydd, on the 7th inst., the Next XXII. winning by 41 runs.

Next XXII.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Leslie, b Molineux | 0 |
| Colour-Sergeant Hollett, b Molineux | 0 |
| Private Broadley, lbw, b Beckingham | 8 |
| Mr. Sidney, b Nicholls | 17 |
| Quartermaster-Sergeant Belcham, b Nicholls | 0 |
| Private George, c Brownlow, b Molineux | 7 |
| Sergeant Williamson, b Molineux | 0 |
| Private Chisholme, c Simpson, b Fletcher | 31 |
| Mr. Heyder, b Molineux | 1 |
| Colour-Sergeant Jenkins, c Gething, b Wood | 17 |
| Major Armstrong, b Wood | 0 |
| Sergeant Stanley, c Fletcher, b Wood | 12 |
| ,, Hiorns, b Wood | 0 |
| Corporal Clark, b Fletcher | 0 |
| Captain Wild, b Fletcher | 7 |
| Mr. Mahon, b Nicholls | 4 |
| Sergeant Woods, b Fletcher | 0 |
| Private Tatton, b Nicholls | 27 |
| ,, Probyn, b Nicholls | 6 |
| Bandsman Simmonds, not out | 7 |
| Private McLean, absent | |
| ,, Berg, b Beckingham | 4 |
| Boy Farrel, b Nicholls | 6 |
| Extras | 11 |
| Total | 165 |

Fifth Fusiliers' XI.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Gibbes, c Leslie, b Belcham | 10 |
| Mr. Gething, c Stanley, b Farrel | 42 |
| ,, Fletcher, c Woods, b Farrel | 14 |
| ,, Nicholls, b Tatton | 1 |
| ,, Molineux, c Clarke, b Farrel | 0 |
| ,, Brownlow, c Hiorns, b Stanley | 21 |
| Captain Toppin, b Tatton | 0 |
| ,, Wood, c Leslie, b Broadley | 21 |
| Private Cox, b Tatton | 5 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, not out | 0 |
| ,, Simpson, b Tatton | 0 |
| Extras | 10 |
| Total | 124 |

### 5th Fusiliers v. Romney.

Played at Romney, on the 11th inst., and resulted in a win for the Fifth by 3 runs.

Romney.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. W. Maude, b Nicholls | 18 |
| D. C. Campbell, b Molineux | 5 |
| Captain Harker, b Molineux | 5 |
| Rev. A. South, c Fletcher, b Nicholls | 3 |
| C. F. Lee, b Molineux | 4 |
| G. A. Maude, run out | 3 |
| H. W. Stringer, b Nicholls | 5 |
| G. Hick, c Gething, b Nicholls | 5 |
| D. Carey, run out | 26 |
| H. Anderson, b Nicholls | 7 |
| H. Keath, not out | 10 |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total | 96 |

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FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. W. Brownlow, b Maude | 15 |
| ,, B. W. E. Gething, b Maude | 9 |
| Captain Gibbes, c Campbell, b Harker | 7 |
| Mr. H. L. F. Nicholls, b Campbell | 14 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c and b Carey | 20 |
| ,, K. Molineux, b Harker | 9 |
| Bandsman Cox, c South, b Carey | 7 |
| Captain Wood, b Harker | 5 |
| Private Broadley, b Carey | 0 |
| Major Turner, b Carey | 0 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, not out | 7 |
| Extras | 6 |
| Total | 99 |

## 5TH FUSILIERS v. DOVER WEDNESDAY.

Played on Crabble Ground, Dover, on the 22nd inst., and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by 8 wickets and 9 runs. We were left one hour and a half to score the 200 runs, we made them in an hour and a quarter.

DOVER WEDNESDAY.

| | |
|---|---|
| R. S. Standring, b Nicholls | 96 |
| F. V. Budden, c Brownlow, b Molineux | 9 |
| F. Gandy, c Molineux, b Nicholls | 1 |
| A. Belchamber, c Gibbes, b Gething | 27 |
| Sergeant-Major Sykes, b Nicholls | 12 |
| Major Ward, b Nicholls | 0 |
| A. C. Hicks, c Archer, b Nicholls | 7 |
| Captain Fitzgibbon, run out | 7 |
| W. B. Etheridge, b Nicholls | 0 |
| J. Tanton, c Gething, b Nicholls | 0 |
| G. A. Bacon, not out | 2 |
| Extras | 38 |
| Total | 199 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Gibbes, b Gandy | 45 |
| Mr. W. Brownlow, c Budden, b Hicks | 19 |
| ,, Gething, not out | 53 |
| ,, Nicholls, not out | 86 |
| ,, Molineux, ,, Fletcher, Private Cox, Captain Archer, Mr. Rushbrooke, Sergeant Beckenham, Mr. Sidney | did not bat |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total (2 wkts.) | 208 |

## 5TH FUSILIERS v. DEVON AND SOMERSET WANDERERS.

Played on the Crabble Ground on the 23rd and 24th inst. Our opponents won the toss and remained at the wickets until 5.45. In the three-quarters of an hour batting we lost three wickets. This bad start was followed by an entire collapse the next day, the whole side being out for 47. At 12.50 we followed on and managed to keep our opponents in the field till 6.30, making at one time an almost certain lose into a very creditable draw. Two hours were taken to score our first 65 runs.

DEVON AND SOMERSET WANDERERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| C. G. Deane, b Rushbrooke | 34 |
| R. J. Savill, b Molineux | 0 |
| P. J. Barnicott, c Brownlow, b Nicholls | 8 |
| F. W. Cuming, c Gibbes, b Nicholls | 159 |
| T. D. Peacock, b Nicholls | 18 |
| E. J. Lock, c and b Fletcher | 12 |
| W. Ashford, c Molineux, b Nicholls | 49 |
| E. D. Relton, b Nicholls | 4 |
| E. Theakston, c Fletcher, b Molineux | 5 |
| W. S. Donne, not out | 0 |
| E. Green, b Nicholls | 8 |
| Extras | 18 |
| Total | 315 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. W. Brownlow, c Savill, b Ashford | 14 | c Relton, b Ashford | | 5 |
| Captain Gibbes, st Green, b Ashford | 5 | st Green, b Deane | | 47 |
| Mr. B. W. E. Gething, c Deane, b Ashford | 0 | did not bat | | |
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, c Green, b Barnicott | 3 | b Barnicott | | 39 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, st Green, b Ashford | 4 | c Deane, b Ashford | | 94 |
| ,, K. Molineux, c Deane, b Ashford | 0 | c Barnicott, b Cuming | | 1 |
| Private Cox, c Savill, b Ashford | 1 | did not bat | | |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, b Ashford | 4 | c Theakston, b Lock | | 41 |
| Colonel Heard, not out | 1 | c Lock, b Theakston | | 6 |
| Sergeant Beckenham, b Barnicott | 7 | did not bat | | |
| ,, Stanley, b Barnicott | 0 | Captain Archer, c Cuming, b Lock | | 35 |
| Extras | 8 | Extras | | 27 |
| Total | 47 | Total (8 wkts.) | | 295 |

## 5TH FUSILIERS v. DOVER COLLEGE.

Played on the Dover College Ground, on the 25th inst., and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by 9 runs.

DOVER COLLEGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| C. T. MacLaren, c Wood, b Nicholls | 9 |
| E. de L. W. Roebuck, b Molineux | 12 |
| J. G. Stevens, c Heard, b Nicholls | 3 |
| G. Watson, not out | 12 |
| P. G. Munns, b Molineux | 14 |
| W. P. Nevill, b Molineux | 2 |
| F. S. Clarke, c Molineux, b Nicholls | 10 |
| R. H. R. Parminter, c and b Beckingham | 4 |
| A. H. Pollock, b Beckingham | 0 |
| D. H. Pratt, c Heard, b Beckingham | 7 |
| T. Mills, c Archer, b Beckingham | 2 |
| G. H. Dixon, c Brownlow, b Beckingham | 0 |
| Extras | 11 |
| Total | 86 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. K. Molineux, c Parminter, b Mills | 12 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, c Mills, b Munns | 23 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c Pratt, b Watson | 22 |
| Private Cox, b Munns | 0 |
| Mr. H. L. F. Nicholls, b Munns | 13 |
| Captain Archer, b Munns | 0 |
| Sergeant Stanley, b Munns | 0 |
| Captain Wood, c Roebuck, b Watson | 9 |
| Colonel Heard, b Munns | 1 |
| Mr. Rushbrooke, b Watson | 0 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, not out | 0 |
| Mr. P. Sidney, c and b Watson | 5 |
| Extras | 10 |
| Total | 95 |

## THE TURNER CRICKET CUP.

### SEMI-FINAL.

### H COMPANY v. C COMPANY.

This match resulted in a win for H Company by 5 runs.

H COMPANY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wursten, b Tatton | 8 |
| Maxwell, c Warren, b Routh | 1 |
| Smith, b Routh | 4 |
| Simms, b Tatton | 0 |
| Earl, lbw, b Tatton | 0 |
| Jones, c and b Hitch | 9 |
| Jordan, c Hitch, b Routh | 2 |
| Sandland, run out | 0 |
| Reidy, b Routh | 3 |
| Muir, not out | 0 |
| Moore, c Carter, b Tatton | 7 |
| Extras | 2 |
| Total | 36 |

C COMPANY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Chisholme, run out | 4 |
| Carter, run out | 3 |
| Robinson, b Earl | 0 |
| Routh, not out | 12 |
| Tatton, c Jones, b Earl | 4 |
| Hitch, b Earl | 0 |
| Clark, b Sandland | 0 |
| Warren, b Sandland | 0 |
| Oliver, b Sandland | 4 |
| Walker, st Jordan, b Earl | 1 |
| Vale, c Earl, b Sandland | 0 |
| Extras | 3 |
| Total | 31 |

### D COMPANY v. F COMPANY.

This match resulted in a win for D Company by 5 wickets and 7 runs.

F COMPANY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wood, b Saxby | 0 |
| James, b Gammon | 0 |
| Clay, st Clark, b Saxby | 12 |
| Farrell, b Saxby | 0 |
| Eaton, c Berg, b Saxby | 3 |
| Palmer, b Saxby | 3 |
| Taylor, b Berg | 1 |
| McDonald, b Saxby | 0 |
| Forrester, not out | 1 |
| Millard, c Robertson, b Saxby | 0 |
| Wardle, b Berg | 3 |
| Extras | 2 |
| Total | 25 |

D COMPANY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Clark, b Clay | 0 |
| Fossey, b Clay | 0 |
| Gammon, b Clay | 11 |
| Berg, c Palmer, b Eaton | 1 |
| Saxby, c Forrester, b Clay | 1 |
| Parsons, not out | 8 |

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Davenport, run out | | 1 |
| Johnson, Harris, Robertson, Lilley | did not bat | |
| Extras | | 10 |
| Total (5 wkts.) | | 32 |

FINAL.

D COMPANY v. H COMPANY.

This match resulted in a win for H Company by 4 wickets and 4 runs.

D COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Clarke, b Sandland | 9 | b Earl | 12 |
| Fossey, b Sandland | 4 | c and b Jones | 0 |
| Gammon, st Jordan, b Jones | 14 | b Sandland | 1 |
| Saxby, b Jones | 4 | c Simms, b Earl | 14 |
| Parsons, b Jones | 0 | c and b Earl | 0 |
| Davonport, c MacDonald, b Jones | 3 | c McDonald, b Sandland | 1 |
| Berg, st Jordan, b Sandland | 2 | c and b Earl | 4 |
| Harris, run out | 3 | c Moore, b Sandland | 4 |
| Lilley, not out | 3 | not out | 3 |
| Morgan, run out | 6 | c Moore, b Sandland | 0 |
| Robertson, b Sandland | 2 | b Earl | 0 |
| Extras | 8 | Extras | 3 |
| Total | 58 | Total | 42 |

H COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Moore, st Clarke, b Saxby | 6 | b Berg | 11 |
| Sims, st Clarke, b Saxby | 0 | did not bat | |
| Sandland, lbw, b Gammon | 12 | c Fossey, b Gammon | 32 |
| Moran, st Clarke, b Saxby | 7 | b Berg | 1 |
| Wursten, c and b Berg | 6 | c and b Berg | 7 |
| Jordan, b Saxby | 2 | did not bat | |
| Wheatley, b Saxby | 0 | | |
| Jones, b Saxby | 4 | c Clark, b Gammon | 0 |
| Earl, lbw, b Saxby | 3 | b Berg | 1 |
| Swith, not out | 1 | did not bat | |
| McDonald, b Berg | 1 | | |
| Extras | 6 | Extras | 4 |
| Total | 48 | Total (6 wkts.) | 56 |

## 3rd Battalion Notes.

MOORLAWS, ALNWICK,
25th June, 1910.

THE assembled at Moorlaws on the 6th June for our Annual Training, but we can hardly say that it was under very joyful circumstances. Apart from the national gloom, we had only quite recently heard of the unexpected resignation of our much-beloved and respected Colonel, Lord Algernon Percy. Lord Algernon had been so long in the Battalion that it was hard to imagine what the old Corps would be without him. We append his farewell message :—

"Colonel Lord Algernon Percy, on retiring from the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, which he has had the honour "to command for nearly fifteen years, wishes to express to Officers, "Non-Commissioned Officers and men his appreciation of the loyal "and zealous support which all ranks have always given him in "everything that concerned the well-being and efficiency of the "Regiment.

"He is proud to believe that the high reputation of the Regiment "has not diminished during his command, and he attributes this "to the fact that all ranks worked together with the object of "maintaining its credit. He believes that this good spirit of "*esprit de corps* will ever continue, and, if so, the future can only "be one of increasing efficiency. He deeply regrets leaving, and "will always take the sincerest interest in everything that concerns "the welfare of the Regiment, and look back on the days spent in "it as amongst the happiest of his life.

"He wishes all ranks 'Good-bye' and 'God speed.'"

Mr. A. W. Percy has also resigned since last training, so that for the first time for many years we have, alas! no member of the family now serving with the Battalion.

We regret the absence of Captain C. P. Hawkes, and of Mr. Anne, especially as it is ill-health that has caused their absence. On the other hand we were glad to welcome among us Captain Wreford Brown and our new Adjutant, Captain Gordon, who can tell us much that is amusing of their Indian and Chinese experiences.

The weather has been most favourable to all except the fishermen, who are now very numerous among the officers. Fishermen are not notorious for their veracity, and we can only trust that the Officers' Mess will not deteriorate in consequence.

If we are not thoroughly efficient it will not be for want of visits from Staff Officers. The Inspector-General of Infantry visited us on the 16th June. The Brigadier-General in Charge of Administration honoured us on the 22nd June, and the Officer Commanding No. 5 District held a searching inspection on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th insts.

C Company, Captain M. Lloyd, is the best shooting Company, and is also to be congratulated on possessing the first Special Reserve Marksman in the Battalion, viz., Lance-Corporal Lapsley, who gains the Silver Medal of the Militia Rifle Association for the best shot of unit, excluding regular establishment.

The Battalion has shown a very satisfactory improvement in musketry, with a diminution of over fifty per cent. in the number of third class shots and an increase of ten points in the Battalion average. As for fire control, the advance is amazing. When you hear a man muttering about three fingers and twelve o'clock, it no longer refers to the time the Canteen opens, but to the recognition of some obscure aiming point.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
27th June, 1910.

OUR Annual Training was favoured with very fine weather except for the last twenty-four hours, during which heavy rain fell. Fortunately we were leaving a standing camp and so escaped the difficulty of dealing with wet tents. Richmond itself as a town was a great disappointment to the men, being small and uninteresting. Its ancient cobble stones, which will long be remembered by those privileged to hobble over them, added to the steepness of the climb to the racecourse, where our camp was pitched, accounted for the fact that very few ventured into town at night. The training itself was of a most practical nature, nothing ambitious being attempted. The work mostly consisted of the A B C of company training.

On the 17th inst. our Sergeants met the Sergeants of the 19th Regimental Depôt on the Rifle Range and at Billiards. Both events went in favour of the Green Howards, who won the Rifle Match mainly through their marked superiority in rapid loading, and demonstrated at Billiards, the truth of the old saying that proficiency in these arts usually goes together.

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Our total strength in Camp was 490, a small number, but a considerable increase on last year's figures.

We have now received the bandolier equipment, and the general feeling is that the appearance of the Battalion has been thereby considerably smartened. Some of our Slade-Wallace equipment was certainly very ancient.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
27th June, 1910.

CONGRATULATIONS to Major T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., on the announcement that follows, culled from the pages of *The Morning Post* :—"The marriage arranged between "Major T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., 5th "Fusiliers, and Miss Gladys Dugdale, will "take place at Castleknock, Co. Dublin, on the 23rd of "next month."

A correspondent from Newcastle-on-Tyne writes early this month suggesting we should tell our readers how long we intend to bring out *St. George's Gazette* in mourning for the late King; this then is to say that it is our intention to keep the cover in mourning until October, when the official term of mourning for our late King will be ended, the order to the Army to remain in mourning ending on the 5th November; this procedure will, we hear, be adopted by all Service papers of any standing.

Those of our readers who soldiered with the 1st Battalion before and during the Afghan War will be interested to know that our contemporary, *The Army and Navy Chronicle* for July, is to contain as its full page supplement, an excellent portrait of Surgeon-General W. L. Gubbins, C.B., M.V.O., who will be remembered as a sporting Medical Officer in every sense of the word. He is now an Honorary Surgeon to the King, and Director-General, Army Medical Service, at Army Headquarters.

While on the subject of our contemporary, *The Army and Navy Chronicle*, we may here note that the Proprietors of that magazine are making an exceptional offer, particulars of which we are asked to mention in our pages; the Management are giving away a three months' subscription free to new readers; after the three months have expired readers may become subscribers or not, just as they please. Full particulars can be obtained from the Manager, *The Army and Navy Chronicle*, at the same address that heads these Notes, simply by sending one penny stamp, and mentioning the fact that this announcement was seen in *St. George's Gazette*. The offer appears to us a thoroughly sporting one, and as such we commend it to those of our readers who do not know *The Army and Navy Chronicle*, which by-the-bye is the only illustrated magazine published in the interests of the Naval and Military Services, and contains besides many other features of a unique kind.

It is always hard for an Editor to have to acknowledge faults of commission or omission, but the letter to the Editor from Colonel Money, which will be found elsewhere, points out such faults in our last number; this being so all the writer feels he can do is to explain that although our 1st Battalion Correspondent may have made a slip in not giving both Lieutenant-Colonels Darley and Hargreave (*not* Hargreaves) their correct rank, still the Editor himself was undoubtedly to blame in not seeing the mistake in the original and correcting the proof before sending the MS. to the printers. To both officers concerned apologies are tendered; at the time when the book proof arrived at this office the Editor was not at all well and had to leave the work of finally revising before going to press to another, and he would like to add that he is not responsible for Colonel Money's name not having appeared as joining with two other old FIFTH officers in sending a telegram to the 1st Battalion on St. George's Day.

Two episodes in the Army Pageant have a special interest for all those connected with the Regiment, and we must congratulate those responsible for, and also those taking part in, the spectacular representation of the "Retreat to Corunna" and the "Storming of Badajos" on the successful result of their efforts. The acting in both these historical events has called forth nothing but praise from spectators and newspaper reporters alike. The thunderstorms and heavy downpours have rendered the tasks of the actors not only very unpleasant, but also, as we are informed by an officer, somewhat dangerous. Our informant, who was taking shelter behind the walls of Badajos during a thunderstorm, waiting for his turn to "come on," was discovered by an employée smoking a cigarette and sitting on what he thought to be a safe seat, but one which, as a matter of fact, was a box of explosives for making the breach in the walls of the fortress as realistic as possible.

## Letters to the Editor.

8, HIGHAM PLACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
16th June, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—The Executive Committee Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society beg to acknowledge with thanks the following further subscriptions and donations, also an addition of £120 to the investments of the disbanded 3rd Battalion realised by sale of balance of Officers' Mess Plate (per Colonel Riddell):—

| | Subscriptions. £ s. d. | Donations. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged ... ... | 71 7 6 | 1 1 0 |
| Major B. T. Buckley ... ... ... | 1 1 0 | |
| ,, G. M. Harding ... ... ... | 1 1 0 | |
| In Memory (A.W.C.B.) ... ... ... | 2 2 0 | |
| Captain A. W. Rickman ... ... | 1 0 0 | |
| Major G. F. T. Leather ... ... ... | 5 0 0 | |
| Colonel A. E. Ross ... ... ... | 1 0 0 | |
| ,, J. F. Riddell ... ... ... | 2 2 0 | |
| ,, Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O. ... | | 3 16 0 |
| Major F. A. Cubitt ... ... ... | 1 1 0 | |
| Mrs. T. E. Bigge (per General Bigge) | | 5 0 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle ... ... ... | 10 0 0 | |
| C. Y. Williamson, Esq. ... ... ... | 1 1 0 | |
| Officers, 1st Battalion ... ... ... | 12 7 7 | |
| Colonel H. A. Cherry ... ... ... | 1 0 0 | |
| Officers, 2nd Battalion ... ... ... | 10 5 7 | |
| Colonel C. H. L. James ... ... ... | 2 2 0 | |
| Captain T. W. C. Carthew ... ... | 1 1 0 | |
| ,, C. M. Wood ... ... ... | 0 11 7 | |
| Lieutenant R. M. St. J. Booth ... | 1 1 0 | |
| Total ... | £125 4 3 | £9 17 0 |

Yours truly,
JAS. THOMSON, Major,
Secretary Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB,
LONDON, S.W.,
17th June, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—When reading the list of telegrams received by the 1st Battalion on St. George's Day, I noticed that my name does not appear. I joined with Darley, Hargreave and Gall in

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sending the usual greeting, and I trust the telegraph authorities did not omit my name, as I wished to show my old comrades I had not forgotten them.

By-the-bye, I should like to point out to your correspondents, that we old Officers like to have our correct rank and names when they appear in the Regimental Gazette. Darley and Hargreave, *not* Hargreaves, are Lieutenant-Colonels.

Yours truly,
C. G. C. MONEY, Colonel.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CONSTANT READER."—*Delighted to hear that you are satisfied and to know that others who saw the paragraph in Editorial Notes last month are also content.* "SERGEANT W."—*The hint is acceptable, by all means send on anything that occurs to you for the betterment of 'St. George's Gazette.'* "X.Y.Z."—*We cannot run to the expense.* "THOMAS ATKINS, 1ST FIFTH."—*Your notion is not workable.* "NEMO."—*We have no idea.* "LUCKNOW VETERAN."—*Glad to hear from you, and wish you all prosperity and many happy returns of the day when it comes.*

## THE CLUTCHER.

THERE'S a game that is finer than cricket;
I've practised it up from my birth,
And of all recreations I'd pick it
As far the most sporting on earth;
When hedges resound with the low pipe
Of birds in their marriage array
I take up my box and my blow-pipe
And wander away.

The hope of the petrified pippit,
Its home is secure against rape,
With a swoop I remorselessly nip it
(There are very few nests that escape);
The warbler, the lark or the bunting
In vain for immunity begs;
Sentiment's "off" when you're hunting
For uncommon eggs!

Owners of land I have worried!
Gamekeepers longing for rest!
Favour with you to have curried
Possibly might have been best;
True satisfaction, however,
Only the man will achieve
Who roams where he chooses, and never
Asks anyone's leave.

Yield I to none in admiring
Grace and precision of drill;
Constables (freely perspiring)
Hardly occasion a thrill,
Constables widely extended
Over the country around,
Trying with doggedness splendid
To run me to ground.

Boots that in other conditions
Fall with a dignified thud
Merely conduce to positions
Painful when planted in mud;
Back to your regular duties,
Robert, controller of mobs!
Ludicrous simply for you 'tis
To tackle such jobs.

Bird-preservation societies,
Full of intentions humane,
Surely you must perceive why it is
All your endeavours are vain;
The clutcher pursuit will out-distance,
Rules and restrictions evade—
Clutching to him is existence;
For this he was made!

F. S. R.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 30TH JUNE, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 25th June, 1885.—Our Regimental Dinner was held this year at Limmer's Hotel on Thursday, 4th June.

On the morning of that day a goodly detachment of Fusiliers might have been seen in the Park, showing themselves, or to use an Indian expression, "Peacocking," amongst the best looking and best dressed crowd in the world. Of all the sights in London there are none to be compared with the Park between the hours of one and two in the daytime and six or seven in the evening, on a fine sunny day in June.

By seven o'clock those of us who had come over for the occasion from Ireland began to feel thoroughly civilized. We had feasted our eyes to our hearts' content on beautiful faces and pretty dresses. No brogue had grated on our ears for nearly twenty-four hours. We had taken off our hats to the lovely Princess, who had bowed graciously in return—as we fancied entirely to ourselves. 'Tis true our feet were sore and our mouths thirsty, for varnished boots and many cigarettes are bound to exact some penalty. But what cared we? It is Derby Leave, and the "Old and Bold" must support their ancient nickname of "Shiners" in London as in Ireland, even here, amongst the smartest of Her Majesty's subjects, as we did of old in the middle of the bogs of Athlone! As for thirst, let us cultivate and cherish it, for there are Magnums without number already waiting in the ice tubs, and within an hour we shall be all amongst them. How pleasant the faint smell of the thorn and lilacs, in addition to the scent from our somewhat faded button hole! We buy another forthwith and feel thankful that we are in a place where buttonholes abound, and compare our evening walk towards dinner in London with the customary drive towards the Mess in Dublin, along the banks of a historic but evil smelling river. At eight o'clock twenty-seven past and present members of the Regiment reported their arrival and paid the required fee to the head waiter in Limmer's Banquet Hall. Lord Longford took the chair, supported by Colonel Carden and Deputy-Surgeon-General Wolseley. We were delighted to welcome "dear old Drakus," or rather Major Drake, once more among us, and were glad to see our Regimental guest, Mr. Sydney Baird, the subaltern's true friend. After a dinner of the best we drank the "Queen," and then our Colonel proposed the time-honoured toast "Absent Friends." Our old friend Private Wells, "a man of merit," was on duty at the door as usual, ready to help the officers with their coats on after dinner.

The Officers' Mess has lately been presented with two very interesting books, "Indian Racing Reminiscences," presented by Major G. H. Hargreave, late of the Regiment, being a well written record of racing, and how it is carried on in India, in which also suitable mention of the 5th Fusiliers is made; and "Victories of the Duke of Wellington," published in 1819, in which are valuable coloured engravings by R. Westall, R.A., of all the chief Peninsular battles, presented by Lieutenant A. E. Whitaker.

Several of "the good old sort" have left the Regiment during the month, and the array of good conduct medals and four or five badgesters is gradually growing smaller! another year or two and the real "old soldier" will indeed be a thing of the past!

In the cricketing line the Regiment has been fairly successful, though we hope soon to have more matches to chronicle. Polo goes on regularly two or three times a week, and early next month we propose paying Mullingar a visit, and playing the Polo Club there.

Epsom and Ascot were both attended by representatives of the Regiment, and also the Curragh Summer Meeting on the 23rd, 24th and 25th insts.

COLONEL THOMAS ROWLAND, C.B.—We mentioned in our last number the loss the Regiment had lately sustained by the retirement of Colonel Rowland, C.B., commanding the 2nd Battalion. Colonel Rowland's service in the Army has been long, and in many parts of the globe. Born on the 13th April, 1831, he joined the 83rd Foot in India, at the age of seventeen, he was promoted

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lieutenant 1853, exchanging to the 21st Fusiliers the same year. On the 2nd March, 1856, he was promoted captain, and joined the Military Train for a while. Soon afterwards he was appointed brevet-major, and full major by purchase in the 25th Foot in 1866, exchanging to the 5th Fusiliers the same year. Proceeding to India towards the end of 1866, Colonel Rowland served there continuously till the return of the 1st Battalion in December, 1880—a space of fourteen years. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Regiment May 4th, 1880, and brevet-colonel 22nd September, 1880; but for the two preceding years had been in command of the Regiment during the two campaigns in Afghanistan. Colonel Rowland was present at the assault of the Redan, 8th September, 1855, and at the capture of Sebastopol, and received the Crimean and Turkish medals. He was Instructor of Musketry to the 5th Depôt Battalion from 1858 to 1862, and Staff officer to the garrison of Colombo, Ceylon, from 1865 to 1866. During the Afghan campaign Colonel Rowland was wounded at the battle of Besud, May 19th, 1880, and mentioned several times in despatches, receiving the Afghan medal and the Companionship of the Bath for his services.

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DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 30th, 1885.—Our first party to go through musketry this season at the Whitley Range was from the Depôt Durham Light Infantry, who left here on the 17th inst., in charge of Captain Fisher, with Lieutenant Scott, Durham Light Infantry.

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One of the marble tables recently presented by Colonel Master, C.B., has been returned to us from Messrs. Walker and Emley's establishment, quite renovated. The legs and framework have been scraped, polished and strengthened, and the top, where damaged, has been repaired. A silver plate bearing the following inscription has been fixed to it :—" Restored to the Officers, 5th Fusiliers, by " Colonel W. C. Master, C.B., late 5th Fusiliers, 14th February, " 1885."

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## ASTRONOMIC PILLS.

### SECOND SERIES, BEING No. 16 DOSE.

SOMETIMES appearing in our skies as an unexpected visitor, at others returning with the regularity of a first class clock, we see mysterious objects called Comets. An example of the former was the beautiful Comet of last January, sometimes called the " Daylight Comet," and of the latter, the celebrated Halley's Comet, now gone from our ken for another period. We are familiar with their appearance, both from actual observation and from illustrations in the many books on Astronomy. First there is the head, which includes the nucleus, and streaming out behind is generally a tail, more or less long and more or less defined. Sometimes the tail is split up into two or more streamers and the head has peculiarities of construction, more or less fantastic. That is all we see either with the naked eye or through a telescope. But what we see in this way tells us very little about a Comet. These wonderful heavenly bodies are still more or less a mystery, and I am not sure that the careful observations all over the world of Halley's Comet in its late appearance, have added much to the knowledge of Comets, that is of their composition.

The word Comet is derived from the Latin word " coma," meaning hair, so called from the streams of light that appear to fly back from the nucleus, like hair. Comets have orbits just the same as any other heavenly body, but of these there are two kinds. There is the Comet with the *parabolic* orbit, and is the stranger which appears suddenly and unexpectedly, goes round the Sun and flies away into space again, never to reappear. Then there is the Comet with the *elliptical* orbit, a closed orbit like that of the Earth. This kind goes round and round the Sun, always reappearing at stated times, like Halley's Comet. But there is a difference between the elliptical orbit of a Planet and a Comet. That of the former approaches the circular in shape, while that of the latter is tremendously elongated, like a very long, thin egg. If you remember I told you in an early Pill the way to draw an ellipse with two pins and a piece of string. Well, you can draw a Comet's orbit by putting the pins very far apart. Also remember that these pins are the foci of the ellipse, and the Sun occupies the position of one of them as regards the orbit of a Comet. The elliptical orbit of a Comet then, being so elongated, must of necessity stretch a long way across the Solar system and, in some cases, such as that of Halley's Comet, beyond the orbit of Neptune, the furthest Planet from the Sun. This will account for the seventy odd years that Halley's Comet takes to go once round the Sun.

Dealing with the appearance of a Comet, there are two peculiarities with regard to its tail. The nearer a Comet comes to the Sun the longer grows its tail and the further it recedes the shorter the tail becomes, till at last the tail disappears altogether. When a Comet is first seen through a telescope, far away from the Sun, it appears just a round, indistinct, nebulous body of light. As it approaches the Sun a tail gradually appears and grows longer and longer, therefore we must conclude that the tail is due to some influence of the Sun. The other peculiarity of the tail is that it is always pointed away from the Sun, that is, as the Comet approaches the Sun, the tail streams out behind. As the Comet revolves round the Sun the tail swings round, pointing away from the Sun, and as the Comet retires from the latter it goes tail first and not head first, a proper way of retiring from the Royal Presence.

The rate at which a comet travels in its orbit varies of course, in obedience to the laws of gravity. When it is making its revolution round and close to the Sun, it moves at a terrific rate, accomplishing its journey in a few hours. On the other hand, far out at the opposite end of its orbit, where the attraction of the Sun is weak, it moves with extreme slowness. These two rates of progression might almost be compared to the paces of an express train and a snail respectively.

There is much speculation as to the composition of a Comet. Is it composed of solid, liquid or gaseous matter? What would happen if the Earth collided with a Comet or passed through its tail? In the former case would there be a shock, and should we be burnt up? Let me here state that whatever a Comet is made of, it is matter of great tenuity or thinness, so much so that when the head of a Comet comes between us and a Star, we can still see the latter clearly. Now when the lightest cloud comes between us and a Star, the latter is dimmed or hidden altogether. You know how tenuous a cloud is, how much more so must be the head of a Comet. One Astronomer has said that if you could solidify a Comet, you could put it into a hat box! Let us illustrate this and it will give you some idea of the tenuity of a Comet. Take a piece of ice that would just fill a hat box, melt it and it becomes a certain amount of water. Boil this water until it has all become steam. Suppose you could keep all this steam and make it remain in a globular shape the size of our earth, you would hardly notice it for thinness or tenuity. I don't say that all Comets are like this, but it will give you some idea of the tenuity of a Comet. Thus you can understand that a collision with a Comet would not produce any shock, though if the gases of which it is composed, or has in its composition, are poisonous, the result of a collision would be disastrous enough. As regards the tail and its composition practically nothing is known for certain, we have only conjecture. Perhaps the head of a Comet acting as a lens reflects the light of the sun on particles in space like motes in a beam of sunshine in a room. Or the tail may be due to electric disturbances or emanations induced by the Sun. Or it may be due to particles in the head of the Comet repelled from it by the influence of the Sun, who knows? We must await patiently the results of the investigation of Astronomers after the appearances of Comets from time to time; we shall know some day. At any rate, there are the Comets, sometimes surprising in their wonderful beauty, at others dull and disappointing, but always food for thought and speculation, which, as I have before remarked, is good for our souls.

And now we come to the last, the smallest but not least wonderful of the members of our Solar System, the Meteors. These are familarly called " Shooting Stars," but this is wrong, for they are not stars. When one sees a Meteor, there is the appearance of a star dropping out of the sky and disappearing, but it is not so. A Meteor can be any size, from that of dust to that of a body the size of a large boulder, perhaps larger, but not often. Very large Meteors are luckily rare, otherwise it might be very unpleasant for us. These big Meteors sometimes fall to the Earth, and we call them meteorites, or aerolites, or bolides. Now what causes that streak of light, more or less bright, that we see across the sky, made by a Meteor? I will explain. Perhaps you are not aware that the atmosphere which surrounds the Earth acts as a very efficient roof over our heads to keep off the hail of millions of Meteors which daily bombard the Earth? You will understand this when I tell you what happens at the fall of a Meteor. These Meteors are particles floating about in Space, going in all directions as far as the Earth is concerned. When a particle, such as I have described, and the Earth approach each other, the laws of gravity come into operation. The Earth being immensely the larger, attracts the particle which flies towards it with ever-increasing velocity, and

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would finally fall on the Earth as a solid body if it were not for the atmosphere. The moment this particle enters our atmosphere, even at its most tenuous outskirts, with tremendous velocity, friction is at once set up. This friction engenders heat which increases enormously as the atmosphere thickens the nearer the surface of the Earth is approached. First the particle gets red hot, then white hot, and we see it, then it gets so hot that it melts and is finally dissolved into vapour from the tremendous heat set up by friction. All this takes a few seconds, and by the time the once solid particle is dissipated into vapour it has only reached a very short way into our atmosphere, and is still miles above our heads. This heated vapour then once more cools and falls on the surface of the Earth as fine dust. Now, if you can understand that millions of Meteors of all sizes are falling into our atmosphere daily and on to the Earth in the form of meteoric dust, you will appreciate what a good roof you have over your heads. Sometimes, but rarely, a Meteor is so big that it pierces this roof and falls on the Earth before it is entirely melted. If you examine the surface of such a "bolt from the blue" you will see that it is all smoothed or fused, as if it had been in a furnace and got partially melted.

There are what are called meteoric swarms, collections of myriads of particles which revolve round the Sun in regular orbits. Periodically at stated times in the year, the Earth crosses the orbit of a particular swarm, and we see what are called meteoric showers, that is, for a night or two we see a very large number of Meteors. There used to be one swarm that afforded a magnificent spectacle every sixty-six years. This was to have appeared in November, 1899, but something has happened to it for the shower of Meteors never came off. There is a shower for instance, that occurs every year between the 9th and 11th of August, called the Perseids, because they appear to radiate from the direction of the constellation of Perseus.

I have remarked that millions of Meteors enter the Earth's atmosphere daily, and you may very reasonably ask how it is we do not see them. The reason is that it is only the larger ones you see, sufficiently large to be lighted up. As regards the meteoric dust, it has been found lying in the perpetual snows of high mountains, such as the Alps, and analysed and found to be of the same composition as the big stones that fall to the Earth.

We have now finished with the Solar system, and will, in the next Pills, examine the Stars and other bodies far away in Space.

"AUDIOR."

## A TRIP THROUGH THE SENEGAL.

(BY H.S.T.)

*(Illustrated by photos taken by the Writer.)*

*(Concluded from page 83).*

My second relay of porters took me to a large village on the edge of another stretch of trackless bush, forty miles wide, where I halted for a day to rest and clean up generally. Setting out for a short shoot the following morning, I bagged a fine roan. There were a good many in the neighbourhood and they played havoc with the crops, coming in at night to feed on the villagers' rice fields and then making off into the bush again as day broke.

A source of trouble about this time was the payment of my men. Constant changing of porters, day by day, necessitated a large amount of small silver or barter. I had still a plentiful supply of five franc pieces but as I was now obliged to engage porters from village to village instead of, as previously, for a period of days or weeks, payment had to be made in francs and half francs or in barter, such as salt or cloth. Both salt and cloth came from the Gambia and as I was advancing towards, instead of from it, I had none. Small change was also absolutely unobtainable. As soon as the natives get possession of any small coins they hand them over to their womenfolk as hair ornaments. A family's whole wealth reposes almost entirely on the heads of their women. There is a good deal of alluvial gold in the district which is highly prized as head ornaments, and the chief's favourite wife at this village must have carried a small fortune in gold on her head.

SOME OF MY BAG.

They know its value too. There is a standard weight right through the country for buying gold—a small black bean—so many beans weighed against the gold for francs. I purchased some to see if there was any profit to be made out of it, and found after assaying in England, that I had bought a sovereign's worth of gold for twenty-two shillings. At Bathurst where there is a gold currency, I saw one damsel rigged out in all her finery, on a Sunday, with no less than ten gold coins worked into her hair.

This second patch of bush held a good deal of game, but I had no time to stop, bagging bushbuck, reedbuck and Buffon's cob after we had halted for the night. There were also leopard, but, although I heard them "coughing" the undergrowth was too thick for a shot.

Once through it game became scarce, paths more plentiful and the sound of guns more frequent. These were not fired by hunters. A number of French natives go out into English territory to earn enough money to pay their yearly hut tax, instead of working in their own country. Before starting on their homeward journey they usually convert their spare cash into a "long Dane," and then, on their return, loose it off every time they top a rise or hill to let the countryside know they are going home.

We were now nearing the Gambia and I knew we ought to be pretty close. Rounding a bend in the track, we found ourselves standing almost looking down on to a mighty river which had been absolutely invisible a few minutes before.

Our bank was perpendicular, the track running along its edge. The opposite bank was clothed in dense forest. It was the typical story-book African river. This spot was 250 miles from its mouth, and with no rain for the last eight months, there were numerous sand banks alive with crocodile basking in the sun, ducks and geese in hundreds on the edge of each strip of sand, and a troop of monkeys from the forest opposite drinking at the water's edge. A few miles further down stream at Gueneto, there was another bluff, a village, and on the point a store with a young Frenchman in charge. I had

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been looking forward for a month to reaching this store and found it well stocked with good provisions. I dined with the Frenchman

THE GAMBIA.

that night. He was quite contented with his job—a healthy spot in the dry season, good water close at hand, and the natives eager to exchange ground nuts for trade rum, long Dane guns and shoddy finery. These ground nuts are a valuable product of West Africa, and are eventually shipped to Marseilles or Hamburg and their oil extracted from them.

Everyone however has his grievance, mine host had two. Firstly, that hippopotami, monkeys, crocodile (sic) and other odds and ends made such a noise in the forest opposite that he couldn't sleep at nights. Secondly, that his predecessor, intending to build himself a solid house, had collected and dumped down in front of the dwelling shanty a huge pile of stones, and then promptly died. My friend's complaint was that the trading company for which he was agent would neither build the house or remove the stones, and to get them taken away himself would cost about £2. Moreover these stones harboured "serpents" of which he had a peculiar horror.

Personally I only saw one snake, a harmless one, during the whole of my journey, and that one must have been located by a peculiarly keen-eyed porter, as it was up a tree.

One day on the march, hearing an infernal din behind, I looked round. The rear half of my porters had halted, deposited their loads and seemed to be having a battle royal amongst themselves with knives and sticks. It turned out to be the slaughter of the aforesaid harmless snake.

I was now only thirty miles from Maka, a French post on the frontier, and pushed on there, receiving the usual kindness and lavish hospitality from the three French officials during my two days' stay, that I had experienced at other posts.

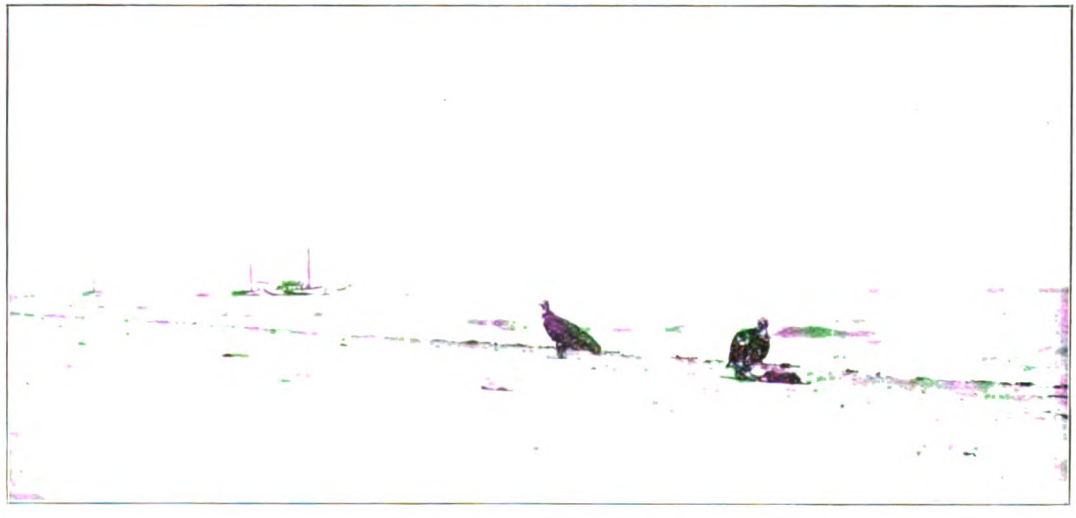
There was a very curious relic at this station, viz:—three British cannon, carefully mounted on wooden trestles and used for firing their annual salute on the 14th July.

Two of these cannon were dated 1824 and 1826 respectively, and of English make—the third was of German manufacture and undated. All three were engraved with the arms and cypher of King George IV.

A British expedition had started up the Gambia from MacCarty about 1830, against the King of Kalonkadougu, Kiminton by name. Severe opposition had been encountered and eventually all the Europeans being killed or dying of fever the guns had been abandoned in the bush outside a village called Dougousine. Many years later they were found and brought into the nearest station (Maka) where I saw them.

That was the account as handed down by the natives to the Commandant of Maka, and those guns if they had been able to speak, could have told a tale worth listening to of hardships and privations suffered by pioneer white men long since forgotten who, eighty years ago, led that illfated expedition more than 200 miles up the Gambia.

My intention had been to stick to French territory the whole of my trip, but the Commandant at Maka told me that, from now onwards, villages became more and more frequent the nearer one approached the sea and game practically non-existent. This bore out my experience of the last few marches. Following his suggestion



"THE COAST AT BATHURST."

I turned S.W., crossed the frontier into British Gambia and two days later was sitting by the bank of the river on the look out for a

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passing boat to take myself and my loads the remainder of the journey by water. A two days' wait and we hailed a sailing boat

*"A small fortune in gold on her head."*

piled up with bags of ground nuts, the native in charge of which, for a very modest fee, handed me over his little cabin, stacked my kit on top of his cargo, and brought me down to the Coast at Bathurst.

## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers).

I HAVE been requested to write an account of my service in the "Old and Bold." It may be interesting or otherwise, but don't hold me responsible for the infliction, or to quote from the American notice down west, "Don't shoot at the musician, he's doing his best." That's my preface.

My story starts in March, 1866, when the 1/5th were stationed at Athlone, Ireland, and the Regiment wore the shako with the red and white drooping plume, shell jackets, a small tight fitting jacket coming down to the hips, a big leather stock that buckled round the neck, to strangle or make the soldier keep his head up, tunic of brick red, of much the same cut as worn by the Foot Guards now, while the Sergeants' tunics were made of scarlet cloth. The Band had theirs of white and thought no end of themselves, especially with the smart red round cap, very much like what was in use in the Hussar Regiments until lately, only a deal more ornamental with its white braiding and band, also with an appropriate silver badge, with St. George and Dragon very conspicuous.

The Battalion had twelve Companies, only ten of which were for service, including a Grenadier Company composed of the biggest and tallest men in the Battalion, and a Light Company made up of the shortest, who were the best shots also. I fancy just then they were not officially recognised, although at the Delhi Camp of Exercise 1871-72, a Native Corps encamped close to us had its Grenadier and Light Companies, the latter clad in dark green, but not so dark as that worn by our Rifles.

Well, to get on, like every other boy from my earliest recollection I wanted to be a soldier, and often as I sat by the fire with my parents, prior to the Battalion being ordered abroad again, listening to my future being discussed, my mother would say she had no objection to my being in the Army, only she didn't wish us to be separated. My step-father, Mr. Patrick Hale, V.C., for short called Pat, having nineteen years' service, would not in all probability be taken out again. He would say what a fine Regiment the FIFTH was, the best and finest in the Army, giving the late Duke of Cambridge's opinion, when he was C.C., who was heard to say at a Review when the FIFTH were marching past "Here they come! Look at them, "like brick walls! What a Regiment! Not a better to be found any-"where!" What fine opportunities there were, he would say, of doing well in India; that seemed to be the country where the Battalion would probably go; he had friends who would see no harm happened me, and so on. The same topic used to be the principal one day after day, always arriving at the same deadlock. There were other factors at work though. I used to listen to the old soldiers talking about the fortunes they had missed, the heaps of rupees that used to lie on the road (Mutiny times), how they used to fill their haversacks in spite of the bullets pattering about and had to throw them away or bury them, for a few rupees told on their carrying power, and how it was the land of curry and rice. I didn't know what that meant, but it was always accompanied by a smacking of lips and arguments as to which kind was the best, that did not always end amicably. Anyway their yarns affected me so that my imagination was fired to the full, and some of the other boys and I used to discuss all these wonders. One evening after such a discussion three or four of us made up our minds to enlist. We were always doing that, but fate managed the business this time, so off to the Sergeant-Major's we marched, as we often had done before. I gave a timid little knock and looked round, but the others had fled. Perhaps I should have done the same, only a voice astonished me, which turned out to be the Sergeant-Major's. He must have been on the point of coming out when I knocked, and so to say caught me in the act. "Well, what do you want?" was the query. "I want to enlist, sir," said I, and after saying it, felt quite bold. It was the first plunge. He looked at me funnily, I thought, and said, "All right, come and see me to-morrow morning at the orderly-room." So I went home and told my mother. She gave me a good box on the ears and told my step-father, and he looked at me and burst out laughing. He was over six feet two inches; I was four feet four and a half inches; he was about fourteen stone, and I five. I often wondered if it was the comparison he laughed at. I was punctual to time at the orderly-room the following morning. The Sergeant-Major asked a lot of questions and told me he would send for me later on, which meant a couple of days. At last I was sent for, and went wondering what was the difference between the Queen's shilling and any other. When at the orderly-room I had my misgivings with reference to my age, for I was only ten. The Sergeant-Major solved the difficulty. He asked me my age, and I told him "eleven," thinking I was putting it on awfully; but he told me I was fourteen; so when I was brought in front of the Colonel, I told him that was my age, and afterwards felt sorry I hadn't said fifteen, which would have brought me on man's pay at once, for it was just as easy to say one as the other. After answering a lot more questions I was sent to be sworn in by a magistrate. He was very kind, but puzzled me a good deal by asking if I was married, how many children I had, etc. The Corporal who had me in charge prompted me with "say no, say none," and so on. Everything comes to an end, and so did the swearing in. I stood my footing to the Corporal with my enlisting shilling and returned to barracks a boy soldier of the "Old and Bold," with a heart so big it's a wonder my body carried it.

*(To be continued.)*

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 331.]** **Saturday, 30th July, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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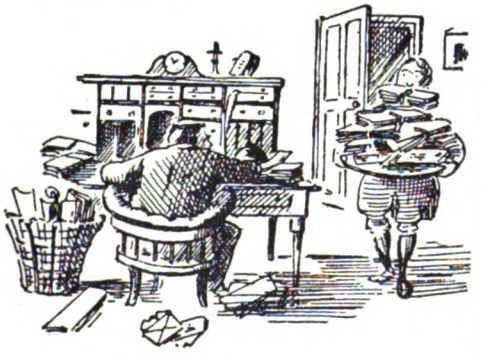
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*


111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone :*
*No. 6667 Gerrard.*


*30th July, 1910.*



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*It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor* NOT LATER *than the 23rd of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on* ONE SIDE *only of the paper.*

*Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.*

*All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.*

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers :—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The Naval and Military Record"
"The XXX."
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Antelope"
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Lion and the Rose"
"The Snapper"
"The Essex Regiment Gazette"
"79th News"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The Household Brigade Magazine"
"H.L.I. Chronicle"
"The Sapper"
"The Journal of the Royal Artillery"
"The China Dragon"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"The Journal of the Leinster Regiment"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, 1st Battalion, per Major Enderby ... ... | to 30/ 4/10 | Major H. E. B. Leach ... | to 31/12/10 |
| | | Colonel Lockhart ... ... | ,, 28/ 2/11 |
| | | Major K. O. Foster ... | ,, 30/ 6/11 |
| | | Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Pagan | ,, 30/ 6/11 |
| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, the Depôt, per Qrmr.-Sgt. Purcell ... ... ... | ,, 31/ 5/10 | Captain J. A. Westmacott | ,, 30/ 6/11 |
| | | Mr. J. Arkless ... ... | ,, 30/ 6/11 |
| | | Mr. J. Fraser ... ... | ,, 31/ 7/11 |
| | | Mr. J. Hoolihan ... ... | ,, 31/ 7/11 |

### BIRTHS.

HERBERT.—On the 1st inst., at Dover, the wife of No. 2312 Lance-Corporal H. Herbert, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

McLEAN.—On the 22nd ult., at Dover, the wife of No. 8744 Private J. McLean, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

OUZMAN.—On the 23rd May, at the Barracks, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 5231 Sergeant W. G. Ouzman, 3rd (Reserve) Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

### MARRIAGE.

SHOUBRIDGE—DUGDALE.—On the 23rd inst., at St. Bride's Church, Castleknock, by the Rev. O'Hara Mease, vicar, Major T. Herbert Shoubridge, D.S.O., Northumberland Fusiliers, to Gladys Constance Dugdale, eldest daughter of the late Major Dugdale, 16th Lancers, and Mrs. Dugdale, Ashtown Lodge, Castleknock.

### DEATHS.

HERBERT.—On the 1st inst., at Dover, Doris, infant daughter of No. 2312 Lance-Corporal Herbert, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

LANDEN.—On the 25th ult., at Gharial, Murree Hills, India, Elizabeth, wife of Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster A. Landen, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

LE PELLEY.—On the 9th inst., at St. Peters-in-the-Wood, Guernsey, Colonel Ernest Le Pelley, late 5th Fusiliers, aged 77 years.

MOORE.—On the 24th inst., at Herne Bay, Thomas Moore, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 49 years.

### EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Gentleman-Cadet R. T. Vachell, from the Royal Military College, to be Second-Lieutenant, *vice* G. R. F. Leverson, appointed Adjutant (dated 18th July, 1910).

3RD (RESERVE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant E. J. Lamb to be Lieutenant (dated 6th June, 1910).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—F. Swan to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 29th April, 1910).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain D. R. MacDonald to be Major (dated 16th September, 1909).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant C. Chipper, from the Unattached List for the Territorial Force (serving with the Durham University Contingent, Senior Division, Officers Training Corps), to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 25th April, 1910). Second-Lieutenant C. Chipper is seconded for service with the Durham University Contingent, Senior Division, Officers Training Corps (dated 26th April, 1910).


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WE regret to announce the death of Colonel Ernest Le Pelley, at St. Peter's-in-the-Wood, Guernsey, on the 9th inst. Born in 1832, he was appointed Ensign to the 75th Regiment on the 20th October, 1849; promoted Lieutenant, 27th August, 1852; Captain, 7th October, 1859; all in the 75th Regiment, without purchase. He served with that Regiment during the Indian Mutiny from the outbreak on the 12th May, including the battle of Badli-ki-Serai, the siege and capture of Delhi; the pursuit of the enemy, the actions of Boolundshahur, Allyghur, Acrabad, Agra, Kanoj, the advance into Oude, and affairs of Maragunge and Alumbagh. He took part in the occupations after the relief of Lucknow, the fortified outposts and camp with Outram's force, and repulse of the enemy's attacks. He was mentioned in despatches and received for his services the Medal and two Clasps and the Brevet of Major, dated 23rd January, 1863. In July, 1860, he exchanged into the 1st Battalion of the FIFTH with Captain J. B. Barker. On the 9th August, 1871, he retired on half-pay. For some years he was Acting Staff Officer of Pensioners at Omagh, and retired with the honorary rank of Colonel on the 1st July, 1881. He was the last surviving Captain of those who embarked with the 1st Battalion for India, on the 25th August, 1866.

## 1st Battalion Notes.

GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS, INDIA,
29th June, 1910.

"GHARIAL reports no change" very nearly sums up the situation here this month, but we will use our best endeavour to give those, who are more luckily situated, some idea of what has happened lately in this, our jungle. From a soldiering point of view, the excitement of the month was the firing of Part III. of the new Musketry Course. As is usually the case when a new musketry course is invented, the man who loves firing at a black pudding on a white plate, or shall we say "on a field argent," gives as the reason for a poor score, "the targets are impossible to see or hit," or that "you are so hurried in these new courses." We have not heard that any foreign army has decided to clothe their army in the dress of Pierrots; when they do, we can revert to the old targets with aforesaid black pudding, etc.

We have had two Pagal Gymkhanas, which were a great success—lots of entries and plenty of spectators. Weather permitting, we are to have a Gymkhana once a fortnight. Captain Gordon is to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements. It is no light job to run gymkhanas once a fortnight, especially in the hills in India.

In spite of Musketry and Field Training, we have managed to play some few Cricket and Football Matches. In the Murree Football Tournament our team played an excellent game against the winners of the cup, particulars of which will be found in the Football Notes. The first round of the Company Cricket Cup ties has been played, and we have also had the annual match of Hills v. Plains, which the Plains again won this year.

We were very glad to see Captain Purser, R.A.M.C., who used to look after the medical wants of the 2nd Battalion at Ladybrand and elsewhere. He was up on short leave in Murree, and came out here to see us.

We hear that we are to have combined manœuvres with the Peshawar Division at the beginning of December. At first there was some idea of having them over the same ground as the Attock manœuvres of 1890, but now we hear that they are to be held nearer Rawal Pindi, which will mean a shorter walk for us. The country is more open, so that we shall not be so bothered with the transport. We wonder if the then Mess President of the 2nd Battalion, who we hope is in the best of health, and (as he always was and no doubt still is) in the best of spirits, remembers how very short tempered and really quite troublesome certain officials were, when the Officers' Mess cart blocked the advance of a division or so, owing to the paucity of roads in that vicinity.

Sir James Willcocks, who was staying in Murree *en route* to Simla, walked out to see us the other day, and gave us all the Peshawar news.

About a week ago we thought that the monsoon had arrived a little early, but, after the usual hill storm of continuous thunder, lightning, and rain for twelve hours or so, the weather faired. We were then left with five inches to mark up on the rain chart, a stable roof to bring up the khud, where it had been blown by the wind, and one bungalow with a gaping and otherwise unsafe wall.

We were well represented at the Srinagar Horse Show, and carried off the following prizes:—

*Class I.—Arab Ponies, 14·2 and under.*—3rd Prize, Lieutenant A. C. Hart's "Rustler." Highly commended, Lieutenant R. M. Lamb's "Badshah."

*Class II.—Arab Polo Ponies.*—1st, Lieutenant A. C. Hart's "Royal Scot."

*Class III.—English and Colonial Ponies, 14·2 and under.*—1st, Lieutenant R. M. Lamb's "Red Mist"; 2nd, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Dandaloo"; 3rd, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Dairy Maid."

*Class IV.—English and Colonial Polo Ponies, Light Weight.*—1st, Lieutenant R. M. Lamb's "Red Mist"; 2nd, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Dairy Maid."

*Class V.—English and Colonial Polo Ponies, Heavy Weight.*—1st, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Dandaloo."

*Class VII.—Ladies' Hacks.*—3rd, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Dandaloo."

*Jumping Competition.*—1st, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Dairy Maid"; 3rd, Lieutenant A. C. Hart's "Sandy."

*Arab Polo Scurry (2 furlongs).*—2nd, Lieutenant Watkin's "Highborn."

*Country Road, English and Colonial Polo Scurry.*—1st, Captain H. R. Sandiland's "Kathleen."

The first part of the leave season ends very shortly, and we expect the following officers from Kashmir:—Captain Clifford, Lieutenants Hart, Lamb, Watkin and

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Cogan. Lieutenant Ovans has rejoined from home; Lieutenant Gibson sails for home on the 9th July, Colonel Sapte on the 16th, and Major Yatman on the

THE HURDLE RACE AT THE REGIMENTAL SPORTS, GHARIAL.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.)*

30th. Lieutenant Stephen sails for Australia on the 20th.

---

Senior Officers' Courses have been started at Changla Gali this year on much the same lines as those that have been held for some years past at Hythe (things move slowly in the East). We lent our Hythe expert, Captain Festing, to do teacher for the first course, and Colonel Sapte attended the second course.

---

Best congratulations to our Team, consisting of Captain Clifford, Lieutenants Hart, Lamb and Watkin, on winning the Srinagar Polo Tournament. Mrs. Ramsay, wife of the Resident, Colonel Ramsay, kindly presented a silver cup to each member of the team.

---

Major Yatman and Sergeant Harris passed the higher standard examination in Pushto, held at Peshawar on the 4th and 5th of April.

---

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Landen, who died on Saturday, 25th inst., and was buried the same day in the Gharial cemetery. She will long be remembered for her many acts of kindness, especially to our married families. We tender to Lieutenant and Quartermaster Landen our deepest sympathy in his great loss.

---

The following have been transferred to the Battalion:—
Private Simmonds, from 10th Royal Hussars, and Private J. Green, from 12th Royal Irish Lancers.

---

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

*1st Class:—*

No. 7858 Sergeant G. Hills — No. 1142 Private F. Jones

*1st Class (Group II.):—*

No. 5170 Lance-Sergeant J. Welsh — No. 1457 Private P. Gale
No. 764 Private F. Addams

*2nd Class:—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1840 | Lce.-Corpl. | C. Stafford | No. 2524 | Private | A. Atkinson |
| ,, 31 | ,, | C. Ralphs | ,, 730 | ,, | J. Rose |
| ,, 9740 | Private | H. Morgan | ,, 1230 | ,, | A. Clarke |
| ,, 1934 | ,, | G. Butler | ,, 1639 | ,, | J. Colton |

*3rd Class:—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2188 | Private | J. Burton | No. 1574 | Private | J. Demain |
| ,, 2054 | ,, | W. Skeen | ,, 2340 | ,, | T. Banks |
| ,, 2397 | ,, | F. Humblestone | ,, 2261 | ,, | G. Paish |
| ,, 2477 | ,, | W. Stanton | ,, 2267 | ,, | J. Graham |
| ,, 2270 | ,, | L. Galbraith | ,, 2436 | ,, | J. Bowtell |
| ,, 2228 | ,, | M. McDonald | ,, 1962 | ,, | M. Dowd |
| ,, 9994 | ,, | T. Bell | ,, 2437 | ,, | G. Brough |
| ,, 2227 | ,, | W. Oliver | ,, 2145 | ,, | W. Paintin |
| ,, 2175 | ,, | G. Kirkwood | ,, 2441 | ,, | J. Short |
| ,, 2286 | ,, | L. Want | ,, 2548 | ,, | T. Smith |
| ,, 2377 | ,, | J. Young | ,, 2307 | ,, | T. Kitchin |
| ,, 970 | ,, | J. Breeze | ,, 1943 | ,, | L. Thorne |

No. 1673 Private J. McCulloch

---

No. 1224 Lance-Corporal G. A. Ashton has been promoted Corporal, and No. 9542 Lance-Corporal T. J. Walker appointed paid Lance-Corporal, from 31st May.

---

No. 5861 Lance-Corporal R. Parrant has re-engaged to complete 21 years' service.

---

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 947 | Private | J. Bradley | 2 | from | 3/3/10 |
| ,, | 1024 | ,, | G. Lampkin | 2 | ,, | 18/4/10 |
| ,, | 9679 | ,, | N. Whelan | 1 | ,, | 24/4/10 |
| ,, | 1630 | ,, | P. Shields | 1 | ,, | 24/4/10 |
| ,, | 1031 | Lance-Corporal | G. Banks | 2 | ,, | 10/5/10 |
| ,, | 752 | Drummer | W. Hutchison | 2 | ,, | 11/5/10 |
| ,, | 9775 | Private | F. Aston | 1 | ,, | 11/5/10 |
| ,, | 9106 | ,, | R. May | 2 | ,, | 12/5/10 |
| ,, | 917 | ,, | J. Tandy | 1 | ,, | 15/5/10 |
| ,, | 1223 | ,, | H. Meadows | 2 | ,, | 17/5/10 |
| ,, | 8783 | ,, | M. Gibbons | 1 | ,, | 19/5/10 |
| ,, | 1230 | ,, | A. Clarke | 2 | ,, | 20/5/10 |
| ,, | 1240 | Lance-Corporal | T. D'Arcy | 2 | ,, | 24/5/10 |
| ,, | 2512 | Private | H. Sykes | 1 | ,, | 27/5/10 |
| ,, | 567 | ,, | J. Hassett | 2 | ,, | 31/5/10 |
| ,, | 1305 | ,, | J. Saunders | 2 | ,, | 1/6/10 |
| ,, | 1304 | ,, | L. Darnborough | 2 | ,, | 1/6/10 |
| ,, | 2219 | ,, | J. Bone | 1 | ,, | 2/6/10 |
| ,, | 9949 | Lance-Corporal | A. Wodehouse | 2 | ,, | 4/6/10 |
| ,, | 854 | Private | D. McAulay | 1 | ,, | 4/6/10 |
| ,, | 1318 | ,, | W. Kelly | 2 | ,, | 5/6/10 |
| ,, | 1003 | ,, | A. Sawyer | 1 | ,, | 6/6/10 |

THE CLOWNS AT THE REGIMENTAL SPORTS.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.)*

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1999 | Lance-Corporal | G. Ives | 1 | from | 8/6/10 |
| ,, | 1339 | ,, | G. Alsop | 2 | ,, | 10/6/10 |
| ,, | 1991 | Private | G. Lowe | 1 | ,, | 12/6/10 |
| ,, | 1145 | ,, | G. Hall | 2 | ,, | 15/6/10 |

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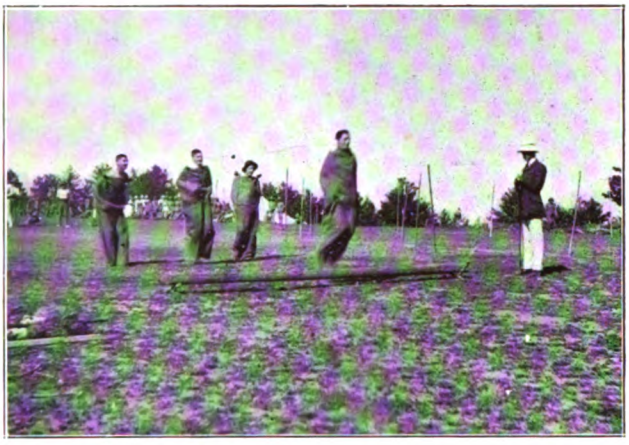
## BOXING AND ATHLETIC CLUB HANDICAP SPORTS.

*Khud Race.*—1st, Private Woodward, G Company; 2nd, Private Smith, A Company; 3rd, Private Brown, D Company.



THE SACK RACE AT THE REGIMENTAL SPORTS.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.)*

*Three Mile Race, from Khuldanna.*—1st, Private Lake, A Company; 2nd, Private Woodward, G Company; 3rd, Private Smith, A Company.

*Long Jump.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Wood, D Company, 17ft. 4½in.; 2nd, Private Webster, C Company, 19ft. 2½in.; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Insley, G Company, 17ft. 1in. Private Webster was penalised 2ft.

*High Jump.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Grundy, F Company, 5ft.; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Insley, G Company, 4ft. 11in.; 3rd, Private Bestwick, D Company, 4ft. 10in.

*Bayonet v. Sabre.*—1st, Private Bestwick, D Company; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Wood, D Company; 3rd, Private Anderson, A Company.

*Bayonet Fighting.*—1st, Private Bestwick, D Company; 2nd, Private Woodward, G Company; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Wood, D Company.

MOP FIGHTING AT THE REGIMENTAL SPORTS.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.)*

*Sword v. Sword.*—1st, Private Bowron, B Company; 2nd, Private Bestwick, D Company; 3rd, Private Dixon, B Company.

*Gymnastics.*—1st, Privates Coxon and Hill, both of B Company; 3rd, Private Dixon, B Company.

*Ju-Jitsu.*—1st, Private Bowron, B Company; 2nd, Private Dixon, B Company; 3rd, Private Lee, B Company.

*Foils.*—1st, Private Dixon, B Company; 2nd, Private Bowron, B Company; 3rd, Private Coxon, B Company.

*Putting the Shot.*—1st, Corporal Feeney, D Company, 29ft. 1in.; 2nd, Private Axtell, D Company; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Wood, D Company.

*Jumping Match.*—1st, Private Axtell, D Company; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Insley, G Company; 3rd, Private Woodward, G Company.

## FOOTBALL.

On the 8th inst. the Regimental Team played the Royal Field Artillery (Nowshera) in the 1st Round of the Murree Tournament. This resulted in an easy win for the FIFTH by 4 goals to 1. The following were the team :—

*Goal :*
Private Pridmore
*Backs :*
Private Hobday Private Ridley
*Half-Backs :*
Private Hills Lance-Corporal Maden Private Forebanks

CAPTAIN SANDILANDS' "DAIRY MAID," WINNER OF THE 1ST PRIZE PONY JUMPING COMPETITION, PUNJAUB HORSE SHOW.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.)*

*Forwards :*
Private Craze Drum-Major Hone Private Saunders
Private Ward Lance-Corporal Allen

In the 2nd Round the FIFTH met one of the best teams in India—the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers. A great game was expected, nor were we disappointed. An exciting game was witnessed, which the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers won by 1 goal to *nil*.

The 20th Lancashire Fusiliers won the Cup, beating the 14th Prince of Wales' Own, West Yorkshire Regiment, in the final tie by 6 goals to *nil*.

The following is the result of the Companies 2nd League XI. up to date :—

| Coy. | | | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Goals For. | Goals Ag'st. | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | ... | ... | 6 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 5 | 9 |
| A | ... | ... | 6 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 11 | 6 | 8 |
| D | ... | ... | 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 10 | 8 | 6 |
| B | ... | ... | 5 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 8 | 6 |
| H | ... | ... | 5 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 8 | 6 | 5 |
| C | ... | ... | 6 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 8 | 10 | 5 |
| F | .. | ... | 6 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 14 | 4 |
| E | ... | ... | 6 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 12 | 3 |

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# CRICKET.

## PLAINS v. HILLS.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 9th and 10th inst., and resulted in a win for the Plains by 59 runs.

PLAINS.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Captain Lancaster, S. and T. Corps, c and b Parrant | 8 | lbw, b Parrant | 73 |
| Mr. Borthwick, M.A. Dept., b Magniac | 4 | c Yatman, b Foster | 3 |
| Captain Browne, R.E., b Magniac | 17 | c Foster, b Magniac | 30 |
| ,, Bateman-Champain, 5th Gurkhas, b Parrant | 13 | b Magniac | 13 |
| Mr. Betham, 14th Sikhs, c and b Magniac | 12 | c Bond, b Foster | 15 |
| Mr. Beddy, 5th Gurkhas, c Spooner b Magniac | 0 | c Spooner, b Turner | 14 |
| Major Lushington, S. and T. Corps, b Magniac | 7 | not out | 105 |
| Private Christmas, c and b Parrant | 9 | b Parrant | 20 |
| Mr. Money, 22nd Cavalry, lbw, b Magniac | 0 | b Magniac | 15 |
| ,, Brown, 5th Gurkhas, not out | 30 | b Parrant | 21 |
| Lieutenant Milne-Home, 5th Fusiliers (Sub), b Turner | 26 | c Jacobs, b Magniac | 0 |
| Extras | 11 | Extras | 23 |
| Total | 137 | Total | 332 |

HILLS.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Captain Spooner, 20th Fusiliers, c Champain, b Beddy | 50 | b Lushington | 3 |
| Bandmaster Miles, 20th Fusiliers, b Lancaster | 1 | b Lancaster | 96 |
| Captain Magniac, 20th Fusiliers, b Lancaster | 2 | c Christmas, b Beddy | 11 |
| Captain Bond, 35th Royal Regiment, b Betham | 9 | not out | 29 |
| Major McNab, 35th Royal Regiment, c Champain, b Lancaster | 21 | b Beddy | 1 |
| Captain Jacobs, R.A.M.C., c Christmas, b Beddy | 10 | b Beddy | 37 |
| Mr. Foster, R.A.M.C., lbw, b Beddy | 2 | c Brown, b Lushington | 6 |
| Major Yatman, 5th Fusiliers, st Borthwick, b Christmas | 22 | b Milne-Home | 60 |
| Captain Turner, R.A.M.C., st Borthwick, b Beddy | 6 | st Brown, b Beddy | 0 |
| Captain Festing, 5th Fusiliers, lbw, b Beddy | 0 | st Brown, b Lushington | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Parrant, 5th Fusiliers, not out | 7 | c Beddy, b Christmas | 0 |
| Extras | 26 | Extras | 11 |
| Total | 156 | Total | 254 |

# REGIMENTAL CUP.

## 1ST ROUND.

### H COMPANY v. C COMPANY.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 14th inst., and resulted in a win for H Company by 40 runs.

H COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Private Lowe, b Casey | 70 | c Coote, b Taylor | 89 |
| ,, Gould, st Adams, b Maden | 4 | not out | 15 |
| Corporal Wadsworth, st Adams, b Casey | 17 | c and b Taylor | 22 |
| Private Betts, b Maden | 14 | b Taylor | 0 |
| ,, Forebanks, c Rood, b Maden | 2 | b Maden | 0 |
| ,, Colton, b Maden | 25 | c Adams, b Maden | 0 |
| ,, Grindle, not out | 9 | b Taylor | 11 |
| ,, Adamson, c Maden, b Foster | 2 | b Maden | 4 |
| Corporal Butler, st Adams, b Maden | 1 | b Adams | 8 |
| Private Bultitude, st Adams, b Maden | 0 | b Maden | 2 |
| Lance-Corporal Groves, c Hobday, b Foster | 1 | b Maden | 0 |
| Extras | 27 | Extras | 16 |
| Total | 172 | Total | 167 |

C COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Private Banks, b Lowe | 6 | c Grindle, b Gould | 13 |
| ,, Hobday, c Forebanks, b Gould | 33 | c Gould, b Wadsworth | 0 |
| ,, Adams, b Gould | 54 | b Gould | 10 |
| Lance-Corporal Maden, c Lowe, b Gould | 24 | b Gould | 18 |
| Sergeant Casey, b Gould | 0 | c and b Wadsworth | 16 |
| Lance-Sergeant Rood, c Wadsworth, b Gould | 10 | c Grindle, b Gould | 34 |
| Private Foster, c Lowe, b Betts | 0 | b Lowe | 24 |
| ,, Coote, b Betts | 0 | not out | 0 |
| ,, White, not out | 8 | b Wadsworth | 2 |
| ,, Fawkes, b Gould | 2 | c Forebanks, b Lowe | 4 |
| ,, Taylor, b Gould | 4 | b Gould | 3 |
| Extras | 26 | Extras | 8 |
| Total | 167 | Total | 132 |

### A COMPANY v. E COMPANY.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 20th inst., and resulted in a win for E Company by 5 runs.

E COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Private Priestley, not out | 44 | c King, b McCoy | 48 |
| Colour-Sergeant Price, b Carr | 3 | not out | 32 |
| Private Sherlock, b Carr | 4 | b Saunders | 47 |
| ,, Armstrong, b Russell | 4 | c McCoy, b Saunders | 15 |
| Lance-Corporal Godfrey, b Russell | 4 | c Russell, b Saunders | 20 |
| Private Green, b Russell | 2 | b Russell | 32 |
| ,, Flanagan, b Russell | 5 | b Carr | 1 |
| ,, Mann, c Smith, b Russell | 1 | b Russell | 2 |
| ,, Tonkinson, b Carr | 1 | c King, b Carr | 0 |
| ,, Newton, b Russell | 11 | c and b Russell | 14 |
| ,, Green, c Butler, b Russell | 0 | b Russell | 2 |
| Extras | 6 | Extras | 6 |
| Total | 85 | Total | 219 |

A COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Private Smith, c Mann, b Priestley | 5 | c Armstrong, b Priestley | 5 |
| ,, Hodgeman, b Priestley | 13 | c Priestley, b Godfrey | 26 |
| ,, Watson, c Sherlock, b Priestley | 3 | c Flanagan, b Godfrey | 0 |
| ,, Russell, not out | 88 | b Godfrey | 6 |
| ,, Carr, run out | 7 | c Green, b Priestley | 21 |
| ,, Saunders, b Priestley | 13 | b Priestley | 24 |
| Sergeant McCoy, b Priestley | 8 | b Godfrey | 6 |
| Lance-Corporal Butler, run out | 5 | b Godfrey | 0 |
| Private Marrs, b Priestley | 0 | c Godfrey, b Priestley | 16 |
| ,, King, lbw, b Priestley | 0 | not out | 3 |
| ,, Steel, b Priestley | 8 | b Priestley | 3 |
| Extras | 14 | Extras | 25 |
| Total | 164 | Total | 135 |

### G COMPANY v. B COMPANY.

This match was played at Gharial on the 24th inst., and resulted in a win for G Company by 63 runs.

G COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sergeant-Drummer Hone, b Richardson | 1 | b Warman | 1 |
| Bandsman C. Stone, b Charman | 0 | b Knox | 58 |
| Private Williams, b Charman | 15 | run out | 12 |
| Corporal Aston, c and b Richardson | 5 | run out | 1 |
| ,, Field, c Knox, b Richardson | 6 | run out | 1 |
| Private Young, c Knox, b Richardson | 0 | not out | 3 |
| ,, Kitchen, c and b Knox | 39 | c Morris, b Richardson | 22 |
| ,, Bamberg, b Charman | 6 | c Morris, b Charman | 11 |
| ,, Rix, b Charman | 0 | b Purley | 68 |
| ,, Foster, not out | 0 | b Boyes | 9 |
| ,, Farrell, b Knox | 2 | c Brodrick, b Pursley | 6 |
| Extras | 2 | Extras | 11 |
| Total | 76 | Total | 203 |

B COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lance-Corporal Nolan, b Rix | 4 | not out | 5 |
| Private Warman, b Rix | 4 | b Rix | 1 |
| Schoolmaster Charman, b Rix | 0 | b Field | 1 |
| Private Richardson, b Aston | 7 | c Hone, b Field | 10 |
| ,, Knox, run out | 68 | c Williams, b Field | 8 |
| ,, Morris, b Aston | 12 | c Aston, b Rix | 0 |
| Sergeant Hills, b Aston | 0 | absent | |
| Private Boyes, c Bamberg, b Aston | 3 | b Field | 3 |
| Lance-Sergeant Truscott, c Rix, b Field | 21 | b Rix | 9 |
| Private Brodrick, not out | 6 | c Kitchen, b Rix | 14 |
| ,, Pursley, c Field, b Bamberg | 14 | c Farrell, b Rix | 8 |
| Extras | 15 | Extras | 3 |
| Total | 154 | Total | 62 |

### D COMPANY v. F COMPANY.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 27th inst., and resulted in a win for D Company by 55 runs.

D COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sergeant Wilkinson, b Parrant | 8 | c Parrant, b Eatson | 26 |
| Private Harbourne, b Parrant | 4 | c and b Parrant | 31 |
| ,, Money, c Sykes, b Seavers | 10 | b Seavers | 19 |
| ,, Keech, c Davis, b Seavers | 11 | b Seavers | 8 |
| ,, Addams, b Parrant | 5 | run out | 21 |
| ,, Bestwick, not out | 61 | c Loftus, b Seavers | 54 |
| ,, Havercroft, c Loftus, b Seavers | 1 | b Parrant | 14 |
| ,, Wilcox, b Seavers | 11 | c Newton, b Parrant | 0 |
| Corporal Bradford, b Parrant | 1 | b Parrant | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Wood, b Parrant | 8 | not out | 1 |
| ,, Warner, b Eatson | 1 | b Seavers | 1 |
| Extras | 0 | Extras | 13 |
| Total | 121 | Total | 188 |

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F COMPANY.

| | 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lance-Corporal Parrant, b Harbourne | 23 | c Wood, b Harbourne | ... | 21 |
| Private Seavers, b Warner ... ... | 5 | run out... ... ... | ... | 9 |
| ,, Chase, b Warner ... ... ... | 0 | c Bradford, b Money | ... | 0 |
| ,, Davis, c and b Money ... ... | 25 | b Harbourne... ... | ... | 1 |
| Lance-Corporal Eatson, b Money ... | 25 | run out... ... ... | ... | 25 |
| Private Loftus, c Havercroft, b Money | 10 | c and b Harbourne... | ... | 3 |
| ,, Newton, c Keech, b Harbourne | 16 | run out... ... ... | ... | 10 |
| ,, Neap, not out ... ... ... | 9 | b Money ... ... | ... | 13 |
| Lance-Corporal Grundy, c Bradford, b Money ... ... ... ... ... | 9 | lbw, b Wood ... ... | ... | 14 |
| Private Sykes, b Addams ... ... ... | 4 | b Harbourne... ... | ... | 8 |
| ,, Coles, b Addams ... ... ... | 0 | not out... ... ... | ... | 4 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... | 20 | Extras ... ... | ... | 0 |
| Total... ... ... ... ... | 146 | Total ... | ... | 108 |

5TH FUSILIERS V. 20TH LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 23rd inst., and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by an innings and 86 runs.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Second-Lieutenant R. D. Crew, I.A.U.L., c Magniac, b Nield ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 22 |
| Second-Lieutenant R. S. Banks, I.A.U.L., c Magniac, b Nield ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Lieutenant A. C. Milne-Home, b Magniac... ... ... | 80 |
| Lance-Corporal R. Parrant, c Murphy, b Nield ... ... | 10 |
| Major C. Yatman, run out ... ... ... ... | 106 |
| Second-Lieutenant H. O. Sutherland, c Magniac, b Shaw | 9 |
| ,, ,, G. E. Balfour, I.A.U.L., lbw, b Shaw | 4 |
| Captain F. L. Festing, b Shaw ... ... ... ... | 1 |
| Sergeant C. Wilkinson, c Murphy, b Magniac ... ... | 38 |
| Private W. Russell, not out ... ... ... ... ... | 12 |
| Corporal T. Wadsworth, c and b Magniac ... ... | 8 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 10 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 300 |

20TH LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

| | 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bandmaster Miles, c Crew, b Banks ... | 4 | c Wilkinson, b Milne-Home | | 5 |
| Lance-Corporal Marshall, st Festing, b Banks ... ... ... ... ... | 7 | st Festing, b Parrant | ... | 10 |
| Captain Magniac, lbw, b Banks ... | 18 | b Parrant ... ... | ... | 20 |
| Bandsman White, c Sutherland, b Parrant ... ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | c Parrant, b Banks | ... | 28 |
| Bandsman Russell, c Banks, b Parrant | 16 | lbw, b Parrant ... | ... | 2 |
| Lieutenant G. E. Tallents, c Festing, b Banks ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | not out ... ... | ... | 4 |
| Bandsman Brown, c Festing, b Banks | 0 | b Parrant ... ... | ... | 16 |
| Sergeant Nield, not out ... ... ... | 0 | c Wilkinson, b Banks | ... | 4 |
| Lance-Corporal Murphy, c Banks, b Parrant ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | c Wadsworth, b Balfour | | 2 |
| Private Jessop, c Sutherland, b Banks | 1 | c Wadsworth, b Parrant | | 2 |
| Lance-Corporal Shaw, c Sutherland, b Banks ... ... ... ... ... | 8 | lbw, b Banks ... | ... | 46 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... | 6 | Extras ... ... | ... | 12 |
| Total ... ... ... ... | 63 | Total ... | ... | 151 |

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

On the 4th inst. the P.W.O. invited our Mess and the Black Watch to a shoot, which was followed by a whist drive. We were very successful in the shoot, taking all things into consideration. A five-mile walk in the sun to the P.W.O.'s range does not conduce to good shooting, any more than using a strange rifle. The P.W.O. provided rifles, and beat us by 24 points. We, in turn, beat the Black Watch by 20 points, Colour-Sergeant Price, to whose efforts the success of the shoot was mainly due, making top score. We were not very successful in the whist drive, which took place in the evening, the Black Watch winning all the prizes.

We have finished the classification practices, and most of us have given up hope of ever wearing cross guns again, for our total number of marksmen is five. We have a fair number who are 1st class shots, but a still greater number who are only "honorary" 1st class shots. An incident occurred on the range one day which might easily have ended disastrously. One man had his score for the "rapid" sent up through the telephone as 12 bulls, 2 inners, and 1 magpie; he had just sufficient time to get a number 9 smile, when this score was contradicted and the correct score sent up, which was 1 bull, 2 inners, and 1 magpie. So well did he bear this disappointment that no fear is now entertained of his ultimate recovery.

The merits of the various ponies likely to compete in the Gharial Derby have now been fully tested, and the number of accidents which have occurred, only proves how difficult it is to kill a soldier determined to go away with a pension.

On the 28th the Murree Gymkhana held their sports on the Gharial Flats. Two events claimed the attention of the whole Battalion. C Company entered a team for the mounted tug-of-war; their determination not to be pulled over landed them in the final. The Royal Sussex opposed them, equally determined to win, with the result that, after pulling about half-an-hour, they were given another five minutes to decide the pull. At the end of the minutes neither team was any nearer victory. They were ordered to cease pulling, and the prize-money was shared. The Gharial Handicap caused great excitement, the result being a win for Colour-Sergeant Smith. This victory was popular with all ranks. He rode as to the manner born, and by the brilliant victory has placed himself at the head of the list of winning jockeys for the year 1910-11.

Sergeant Williams, who is a clerk in the Brigade Office in Peshawar, came to us on furlough for three weeks. We hope the pure air and the many khud climbs which he had during his stay, will induce him to pay us another visit before we leave Murree Hills for Pindi.

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

THE CITADEL, DOVER,
26th July, 1910.

GENERAL Wilkinson paid us a welcome visit this month and seemed none the worse for his renewed acquaintance with West Africa. His recent tour embraced all our West African possessions, except Northern Nigeria, and that country he will visit and inspect at the expiration of his present leave. As will be seen by an inspection of the cricket scores, he was also able to play for us in the match at Woolwich.

Lieutenant Gething has left us to take up the Adjutancy of the 24th City of London Regiment. We believe that he finds the post very far from a sinecure.

Lieutenant O. B. Foster has joined us, awaiting absorption, after completing three years as Adjutant of the 7th West Yorkshire Regiment (Leeds Rifles).

Lieutenants Fletcher and Nicholls succeeded in winning the Regimental Lawn Tennis Challenge Cup, at Shorncliffe, referred to last month. In the semi-final they defeated the Royal Engineers pair by two sets to one (6—3, 4—6, 6—0), and the 60th Rifles in the final by two sets to one (6—4, 4—6, 6—3). The match was played off on the 18th, under unfavourable weather conditions.

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A disaster, unique so far as we know, occurred in barracks on the 18th. "Tilly," the transport horse, was grazing on the rampart above the rooms occupied by A Company, and the hour was about five o'clock. Tempted, it is supposed, by the sight of a succulent patch of grass near the edge, the silly animal intruded on a narrow strip of virgin ground, between a railing and the stone-paved area below. Here her hind legs slipped over the edge, and after struggling for a moment in this suspended position, she fell with a crash, disturbing to the nerves of A Company tea drinking below, forty feet or so to the bottom, and breathed her last shortly afterwards, the centre of a circle of sympathetic but helpless onlookers.

DETACHMENT 5TH FUSILIERS AS GENOESE CROSS BOWMEN IN THE BATTLES OF CRECY AND AGINCOURT: ARMY PAGEANT, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Kate Pragnell, 39, Brompton Square, London.)*

The grassy land, north of the Castle, known (how well!) as the Castle area, is now the site of a large Territorial camp. Territorial manœuvres are to take place between the 29th and the 6th of August, in which we, in common with the rest of the regulars of the Shorncliffe and Dover Brigades, are to take some up-to-date undefined part. A part, however, sufficiently important to necessitate the scratching of two of our cricket matches, namely those against St. George's, Ramsgate, and Ivanhoe C.C. from Leicester. Some of us are detailed to attend the daily training as expert instructors, and others are similarly detailed, but after an absence of a night or two are incontinentally returned with all their eloquence unexpended.

The Regimental Sports took place on the 25th, just outside the Citadel. A more inclement day could not be imagined, gales of wind and rain blowing over the ground throughout the early part of the afternoon. Sergeant-Major Morgan acted as Clerk of the Course. The Regimental Championship, awarded by the results of events 1, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12, 16, 17, 20 and 28, fell to Private Pawson, who was third last year, Collier being second and Corporal Davis third. Tea was provided for those present in two tents and the Band of the Worcestershire Regiment, kindly lent for the occasion, provided the music. Mrs. Heard gave away the prizes and the evening closed with

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cheers for Mrs. Heard, Sergeant-Major Morgan and Private Pawson. The intervals between the events were filled by the antics of a harlequin and two clowns whose dresses were much admired, and "Kelly," the harlequin, was especially popular. No hitch of any kind marred the arrangements, which were very well carried out by the Committee. The results were as follows:—

*Throwing the Cricket Ball.*—1st, Corporal Brown, A Company, 103yds.; 2nd, Private Davis, C Company; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Pawsey, H Company.

*150 Yards (Enlisted Boys).*—1st, Boy Farrell, F Company; 2nd, Boy Hardy, D Company; 3rd, Boy Wallace, D Company.

*Long Jump.*—1st, Corporal Davis, H Company, 17½ft.; 2nd, Private Hazon, E Company; 3rd, Private Collier, C Company.

*100 Yards Battalion Race.*—1st, Private Collier, C Company, 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Johnson, H Company; 3rd, Private Collier, C Company.

*High Jump.*—1st, Private Collier, C Company, 4ft. 11in.; 2nd, Private Hughes, E Company, 4ft. 10½in.; 3rd, Corporal Davis, H Company.

*Children's Race (Big Girls).*—1st, Dorothy Cooper and E. Smith; 2nd, L. Burnell and Doris Cooper.

*Tilting the Bucket.*—1st, Privates Porter and Sheard, H Company; 2nd, Privates Richardson and Cairns, H Company; 3rd, Privates Spoors and Geradine, H Company; 4th, Privates Forward and Cook, B Company.

*Sergeants' Race.*—1st, Lance-Sergeant Johnson, H Company; 2nd, Sergeant Williamson, A Company; 3rd, Sergeant Hiorns, A Company; 4th, Sergeant Long, E Company, and Lance-Sergeant Brookes, C Company, tie.

*Sack Race.*—1st, Corporal Davis, H Company; 2nd, Private

THE STORMING OF BADAJOS: ARMY PAGEANT, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Kate Pragnell, 39, Brompton Square, London.)*

10 3/5sec.; 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Johnson, H Company; 3rd, Bandsman Collyer, C Company.

*Children's Race (Bigger Boys).*—1st, C. Ireland; 2nd, B. Cooper; 3rd, F. Walsh. (Cooper and Walsh tie 2nd and 3rd prize).

*Corporals' Race.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Pawsey, H Company; 2nd, Corporal Brown, A Company; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Earl, H Company.

*Putting the Shot.*—1st, Lance-Corporal Langtry, F Company, 20ft. 4in.; 2nd, Private Hazon, E Company; 3rd, Sergeant Smallwood, G Company.

*Mop Tournament.*—1st, Corporal Duke, E Company, and Lance-Corporal Grayson, D Company; 2nd, Privates Kipling and Burton, B Company; 3rd, Privates Lane and Fenton, A Company; 4th, Lance-Corporal Langtry, F Company, and Private Clarkburn, G Company.

*440 Yards Battalion Race.*—1st, Private Pawson, C Company; Kelly, G Company; 3rd, Private Harrison, H Company.

*½-Mile Battalion Race.*—1st, Private Pawson, C Company, 2min. 26 2/5sec.; 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Johnson, H Company; 3rd, Private Leith, B Company.

*Old Soldiers' Race.*—1st, Sergeant Kennedy, E Company; 2nd, Private Walsh, F Company; 3rd, Corporal McGuire, H Company.

*Potato Race.*—1st, Corporal Brown, A Company; 2nd, Private Forrest; 3rd, Sergeant Brooks, C Company.

*One Mile Battalion Race.*—1st, Private Pawson, C Company; 2nd, Private Lynn, B Company; 3rd, Private McDonald, D Company.

*Tug-of-War.*—1st, E Company (Sergeant Long, captain); 2nd, C Company (Colour-Sergeant Jenkins, captain); 3rd, H Company (Lance-Sergeant Johnson, captain).

*Three-Legged Race.*—1st, Privates Pawsey and McDonald, H

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Company; 2nd, Privates Pearce and Falk, B Company; 3rd, Privates Harris and Edwards, D Company.

*¼-Mile Relay Race.*—1st, C Company (Collyer, Reed, Brooks and Bussey); 2nd, B Company.

*Open Mile Race.*—1st, Rifleman McGuire, King's Royal Rifles, 5min. 11sec.; 2nd, Private Pawson, 5th Fusiliers; 3rd, Private Skelton, 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.

*Officers' Race.*—1st, Captain C. M. A. Wood; 2nd, Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Heard; 3rd, Captain H. W. Archer.

*One Mile Relay Race.*—1st, C Company, Pawson, Collier, Dowson, Davison; 2nd, H Company.

*Obstacle Race.*—1st, Private Hines, H Company; 2nd, Private Clarkburn, G Company; 3rd, Private Wheatley, H Company; 4th, Private Wormold, H Company; 5th, Private Spoors, H Company.

*Children's Race (Small Boys).*—1st, H. Thompson; 2nd, F. Parish; 3rd, F. Tindle.

*Children's Race (Small Girls).*—1st, E. Robinson; 2nd, E. McIntosh; 3rd, G. Bailey.

*Tug-of-War (Friendly)—Officers v. Sergeants.*—Officers won (two pulls).

*Consolation Race.*—1st, Private Middleton, H Company; 2nd, Private Langford, C Company; 3rd, Private Kilvington, D Company.

Our congratulations to Major Somerville on his engagement recently announced.

At the Sports of the Royal Marines held at Deal, on the 7th July, Private Pawson won the quarter-mile which was open to the Army and Navy in the District, and Private Collier gained second place in the same race.

On the 23rd July at the Sports of the 3rd Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment, Pawson ran second in the half-mile open to the Garrison. We think Pawson should have breasted the tape first, but he did not take the lead early enough. He was beaten by a man of the Worcestershire Regiment, who ran third to him at Deal, and whom he had again beaten at our Sports in the open mile.

The Regiment was again well represented at the Sports of the Royal Garrison Artillery, held on the 26th July, seven of the FIFTH competing. Owing to the number of entries it was necessary to run two heats. In the first Lance-Sergeant Johnson gained a place, and in the second Privates Pawson, Collier and Bandsman Collyer finished in the order named and qualified for the final. The race was won by Bandsman Collyer with Pawson second but a few inches behind.

We are sending a team to the Army Athletic Meeting and expect to hear much of them.

During the week ending the 23rd July the Dover Royal Hippodrome held an amateur carnival at which Privates Stanley and Wardle gained first place for singing a duet, being awarded fourth prize in the carnival.

COLONEL RIDGE (SECOND-LIEUTENANT HEYDER) AND DETACHMENT 5TH FUSILIERS IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PENINSULAR WAR: ARMY PAGEANT, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Stilliard, 754, Fulham Road, London.)*

Sergeant Molyneux is leaving the Battalion for a tour of duty at the Depôt.

The undermentioned has left the Battalion during the month:—

No. 5950 Private R. STOREY.—Enlisted, 21/8/09; transferred to Army Reserve, 6/7/10; service, 11 years; served in 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions. Foreign service: South Africa, 1 year and 341 days.

The following Appointments have been made:—

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2721 | Private A. Robson | B | Company from | 22/7/10 |
| ,, 2656 | ,, J. Sandland | H | ,, ,, | 23/7/10 |

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2216 | Private J. Kipling | B | Company | 1 | from 25/5/10 |
| ,, 922 | Lance-Corporal P. Marquis | | | 1 | ,, 31/5/10 |
| ,, 2115 | Private J. Robinson | F | ,, | 1 | ,, 9/6/10 |
| ,, 805 | Lance-Corporal J. Livingstone | D | ,, | 2 | ,, 17/6/10 |
| ,, 2256 | Private R. Whithey | B | ,, | 1 | ,, 4/7/10 |
| ,, 2257 | Lance-Corporal H. Webster | B | ,, | 1 | ,, 8/7/10 |
| ,, 2264 | ,, T. James | F | ,, | 1 | ,, 11/7/10 |
| ,, 2271 | Private C. Forward | B | ,, | 1 | ,, 11/7/10 |
| ,, 2297 | ,, J. Spalding | B | ,, | 1 | ,, 20/7/10 |

The following Recruits have enlisted during the month:—

No. 2832 Private W. McDonald from 2/7/10
No. 2839 Pte. W. Steele from 21/7/10
Pte. W. Bell from 23/7/10

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Certificates of Education have been granted as under:—

*2nd Class :—*

No. 2792 Private A. Batty G Company dated 2/7/10

*3rd Class :—*

No. 2782 Private V. Gill G Company dated 2/7/10

## CRICKET.

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. ST. LAWRENCE, CANTERBURY.

Played on the 28th ult., at Canterbury. St. Lawrence are probably the strongest team we meet in the season. On this occasion they brought a very formidable batting side against us, but their bowling was not so difficult that we ought not to have scored far more than we did in our first innings. Our second attempt, creditable as it was, made no difference to the result, a defeat by 7 wickets.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, lbw, b Hatfield | 24 | c Hatfield, b Taylor | | 46 |
| Captain Gibbes, b Hatfield | 1 | did not bat | | |
| Mr. W. Brownlow, b Dutnall | 3 | b ffrench Blake | | 52 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c Latter, b Hatfield | 14 | not out | | 34 |
| ,, B. W. E. Gething, lbw, b Dutnall | 5 | not out | | 23 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, b Dutnall | 4 | c Hatfield, b ffrench Blake | | 40 |
| Private Cox, c Dean, b Dutnall | 10 | | | |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, not out | 5 | | | |
| Colonel Heard, b Dutnall | 0 | did not bat | | |
| Sergeant Beckingham, b Dutnall | 5 | | | |
| Private Tatton, b Dutnall | 0 | | | |
| Extras | 0 | Extras | | 9 |
| Total | 71 | Total (3 wkts.) | | 203 |

ST. LAWRENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| W. Dutnall, c Gething, b Rushbrooke | 114 |
| J. Dean, b Molineux | 2 |
| Major Stockdale, b Molineux | 12 |
| Rev. P. C. Joy, not out | 68 |
| A. Latter | |
| C. E. Hatfield | |
| A. M. Hilton | |
| A. ffrench Blake | did not bat |
| T. A. Coxon | |
| Rev. A. Taylor | |
| C. E. Harris | |
| Extras | 22 |
| Total (3 wkts.) | 218 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. DOVER COLLEGE.

Played at Crabble, on the 29th ult., and ended in a win by 6 wickets. Pollock and Dixon put on over 60 runs for the eighth wicket, thereby giving them a respectable total. The wicket was heavy and unfavourable to fast bowlers.

DOVER COLLEGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| C. T. MacLaren, c and b Molineux | 0 |
| E. de L. W. Roebuck, b Molineux | 13 |
| J. G. Stevens, c Nicholls, b Molineux | 2 |
| F. S. Clarke, b Nicholls | 3 |
| P. G. Munns, c Fletcher, b Nicholls | 16 |
| W. P. Nevill, b Nicholls | 4 |
| R. H. R. Parminter, b Nicholls | 3 |
| M. V. Roberts, b Nicholls | 5 |
| A. H. Pollock, not out | 47 |
| G. Dixon, c Archer, b Molineux | 24 |
| H. Stewart, b Molineux | 0 |
| Extras | 4 |
| Total | 121 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, b Pollock | 12 |
| Captain Gibbes, b Munns | 4 |
| Mr. W. Brownlow, c Roberts, b Munns | 52 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, b Munns | 14 |
| ,, B. W. E. Gething, not out | 23 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, not out | 9 |
| Captain Archer | |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke | |
| Sergeant Beckingham | did not bat |
| Private Coombes | |
| ,, Cox | |
| Extras | 13 |
| Total (4 wkts.) | 127 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. R.M.L.I.

This match took place at Walmer, on the 2nd inst., and ended in defeat by 12 runs only. We should have made more runs, but the last 5 wickets only made 18 runs and turned what looked like a certain win into defeat.

R.M.L.I.

| | |
|---|---|
| Private Richardson, b Molineux | 8 |
| ,, Williams, b Molineux | 14 |
| Captain Festing, b Nicholls | 11 |
| Lieutenant Herford, lbw, b Nicholls | 11 |
| ,, Garnier, b Molineux | 23 |
| Captain Hickson, b Molineux | 1 |
| Major Wray, b Molineux | 8 |
| Corporal Lawson, b Coombes | 32 |
| Private Cleverly, b Molineux | 0 |
| Colonel Mercer, c Wood, b Nicholls | 17 |
| Private Hearne, not out | 14 |
| Extras | 17 |
| Total | 156 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, c Hickson, b Herford | 26 |
| Captain Gibbes, c and b Williams | 54 |
| Mr. W. Brownlow, lbw, b Hearne | 6 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c Lawson, b Herford | 1 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, lbw, b Herford | 23 |
| ,, B. W. E. Gething, c and b Herford | 11 |
| Captain Wood, c Richardson, b Williams | 0 |
| Private Cox, b Herford | 0 |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, c Hearne, b Williams | 10 |
| Private Broadley, b Williams | 4 |
| ,, Coombes, not out | 4 |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total | 144 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. HYTHE.

Played at Crabble, on the 14th inst., and ended in a defeat by 7 runs. Again we should have won comfortably but for the last 5 wickets getting out for 6 additional runs. Several catches were missed, and though probably stronger in bowling and batting we were not such a good fielding side as our opponents.

HYTHE.

| | |
|---|---|
| H. E. Scoones, b Nicholls | 22 |
| J. Kahrel, c Broadley, b Nicholls | 31 |
| T. R. Earnshaw, c Molineux, b Coombes | 86 |
| S. W. Price, c Brownlow, b Molineux | 4 |
| E. A. Small, b Coombes | 7 |
| H. Appleton, b Molineux | 0 |
| Captain Foster, b Molineux | 8 |
| Second-Lieutenant Mahon, b Molineux | 0 |
| Private McLean, b Molineux | 3 |
| Lance-Corporal Clarke, not out | 4 |
| C. Booth, b Coombes | 1 |
| Extras | 32 |
| Total | 198 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Gibbes, b Earnshaw | 20 |
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, c and b Earnshaw | 75 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, b Appleton | 16 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, b Earnshaw | 8 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c and b Scoones | 34 |
| Captain Archer, b Earnshaw | 29 |
| Private Cox, c McLean, b Scoones | 6 |
| Colonel Heard, b Appleton | 0 |
| Captain Wild, c Kahrel, b Appleton | 0 |
| Private Broadley, b Earnshaw | 0 |
| ,, Coombes, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 3 |
| Total | 191 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. R.M.L.I.

Played at Walmer on the 16th inst., owing to the Crabble ground not being available, and ending in an even draw.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Gibbes, b Hearne | 28 |
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, b Williams | 49 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, c Herford, b Williams | 31 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, c Lawson, b Williams | 5 |
| Private Cox, b Williams | 22 |
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, run out | 20 |
| Private Coombes, b Herford | 10 |
| Captain Archer, not out | 9 |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, c Hearne, b Herford | 6 |
| Colour-Sergeant Jenkins, c and b Hearne | 4 |
| Private Broadley, run out | 0 |
| Extras | 1 |
| Total | 185 |

R.M.L.I.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lieutenant Herford, c Jenkins, b Molineux | 28 |
| Private Richardson, c Brownlow, b Rushbrooke | 19 |
| Captain Festing, not out | 41 |
| Private Williams, c Brownlow, b Rushbrooke | 12 |
| Lieutenant Garnier, run out | 0 |
| Captain Hickson, not out | 11 |
| Lance-Corporal Lawson | |
| Colonel Mercer | |
| Private Hearne | did not bat |
| ,, Kingsbury | |
| ,, Cleverly | |
| Extras | 13 |
| Total (4 wkts.) | 124 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

Played at Crabble, on the 19th inst., and ended in a win by 147 runs. Molyneux played a fine innings, hitting all over the ground, and Nicholls got 7 wickets for 50 runs.

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FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, c R. Ward, b Phillips | 142 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, b Palmer | 9 |
| Captain Wood, lbw, b Phillips | 9 |
| ,, Gibbes, c and b Palmer | 7 |
| Private Cox, b P. Ward | 19 |
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, b Phillips | 21 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, c and b P. Ward | 1 |
| Captain Archer, c Clarke, b Phillips | 2 |
| Colonel Heard, b Clarke | 1 |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, c Palmer, b Phillips | 8 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, not out | 4 |
| Extras | 8 |
| Total | 231 |

WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lieutenant Hughes, c Gibbes, b Molineux | 11 |
| ,, A. J. G. Gilmour, b Molineux | 0 |
| Captain C. H. Palmer, b Nicholls | 34 |
| ,, A. S. Nesbitt, c Gibbes, b Nicholls | 1 |
| Lance-Corporal P. Ward, b Nicholls | 0 |
| Lieutenant M. E. Clarke, run out | 5 |
| ,, H. J. E. Ripley, c Wood, b Nicholls | 2 |
| Major Chichester, b Nicholls | 15 |
| Lieutenant L. H. Phillips, c Wood, b Nicholls | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal R. Ward, b Nicholls | 4 |
| Lieutenant A. S. Stokes Roberts, not out | 4 |
| Extras | 8 |
| Total | 84 |

5TH FUSILIERS v. R.M.A. STAFF, WOOLWICH.

Played at Woolwich, on the 20th inst., and ended amid considerable excitement in a tie. The match was followed later by a Ball in the Gymnasium, which many of us attended.

R.M.A. STAFF.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. H. A. L. Popham, b Nicholls | 12 |
| H. F. Campbell, c and b Milligan | 11 |
| R. A. M. Bassett, c Brownlow, b Nicholls | 0 |
| C. F. Drew, b Rushbrooke | 12 |
| A. S. Archdale, b Molineux | 50 |
| Major B. T. Buckley, c Wilkinson, b Molineux | 31 |
| Rev. L. H. Wingfield-Digby, b Nicholls | 2 |
| Captain H. C. Whinfield, b Nicholls | 5 |
| Major G. Stanton, b Nicholls | 9 |
| Captain Holt Wilson, b Molineux | 6 |
| ,, I. W. Watson, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 14 |
| Total | 152 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. G. K. Molineux, c Wilson, b Archdale | 22 |
| Captain Gibbes, lbw, b Wingfield-Digby | 40 |
| Mr. W. Brownlow, b Archdale | 2 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher, c Whinfield, b Archdale | 3 |
| General Wilkinson, b Bassett | 0 |
| Mr. H. L. F. Nicholls, b Bassett | 49 |
| ,, Milligan, c Stanton, b Bassett | 0 |
| Captain Archer, c Buckley, b Archdale | 3 |
| ,, Wood, not out | 10 |
| Mr. Foster, c Popham, b Bassett | 6 |
| ,, P. Rushbrooke, b Archdale | 8 |
| Extras | 9 |
| Total | 152 |

The Garrison Team, in which Gibbes, Molyneux, Fletcher, Nicholls and Brownlow played, were beaten by the Free Foresters on the 4th and 5th inst. by an innings and 28 runs. The match against the Incogniti on the next two days was left drawn, rain falling intermittently. The Garrison had made 185 and 177 for 5 wickets, and the Incogniti 231 and 57 for 1 wicket. The Garrison team collapsed in their second innings against Folkestone on the last day of the week and were defeated by a substantial margin. The Regiment entertained at tea on the Wednesday the few visitors who were brave enough to defy the drenching rain which spoilt the day.

## Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th July, 1910.

THE principal excitement this month has been the railway strike. Fortunately it came to an abrupt end before our ponies and dogs had to be sacrificed for food. We have heard moving tales of gentlemen residing at Alnmouth being compelled to stay at home and play golf instead of coming in to Newcastle to business. Truly it is an ill wind, etc. !

The Mess Tennis Court has been seriously taken in hand, with a view to removing the somewhat excessive number of worms and plantains that flourish therein. The campaign has been fairly successful. About three worms to the square inch, and a G. S. wagon load of plantains have been extricated. Whether any grass will be left remains to be seen.

The County Cricket Week is just over. Northumberland seem to have a pretty good team this year, having beaten the Oxford Authentics, Yorkshire Gentlemen and Edinburgh Grange fairly easily. Unfortunately, the Garrison was not represented.

The County Tennis Tournament commences this week. There should be some good tennis if the weather holds up, as many of the leading players are coming up for it.

Colonel Sitwell paid us a flying visit last week. We hope to see him again later on.

No. 2454 Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Terrill has been awarded a pension of 33 pence for life.

No. 5479 Sergeant H. Wilkinson and No. 5610 Sergeant F. Bettany have re-engaged to complete 21 years' service.

No. 2213 Private L. Pitt and No. 2236 Private H. Bates have been attached for a tour of duty from the 2nd Battalion.

The undermentioned were awarded Certificates of Education at the examination held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 2nd inst. :—

*2nd Class :—*
No. 2792 Private A. Batty

*3rd Class :—*
No. 2816 Private T. Crawford
,, 2820 ,, H. Smith
No. 2821 Private E. Dodsworth
,, 2782 ,, V. Gill

No. 745 Private J. Smith will be discharged, after 18 years' service, on the 31st inst.

A Draft of seventeen Recruits proceeded to join 2nd Battalion, at Dover, on the 5th inst.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
25th July, 1910.

"IT is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The brief strike on the North Eastern Railway, while of grave inconvenience to the general public, materially assisted some of our Companies with their Musketry Course by laying the pits idle and thereby releasing many of our men to fire their course.

Our Rifle Range at Prudhoe has been recently overhauled and fitted with Ralston targets and a telephone. The old "in and out" targets with no telephone was about the slowest system we have seen in the course of a somewhat varied experience.

Although we have scarcely finished our present year's training, arrangements are already on foot to select the place for the 1911 training. The Brigade has been offered

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the use of the Bellister Parks, near Haltwhistle. Whether the offer will be accepted remains to be seen. The camping ground offered is good, and the water supply excellent, though the suitability of the manœuvre area is perhaps doubtful.

## 5th Battalion Notes.

WALKER-ON-TYNE,
25th July, 1910.

BY kind permission of *The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* we publish a photograph of Armourer-Sergeant J. Cunningham, the famous rifle shot, who has just retired from the Battalion, and an extract from that paper dated 25th ult., recording his achievements at shooting :—

"A native of Felling Shore, he joined the Volunteers in 1884 as a bandsman. After a few years he became an expert rifle shot, and up to his retirement from service has had a brilliantly successful career with the rifle. He is in possession of two Queen's badges, three King's badges, and six St. George's badges, nine grand aggregate crosses, three service rifle champion badges, eight International badges, and medals almost out of number. He has shot twice with the team in the Kolapore match, and twice in the United Service match. He is a winner of the championship of the English Twenty Club, has the International medal with four bars, and four bronze county jewels for English Twenty County shoots. He occupied fourth position in the St. George's Competition at Bisley in 1901, tied for the All-Comers' Aggregate, and was second for the Prince of Wales's Prize, and Donegal Cup in 1903, third for Imperial Tobacco Trophy at 1,000 yards in 1907. He was a member of the Champion County Team in 1907, won by Northumberland, and once tied for *The Daily Telegraph* Cup. He has only missed attending the Scottish Rifle Meeting since 1894, on several occasions meeting with much success. At the local County Rifle Association meetings he has won scores of prizes, amongst these being the Chipchase Cup, Lambton Challenge Cup, Bingham Cup twice, and Reid's Cup twice. In Battalion and Company shooting competitions Mr. Cunningham met with wonderful success."

ARMOURER-SERGEANT J. CUNNINGHAM.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Major MacDonald on his recent promotion.

## 6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
22nd July, 1910.

THIS year's camp will be looked back upon as one of the most successful we have had. Excellent weather and great keenness on the part of all ranks combined to produce a marked improvement in efficiency. A large part of the time was devoted to progressive Company Training, but towards the end of each week Battalion and Brigade Manœuvres took place.

A certain amount of shooting practice was obtained on the Richmond Range, but unfortunately we were not allowed to do class firing.

A week-end camp for the Battalion signallers is to be held, commencing on the 30th inst., and there is to be one later for officers and non-commissioned officers.

The Officers' Cricket Team played a number of matches in Camp, beating teams from the Yeomanry, 4th Battalion and the Grammar School, but succumbed to the Depôt team, the Richmond Club and a team of the Sergeants. The second match with the team from the Richmond Depôt had a very exciting finish, resulting in a tie.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
23rd July, 1910.

A PRESENTATION took place at the Drill Hall, Bedlington Station, in the form of a meerschaum pipe, to Sergeant-Instructor T. Robinson, attached from the 2nd Battalion, as a token of the respect and esteem in which he was held by the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of F Company, 7th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers during Annual Training.

The Camp at Moor Laws, Alnwick, has proved an unqualified success. A scattered county Battalion like ours, which comes together only once a year, should have occasionally a Regimental Camp, where a steady course of Company training may be pursued. For all junior grades there is necessarily, in the movements of large bodies, a great deal that is uninstructive. This year a carefully compiled programme of work for the first week was issued by the Commanding Officer, and it was only after the completion of this that the Battalion entered, in the second week, on more advanced schemes.

Fortunately ground was available this year for digging trenches, and in tactical positions where they could be useful when completed. In the first of the "battles" fought in the second week the right half Battalion advanced over two miles of very varied moor ground against an entrenched position occupied by the left half

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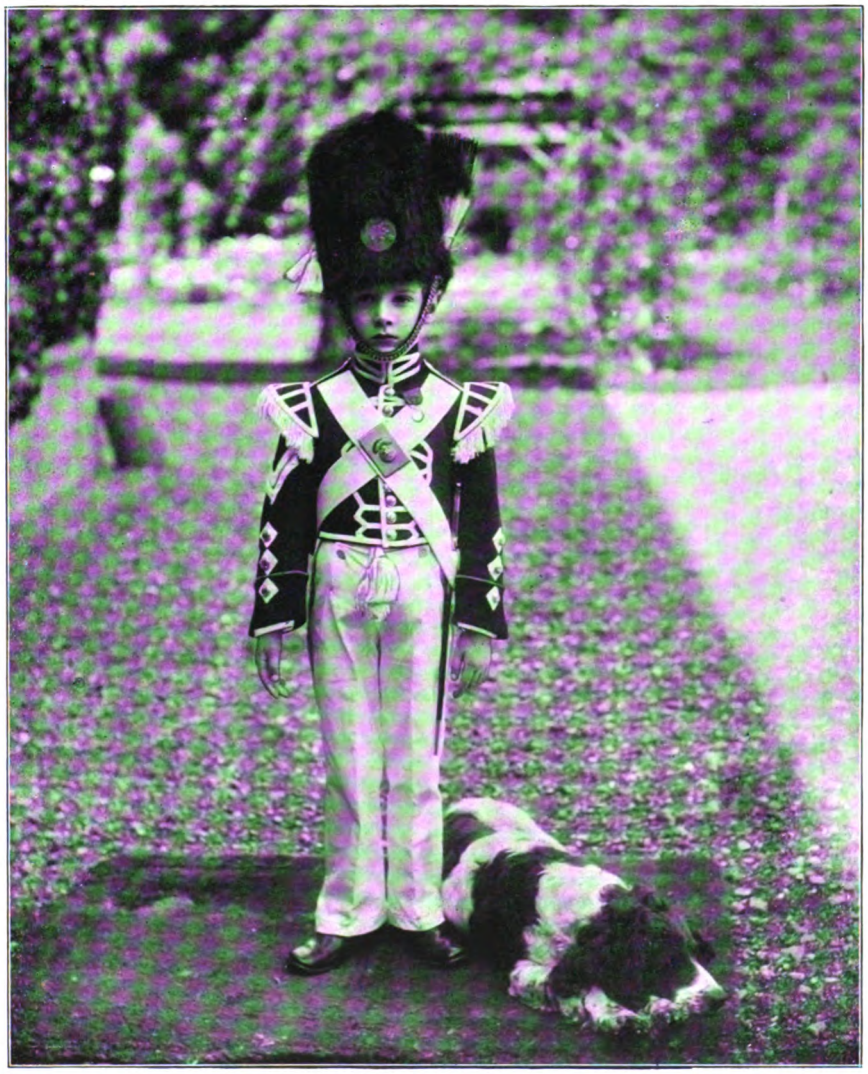
Battalion. It must have borne irresistibly upon the dullest mind that digging oneself in is of the utmost importance, and that such trenches would be hard nuts to crack.

In the night attacks at the end of the week the half battalions were reversed, the left half being the attackers. Some useful work was done in flank marches, patrolling, occupation of outpost line, etc. The defenders once more found the advantages of the Riddell bivouac. The inventor has experimented with and adopted suggestions from Company officers, whereby the convenience of the "bivvy," both on the line of march and in quarters has been improved. The poles have been shortened and the slopes of the "roof" altered, so that while the whole has been made still more portable, the same amount of shelter has been maintained, and the egress of the occupants remains quite easy.

In addition to a good deal of musketry training for Companies, a programme of rifle competitions for Company prizes was successfully carried out.

On the afternoon of the second Thursday, Regimental Sports attracted plentiful entries, and afforded pleasant variety to the concluding week.

During the training, the Battalion was inspected by Major-General Plowden, Commanding the Division, and by the Brigadier, Colonel W. E. Sturges. Official visits were also paid by Surgeon-General Kelly and the P.M.O., Colonel Blandford.



THE HON. MERVYN PATRICK WINGFIELD, ELDEST SON OF VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 5TH FUSILIERS AS WORN IN 1835, ACTING AS TRAIN BEARER ON THE OCCASION OF THE WEDDING OF MAJOR T. H. SHOUBRIDGE, D.S.O., ON THE 23RD INST.

The whole of the page's uniform was made by Sergeant-Master-Tailor O'Donnell, late 4th Battalion 5th Fusiliers, and now Master-Tailor to the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. Sergeant O'Donnell was Master-Tailor to the 4th Battalion up to the time of its disbandment.

*(From a local photograph.)*

## *Editorial Notes.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
28th July, 1910.

THE following extracts of an account of the marriage of Major Shoubridge are taken from the pages of *The Irish Times*; space at our disposal, we are sorry to say, will not allow us to give more than a few. The wedding was a full-dress affair, the Commander-in-Chief and all Officers appearing in full uniform. Altogether the ceremony appears to have been a very smart affair. Describing the wedding, our contemporary writes as follows:—

"On Saturday afternoon last (the 23rd inst.), at the Parish Church, Castleknock, Co. Dublin, in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage, Major T. Herbert Shoubridge, D.S.O., 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, Brigade Major 13th Infantry Brigade, was married to Miss Gladys Constance Dugdale, eldest daughter of the late Major Dugdale, 16th Lancers, and Mrs. Dugdale, of Ashtown Lodge, Castleknock. The Rev. C. O'Hara Mease, Rector of Castleknock, officiated. Brigadier-General C. C. Monro, C.B., Commanding the 13th Infantry Brigade, acted as best man, while the bridesmaids were Miss Eldrydd Dugdale, sister of the bride, Miss Nancy Shaw, cousin, the Hon. Doreen Wingfield, Miss Allen, and Miss Pym. The bride was given away by her uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Dugdale, C.V.O., Equerry to His Majesty the King. * * *

"The train bearers were the Lady Kara King-Tenison, God-daughter of the bride, and the Hon. Patrick Wingfield, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, dressed in the uniform of the 5th Fusiliers as worn in 1835. * * * The Church was elaborately decorated with palms and ferns, relieved at intervals with bright blooms. The aisle was lined by detachments of

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"regiments who at present form the 13th Infantry Brigade. " * * * The choir of the Chapel Royal, assisted by the Band " of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, provided the musical portion of " the service. At a reception held subsequently at Ashtown House " the Band of the Royal Scots Fusiliers performed an attractive " musical programme."

Here follows a long list of the guests and of the presents to the bride and bridegroom. Among the guests who attended were included Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, General Right Hon. Sir Neville and the Hon. Lady Lyttelton, and a host of others. The list of presents is an exceptionally long one and included gifts from the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton, and the Officers of the 5th Fusiliers.

A Correspondent writes from Ireland sending us a plan of the ground surrounding the tomb of Sergeant McManus, V.C., late 5th Fusiliers, who gained the Cross for Valour in the days of the Indian Mutiny, suggesting that possibly some of our readers, or some members of this non-commissioned officer's family may be in possession of a photograph of the tombstone itself, and if so might lend it us for reproduction in our pages. Should this meet the eye of any such who have the photograph and would care to entrust it to our care we should be only too proud to reproduce it.

It is seldom we enthuse in the pages of *St. George's Gazette* on the subject of papers other than Regimental journals, but we feel that perhaps exception may occasionally be made. In this case we refer to the English edition of the well known French paper *Figaro Illustré*; a copy of their last issue, dated the 22nd inst., is now before us; it is indeed a work of art, and, in our opinion, should be on the Mess table of every regiment of the British Army at home and abroad. *The Army and Navy Gazette* and *The Army and Navy Chronicle* have some nice things to say about this magazine, so we are not alone in singing the praises of this high-class monthly.

We notice with great regret the death of an old friend of the Regiment, Colonel G. E. Mansel, of the Durham Light Infantry. Sharing as we do a Depôt with that distinguished Regiment, we are naturally brought into close touch with many of their officers and men, and the absence of friction between the two Regiments is due to the mutual respect and friendship fostered there. One of our great friends has now gone, Colonel Mansel, or "Jellaby" Mansel, as he was known to us and his friends throughout the Army. A cheerier soul it would have been difficult to meet, he was always as glad to see one of the FIFTH as we were to see him, and his good humoured banter on the glories and deficiencies of our mutual Regiments, especially in the cricket field, will long be remembered by many officers in the Regiment. We had not seen much of him lately, as he commanded his Regiment in India and then retired. The writer of this paragraph (*H.T.C., at one time Editor, "St. G.G.," and special artist for our pages.—Ed.*, "*St. G.G.*") has already furnished *St. George's Gazette* in the old times with cricketing pictures of "Jellaby," and in consequence went for some time in fear and trembling of a sudden assault from our old friend. We sympathise with the Durham Light Infantry in their loss, and we mourn the death of a friend.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons send us on this month a selection of their new "Oilette" picture post cards including six, representing types of the 5th Fusiliers; those sent represent the Drum-Major, a Bugler, the Big Drummer, a Sergeant, a Drummer, and a group of Signallers using the heliograph. When all are so good it is very hard to particularise, but if we can note any one in particular amongst our Regimental set, we might single out the one of the Bugler as particularly beautiful. Messrs. Raphael Tuck are noted all the world over for the beauty of the work turned out by them, and these post cards are well worthy of the reputation of the well known firm producing them.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CONSTANT READER."—*There is no rule to the contrary as far as we are aware.* "PETRA."—*The 2nd Battalion move to Sheffield after the manœuvres, they will probably have more than one detachment from there.* "LUCKNOW VETERAN."—*Your old regiment are proud in the knowledge of the fact that so fine a representative as you appeared in the historic group taken by Harrods, Limited, on the 6th of this month; be sure you write to us on the 26th September to report yourself as all present and correct.*

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

### No 4.—WALCHEREN.

LAST article, under the above heading, closed the first phase of the Peninsula war with an account of the battle of Corunna. Here the FIFTH lost their commanding officer and 130 rank and file. However, such was the good name of the Regiment, that between landing in England in February and re-embarking for active service in July, the 1st Battalion was recruited over 1,000 strong.

When quartered at Steyning, in Sussex, orders came for the Battalion to embark at Portsmouth for service in Holland under the Earl of Chatham.

The reason of this campaign was as follows:—In 1809 Napoleon was making every effort to establish at Antwerp a commercial rival to London, and to avail himself of the naval resources which the possession of Holland placed at his command, then keeping the "pistol presented at the breast of England" ready charged for any future contingencies. Perhaps some of our readers may see a parallel to this at the present time.

The English Government thought, by striking a blow in the Scheldt, to frustrate Napoleon's hopes of maritime rivalry at the outset, and further, to detain in Holland a portion of the forces the Emperor was at that time setting in motion against Austria.

To effect these objects the English Government, in the summer of 1809, determined to send an expedition to the Scheldt, and on the 16th July, Lieutenant-General the Earl of Chatham, K.G., was appointed to the command of a land force, destined to attack and destroy the naval forces and establishments at Flushing, Antwerp and Ternease, and in the island of Walcheren, and to render the river unnavigable for ships of war.

The expedition consisted of nearly 40,000 men and a number of warships, and sailed from the Downs on the 28th July, 1809.

The Walcheren expedition was one of the most disastrous ever engaged in by the British nation. So far as fighting went our troops had it all their own way, and everything went merrily. But, after Flushing had been bombarded and taken, a long and weary wait occurred, whilst Lord Chatham and his generals were making up their minds whether or not they were strong enough to take Antwerp. In this interval a deadly fever, known as Walcheren fever, broke out among the troops, incapacitating one half, and making further action impossible. It was the usual cry, no hospital accommodation or medical comforts, and not enough doctors. Shiploads of sick were returned to England, and eventually Earl Chatham gave over the command to Sir Eyre Coote and returned home. After about three weeks the latter in turn resigned the command to Lieutenant-General Don. This officer reported that of 4,534 men fit for duty not one third were in a fit state to march five miles rapidly, or to perform the duties of night patrols. In the meantime the Government could not come to a decision as to whether

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they would hold the island of Walcheren or evacuate it, after destroying the docks and defences. They proposed to send a further 5,000 men as a reinforcement, but General Don, seeing the hopelessness of retaining Flushing, reported that the number was not sufficient. Orders were therefore given to destroy the works and basins of Flushing preparatory to embarking. After some further delay caused by bad weather, the army embarked, unmolested by the enemy, and arrived in England in December.

This expedition, which effected so little, cost the country £835,000 and the lives of 4,000 men, of whom only 106 fell in battle. The FIFTH lost one captain (Talbot) killed and Captain Nicholas Hamilton and Lieutenant Galbraith wounded. Two captains and three lieutenants died of disease, the number of men who died I have not been able to ascertain. As an example of the terrible sickness prevalent, a Regimental return dated the 7th September, 1809, shows 22 sergeants, 10 drummers, 483 rank and file present fit for duty, and 15 sergeants, 6 drummers and 431 men sick.

"PIGSKIN."

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST JULY, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, DUBLIN, 25TH JULY, 1885. —* * * * On the 7th of July a very fine Guard of Honour composed of 100 men, under Captain J. W. Malet, with Lieutenants C. Keith-Falconer and E. Oakes, and the Queen's Colour, marched to Westland Row Station, to receive His Excellency the Earl of Carnarvon, on the occasion of his making his State entry into Dublin, as Lord Lieutenant and Governor-General of Ireland.

* * * * * * * * * *

The remainder of the Battalion lined the streets on this occasion. The new king rode into his capital on a white horse, and seemed much pleased with his reception. Being the only individual dressed in mufti he formed a striking contrast to his Staff, a very large one, in physique as well as numbers.

* * * * * * * * * *

We went down to Mullingar one bright Saturday afternoon to play Polo against our old friends in County Westmeath. The ground was thronged with a brilliant and fashionable assembly, but, alas! we were unsuccessful, everything seemed to go wrong; our ponies behaved badly; we got hustled at the beginning, and luck seemed turned against us. We turned the tables on our antagonists, however, in the last half-hour. By dint of riding hard and becoming perfectly reckless about consequences, we reduced the enemy to such a state of exhaustion that, although we were beaten, they themselves declared that another five minutes would most probably have quite altered the result of the game. Players—County Westmeath :—Messrs. Dean, O'Reilly, Lyons and Joyce. 5th Fusiliers :—Captains Honourable C. Lambton and A. H. L. Herbert Armstrong, Lieutenants A. E. Whitaker and W. H. Sitwell. Umpire : Lieutenant E. B. Oldfield. Westmeath won by five goals to two.

* * * * * * * * * *

A draft of fifty recruits arrived from the Depôt on Sunday, the 19th July, under command of Major D. G. Beamish.

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### THE CASTLE GUARD.

A soldier sits up in a window high,
And looks down the winding street,
And none walk abroad in the sleeping town,
Save the sentinel on his beat.

And while he sits and watches up there,
And hears the sentry's tread,
Full many a thought of by-gone days
Come crowding through his head.

He thinks of his first guard long ago,
Away in a far countrie;
Of the butterfly days when he danced all night,
And none more glad than he.

So time rolls on and the world grows old,
And promotion comes at last;
But where are his comrades tried and true,
Or is their day too gone past?

Many are gone and will ne'er return,
And some still here remain,
But their youth, alas! is gone for aye,
Gone, ne'er to come back again.

And while he ponders he thinks once more
Of one he loved most dear,
It is done with now, but his heart beats strong,
As it used to when she was near.

He thinks with a sigh of what ne'er could be,
But it's hard to forget it quite,
So he soldiers on and tries to do
His duty by day and night.

And so then he sits, and watches and waits,
While the sentry walks about,
Till his vigil ends and he darts down stairs,
Its Grand Rounds! Guard Turn Out!

* * * * * * * * * *

THE VOLUNTEERS.—The inspection of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, by Colonel W. P. Collingwood, C.M.G., took place at Lower Walker, on Saturday, the 25th inst.

Captain Cacheside's team of the above Corps took the first prize for the Bayonet Exercise Competition at the Temperance Sports, on the Moor, on the 2nd inst.

* * * * * * * * * *

DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 31st, 1885. The Gosforth Park Summer Meeting took place on June 30th and two following days. The Northumberland Plate was won by "Blue Grass," and the Gosforth Gold Cup by Lord Zetland's "Prism."

Captain H. E. Buchanan has been permitted to place his services at the disposal of the National Rifle Association as Range Officer during the Wimbledon Meeting.

* * * * * * * * * *

We were agreeably surprised on the 25th inst. by a visit from the distinguished proprietor of *St. George's Gazette*, who is at present on leave in Dublin.

## ASTRONOMIC PILLS.

### SEVENTEENTH (AND LAST) DOSE.

WE have finished our investigations with the Solar System, and examined all the wonders contained therein. We have now to go very far afield indeed to reach the next series of objects of our research. The Universe, which lies outside our Solar System, contains many wonderful and mysterious heavenly bodies. First, there are the Stars, which we see on any clear night. These are the only objects visible to our naked eye. But look through a telescope and we see double, triple and quadruple star systems, star clusters and those beautiful and mysterious nebulæ. Turn the eye of the camera on to the sky and the number of stars is immensely multiplied, and the cloudy looking Milky Way is resolved into myriads of tiny stars, tiny in appearance only, really great suns no doubt, but being so immensely far away, appearing as dots of light. Then again there are variable and temporary stars. The former, bright at one time and then becoming dim, and then bright again, with a regular period of change; the latter suddenly bursting out into unexpected brilliancy for a while, and then either disappearing altogether or returning to their former appearance, more or less. All these wonderful things are to be found in the Heavens, and more than these. Astronomers are able in some instances to calculate the distance and mass of stars, and also to calculate the direction and rate at which they are moving. Is this not also a matter of wonderment to us? It is, however, nothing to the astronomer with the instruments at his disposal.

How long do you suppose it would take us to reach the nearest

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star? This star, called Alpha Centauri, or the brightest star in the constellation of the Centaur, a first magnitude star visible in the Southern Hemisphere, is twenty-five billions of miles away. Have you any idea of what this tremendous distance means? If an express train ran, without stopping, at the rate of thirty-seven miles an hour from the Earth to the Sun, it would take 266 years! If this train ran at the same rate from the Earth to Alpha Centauri without stopping, it would take nearly seventy-three million years! Again, light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, or eleven million miles a minute. It takes a ray of light four years and four months to travel from the nearest star to the Earth. If that star were to be suddenly extinguished this second you would not see it go out till four years and four months had passed. You do not see the light of the stars as they are now, but as they were, some a hundred, some a thousand, and perhaps, some a million years ago. Is not that wonderful enough to start with?

I spoke just now of a star "of the first magnitude." Magnitude in this case does not mean size, but refers to the brilliancy of the stars. The brightest are of the first magnitude, the next brightest the second magnitude, and so on down to the sixth, which are the smallest visible to the naked eye. The best telescopes can make the fifteenth magnitude visible. You look up into the sky and you imagine you see myriads of stars, millions you think. As a matter of fact, the total number of stars visible to the naked eye in both Hemispheres, that is down to the sixth magnitude, is only to the average sight, 5,785. In the Southern Hemisphere there are 3,307, and in the Northern 2,478. Of these only nineteen are of the first magnitude. Such are the numbers visible to the naked eye, but telescopes show us millions and hundreds of millions, while the camera increases these millions to hundreds of millions more! the stars appear white to us as a rule, but they are of all colours, blue, red, green, and so on.

As I remarked above, there are double, triple and quadruple star systems. A double star system is one where there are two stars close to each other, and revolving round each other. Again you may have three stars revolving round each other, or you may have a double double, that is two systems of doubles, each system revolving round the other, or a common centre of gravity. Now just imagine what it would be to live on a planet belonging to one of the stars of a double system. Suppose one star was blue and the other yellow. Sometimes you would have a blue sun shining, and daylight would be blue in consequence; at another the yellow sun would be in the sky. Yet again, both suns would shine together and you would have double the amount of light and heat, only that the light would be green from the combination of the blue and yellow hues. Once more suppose yourself on a planet in a double double system, four suns, one blue, one green, one red, and the fourth pink. You might have only one sun shining, or you might have all four, rarely would you ever have any darkness. Can you imagine life under such circumstances?

Next we come to variable stars. I think I can best explain what a variable star is by telling you something about a star named Algol, also called by the Ancients the Demon Star. Algol at his brightest is a second magnitude star, and thus he remains for two days thirteen hours. He then begins to fade, and in two hours thirty minutes diminishes in brightness to nearly fourth magnitude, and in this state remains for fifteen to twenty minutes, after which he returns to second magnitude in three hours thirty minutes. Now all these variations are visible to the naked eye, and if you know where to find Algol and watch him carefully, you will see his changes. Another variable star is one called Mira, the Wonderful, in the constellation of the Whale. This star, also well known to the Ancients, has its period of variability extending over 331 days. Numberless variable stars have been discovered, all with different periods of variability. It is difficult to determine the reasons for this variability, but in one star, Algol, a very reasonable explanation is forthcoming. Algol, examined through a spectroscope, is found to move forwards and backwards in the line of sight. Now, nothing in the Universe can move like that, it must go either straight one way or the other or round and round. Therefore Algol must revolve round something else. Since his light is partially eclipsed during a regular period, and since he goes round and round another body, Algol must belong to a double star system, of which one member is dark or dead and so gives no light. These two bodies, Algol and his extinct brother, revolve round each other, or rather a common centre of gravity, and during their solemn dance the dark body passes in front of the burning one, Algol, and so partially eclipses his light. Thus we have the variability of Algol explained, but not that of the other variable stars, their variability is a matter of conjecture. In passing, I may mention that it is possible, knowing the period of revolution of Algol and his companion and the variation of his light, to weigh and measure these two. And what has made all this possible? That wonderful instrument called the spectroscope. This instrument also, among other things, tells us the composition of the heavenly bodies and how fast they are moving towards or away from us, no matter how far off they may be. It can tell us whether light comes from the combustion of a solid or gaseous body, or whether a planet has an atmosphere or not. Have you ever seen the rainbow-coloured light thrown on the wall when the sunlight falls on a three-sided piece of glass, called a prism? This rainbow-coloured light is called the spectrum of the Sun, and each colour has its meaning, showing what particular element is burning in the Sun. Our white light from the Sun is produced by the combination of all the colours of the Sun's spectrum. The prism breaks up this white sunlight and spreads it out into its component parts. Now, you say a leaf is green, what does it mean? It means that the particular stuff of which this leaf is made absorbs or takes into itself all the colours of the Sun's spectrum except green, which is kept out and thrown back or reflected to our eyes, which call it green. In the same way with a scarlet tunic, all the colours of the Sun's spectrum are absorbed except red, which is reflected, and so on with all coloured objects. A thing is white because it reflects all the colours of the Sun's spectrum, and these combined are white. A black coat on the contrary absorbs all the colours of sunlight and reflects none and so it is black. The astronomical spectroscope is a very complicated instrument, and how it does all I told you above is too difficult to explain and above our heads, so I will not attempt it.

Besides the variables there are temporary stars. Such stars suddenly burst out into great brilliancy and then fade away to nothing or to a very low magnitude. These temporary stars must be the result of some stupendous conflagration arising perhaps from the collision of two stars or of a burning star and a dead one which is invisible to us. Imagine a collision between our Sun and another body, blazing or dead, of the same size. These two would rush together at a velocity inconceivable to us, and their collision would produce so much heat that they would be dissolved into incandescent vapour, filling a space far beyond the confines of the Solar System. We should not be spectators in such a catastrophe, we should be dead long before. That there are innumerable dead, black, stars wandering about in space must be a fact. The tendency of all things is to cool to the temperature of Space, therefore there must be as many if not more cold stars, unseen to us, wandering about in Space, and it is not to be wondered at if one now and then collides with another or with a burning star. Then the heat generated by the collision becomes visible as a conflagration, and we see a new star. The conflagration dies down and the new star disappears and thus it is called a temporary star.

Next, we have star clusters, there is a cluster called the Pleiades, a well known constellation in the Northern Hemisphere. People with ordinary sight can see six stars, those with excellent sight can see ten. Look at this cluster through a telescope and you will see 300 or 400. But this is a very mild cluster compared to some of them in which the stars appear so thick as to make a globular white patch. You are not to suppose that these clusters are made of stars so close together as to be touching, they are really so far away and there are so many in the line of sight behind one another as to appear to be so close as to be touching.

Star clusters naturally bring us next to the Milky Way. What is it? In appearance it has a faint luminious cloudy appearance. A shining trail across the heavens, irregular in shape and sometimes doubled. Look at a photograph of the Milky Way and what do you see? It is made up of myriads of dots of light each representing a blazing sun, but at an immense distance away. These stars composing the Milky Way are not really close to each other, but are so far away and so numerous as to appear, like in the clusters, as if they touched.

Finally, we come to those mysterious luminous clouds, visible through telescopes, dotted about the sky, called nebulæ. A nebula is just like a faint shining cloud, some of no particular shape, others globular, ring shaped, spiral and so on. What is a nebula? How does it become? Why does it shine? What will it turn into? are all questions easily asked but with difficulty answered. Seen through telescopes they are beautiful and wonderful looking objects. They must be at immense distances and of stupendous size. Let us imagine the beginning and end of a nebula and try and fit it in with our own Solar System. Suppose a catastrophic collision, such as I have mentioned above, resulting in so much heat as to melt the colliding bodies into superheated incandescent vapour. People billions of miles away on some Planet remark—"Hullo! there's a new star surely." "Oh! yes, its one of those temporary things, it will soon go out no doubt, like the others." What happens to this incandescent vapour? It cools, and as it cools it loses light,

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and then the so-called temporary star goes out. This vapour when cold is turned into dust, a shapeless cloud of dust filling thousands of millions of miles of space. "And the earth was without form, and void." Now law and order step in, and Gravity exerting its compelling force commences to put matters into shape once more. What does Gravity do? Remember matter attracts matter, the greater the mass the greater the attraction. Some part of this cloud of dust must be thicker than the rest, and towards this thicker part all the others of the grains of dust begin to gravitate. Gradually a more solid centre is formed which as gradually exerts an increasing attractive force, and towards the centre of this attraction the grains of dust move with ever increasing rapidity. Movement means friction which produces heat and electric energy. Do these nebulæ shine from heat or electric energy? The former is doubtful, the latter more likely. The shining from heat comes later on. Let us follow what happens. There is now movement, rapidly increasing, though still very slow among the grains of dust. Presently, obeying law and order, the movement gradually assumes a revolving motion in the central part of the nebula. The result of this is that the inrushing grains of dust, moving more slowly, are left behind as it were, and their motion assumes a spiral shape, gradually drawing in towards the centre of gravity. The shapeless nebula is assuming a regular form, that of a spiral shaped body. Look in the heavens and you will see spiral nebulæ. Slowly the centre grows more solid, the outlying grains are being absorbed and the nebula assumes a globular shape. You can see them if you look in the right place. The nebula has now shrunk a great deal from its former size, and shrinkage, as well as movement, engenders heat. The nebula is now becoming hot. Rotating more rapidly and slowly shrinking to a more solid state and increasing in heat, the nebula loses its cloudy composition and becomes liquid as it were. It now shines with light produced by heat perhaps. And so the rotation and the shrinkage and the heat increase till we have a blazing molten globe rotating with immense velocity. Then some part of the surface perhaps is a little more solid than the rest, and the rapid rotation throws it off like mud from a wheel. We now have a Sun and the birth of a Planet. This detached piece from the central globe cannot escape on account of gravity. It flies off some millions of miles until the attraction of the central globe stops it going any further, and so it goes on revolving in an orbit round its father the Sun. The Sun, as we may now call it, goes on shrinking and getting hotter, and then another planet is thrown off and the same thing happens, and as the ages go on more planets are born. These planets themselves, before they cool sufficiently, throw off their own planets or Moons in the same way. At last the Sun has shrunk so much and become so solid that he stops throwing off any more planets. What happens on a planet? It gradually cools, a crust is formed, red hot at first. The elements that go to form water, oxygen and hydrogen, are there and the first form of water is clouds. These clouds descend in rain on to the heated surface and sizzle up again as clouds. At last the crust is cool enough to keep the water floating on its surface and so the waters below are gathered together and separated from the waters above. Next, as this planet cools comes life in all its forms, and so the Earth is created. And what is the end of this nebula whose life we have followed so far? As I said, the tendency of all things is to cool down to the temperature of Space, which is hundreds of degrees below our zero. The Moon has cooled and is dead. The Earth is cooling and will die. The other planets are doing the same and so is the Sun. Last of all the dead planets will each in turn fall into their father the Sun, each collision slightly increasing his heat for the time. Finally the Sun will cool off and die and wander through Space a dark body. Then in course of ages he will perhaps collide with another and again a nebula will be born, and so we have generation, death and regeneration, through æons of time. What are the few thousand millions of years, or billions of years, which elapse between the birth of a Solar system as a nebula and its death as a cold, dark and solid body, compared to the Infinity of Time. Man's allotted span of life is three score years and ten, and we look with wonder on a centenarian! Yet we take the Universe as a matter of course, waking to a mild excitement over a Halley's Comet and even complaining about that because it has not come up to our expectations.

If these few Pills, though only giving a cursory survey of the Universe, have induced any of my readers to think a little more than they did about the wonders of the heavens and perhaps to study Astronomy, even in a mild way, I may consider I may have done a little good. And so the course of treatment being finished and the Pills swallowed, or disregarded, the Physician (unqualified) takes leave of his patients, hoping that he has choked none of them.

"AUDIOR."

## MONSTERS OF THE EAST.

### No. I.—THE DHOBI.

MANY types may be included under the heading of this series, but it is proposed only to deal with a few of the more monstrous. To decide on which of these shall be granted premier place is a somewhat difficult matter. On consideration it would seem that none can lay better claim to this honour than the dhobi. He has indirectly done more towards enriching the English language, and enlarging its vocabulary than the first of England's poets, and it is to his credit that a frayed and battered shirt, whether it be the product of an English steam laundry or a French *blanchisseuse*, will make an old Anglo Indian "Hear the East a'calling" far more effectively than the spiciest Eastern smell, which ever outraged a European nostril.

There are high caste Hindus, who can trace their descent in unbroken line from the Sun and the Moon. In England a coloured gentleman is *ipso facto* regarded as a prince, but in India a member of the humbler classes like the dhobi, even should he attain affluence, and rise to the position of a judge of the high court, remains a dhobi in the eyes of his co-religionists, and is content not to thrust his ancestors down one's throat. It lies with us, therefore, to trace his ancestry. It will be readily granted by any student of the Vedas of the ancient Aryans, who is intimate with the work of the dhobi, that there is ample proof of his descent from the Vedic god Rudra, the god of destruction associated with Indra, the great god of Rain.

If asked what is his object in life, the dhobi, in his ignorance, will reply "to wash." But in reality his hereditary instinct is "to destroy." If this fact were only better appreciated, when the washing comes back, the dhobi's life would be a happier one, though the English language would be proportionately the poorer.

Study the habits of the dhobi, and then ask yourself "Is he a washerman?" Give him your best dress shirt, follow him at a distance, and watch him closely. With a malicious smile on his face, he will take it to the water's edge. He will then spend quite a long time looking for the sharpest and roughest stone on the river bank. Having found one to his satisfaction, he will seize your shirt in both hands, and proceed to beat it on the stone till he has worked himself into a religious frenzy. Again ask "Is this a washerman or a fanatical disciple of the destroyer?"

The dhobi always possesses a wife and a donkey. The former is distinguished as being the one person in the compound dirtier than the dhobi himself, the latter is proverbial, and though always thought of as "the dhobi's donkey," frequently takes the form of a small humped ox. The donkey's official purpose is to assist his master in carrying the washing, but his unofficial, and more general employment, is eating the fodder of the dhobi's master's ponies.

People in England always treat our troubles so lightly, and the new arrival in India is always so full of hopes, plans, and reforms. One can anticipate their question "Why under these circumstances "don't you send your washing to a caste whose religious custom is "*to wash?*" The answer can be readily given. We have not found such people in the N.W.F. province, Rawal Pindi, or the Murree Hills; come to India and find them.

We have hitherto dealt with the dhobi proper. There remains the "flying dhobi." He is a more exclusive person than the ordinary dhobi, and confines his evil work to tearing buttons off the various garments of the company football teams. The one thing he has never been found guilty of is flying in any sense of the word, hence his name. He is of an unobtrusive and retiring disposition, and the only people qualified to give a fuller account of him are colour-sergeants, and company storemen.

Lastly there was "The Dhobi." We look forward to the time when he will be Commander-in-Chief in India, but should this ever meet his eye, he must know that in the nature of things, he will be be always dear to our hearts as "the dhobi," nothing more.

## BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND.

(BY C. G. L.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER AND "S."

TO all whom it may concern, let it be known that this is the writer's maiden trip into the realms of journalism. At the outset he pleads the indulgence of his readers, and hopes by this plain warning to forearm them with that immunity from disappointment, which awaits those who expect nothing.

We had, for some time, planned a shoot, and after sundry dis-

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cussions and much good advice had decided on Barotseland as the scene of our endeavours.

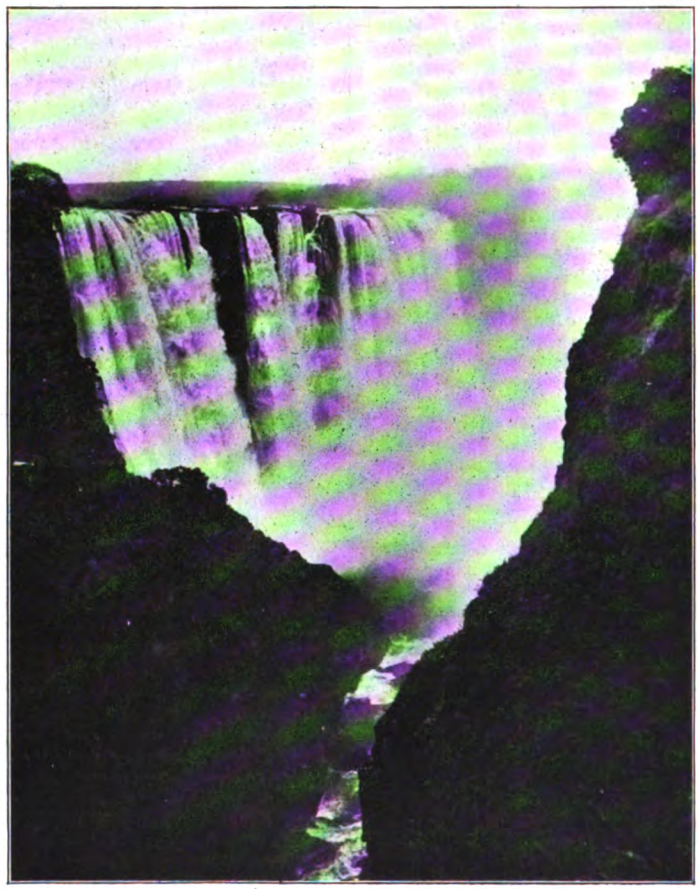
"*Down the Zambezi.*"

Barotseland is in North-Western Rhodesia, in fact I believe I am right in saying that, to all intents and purposes, it *is* North-Western Rhodesia. Anyhow the latter name will be more easily found on the map. It is bounded on the north by the Congo Free State, on the south by the Zambezi River, on the east by North-Eastern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa, and on the west by Portuguese West Africa. Further details I will leave to the studiously minded, who will find them more or less inaccurately set forth in any ordinary map of Africa.

"We" consisted of S—, of the — Highlanders, and the present writer.

Over the various stages of our journey I will draw a veil. Suffice it to say that it began amidst arctic surroundings of snow and sleet at a certain station in the Orange River Colony on the 17th of August, 1909, and proceeding *via* Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Mafeking and Buluwayo, reached the end of its first stage in tropical heat at Livingstone, North-Western Rhodesia.

Here a halt of a few days was unavoidable, as we had decided to get all our supplies for the trip at Livingstone, and there were only two regular trains a week running further north. We put in a most enjoyable three days. To anybody in search of hospitality and kindness, Livingstone is strongly recommended.



"*Where the accumulated waters first enter the gorge.*"

The day after our arrival we were taken down the Zambezi in a large and most luxurious Government House canoe, propelled by four natives in immaculate white jumpers, who might have just stepped from the deck of a man-o'-war. We landed just above the Falls, and spent an hour or so in making our first acquaintance with them at close quarters. On our return journey, a couple of months later, we gave them a day to themselves, and might have extended it to a week and then have gone away with the same feeling that we had not seen or realized a hundredth part of their immensity and grandeur. It is not, however, my intention to get "side-tracked" at this early stage, so any further descriptive efforts must, if they ever materialize at all, wait till the end of that couple of months.

Our guide on this occasion had recently discovered in the gorge below the Falls an entirely new fish, which bears his name. This is a kind of habit with him, as he has since discovered another still newer one in the "boiling pot," where the accumulated waters of the Falls first enter the gorge.

When we had seen the Falls, he took us down to his favourite fishing ground, which was reached by a series of slithers and runs accompanied by showers of stones and other débris as we descended the precipice-like side. S— and he were now on common ground, both being mighty fishermen. They discoursed of flies and grasshoppers, casts and traces, and the anatomy and interior economy of fishes, while the writer looked intelligent and nodded knowingly at intervals.

Each member of the party was next armed with a rod and a box of extremely active grasshoppers, and the serious work began. The fishing chiefly took place over the edge of a precipice some 30ft. above the water. We were separated from one another by some distance so that I can only speak with any accuracy of my own share in the performance. After prodigies of valour with the active grasshoppers, once nearly falling into the river, and twice losing my box of bait, having caught every conceivable object in the landscape including much of my own wearing apparel, I was at last rewarded by being nearly pulled off my perch by a fine representative of our special fish, the Barbel Fairbairni.

He now had to be personally conducted to a spot where the bank ran down to the water's edge, so that we could meet more or less on even terms. This was done amidst volumes of agonized advice, the most salient feature of which was an oft-reiterated entreaty to "give him the butt," whatever that may mean.

He eventually succumbed to superior science, and lay gasping at the victorious feet of his captor. He tipped the scale (I believe this to be the correct expression) at 4lbs. Each of the others caught one, the total being three fish, 4½, 4 and 3lbs.

It was now getting late, as, in addition to fishing, we had spent some time in cooking and eating our lunch. We crawled back up the side of the gorge after the manner of flies on a wall, had dinner at the Falls Hotel, and returned to Livingstone by a train which happened to be going. It was a most enjoyable day.

Livingstone is the headquarters of the Barotse Native Police and of the Administration of North-Western Rhodesia. These police are well drilled and turned out, and could put many of their white brothers in arms to shame.

Their kit consists of a khaki jumper and brown belt, very scanty khaki shorts and bare legs, with a fez as a head dress. As an alternative to the khaki jumper, they have a blue jersey with brown leather strapping on the shoulders which looks very smart and workmanlike. Most of the drill is carried out by native drill sergeants who give all their words of

"*They are well drilled.*"

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command in English (alleged) and the explanations in the native language. The natives themselves work the Maxim guns, and the adjutant who showed us round, assured us that most of the men in the Maxim gun section could sort out the parts and put the gun together correctly after it had been completely stripped and the parts well stirred up. They all had a very poor opinion of the little ·303 gun compared to its more corpulent and noisy stable companion, the Martini Maxim. In fact, much noise passes, not for the first time, for efficiency.

Practically every man is married, and consequently the only barrack room is one occupied by band boys. The room was very clean and tidy, but a rather incongruous note was struck by the beds, which were of home manufacture, and varied in shape and size according to the owner's taste. Most of them were made of old boxes.

Married men occupy a little room, rather like my idea of a hermit's cell, which is vague, because I have never seen one. They are only allowed one wife each, but senior N.C.O.'s are allowed two, on condition that they pay all expenses incurred in the carriage of No. 2. To understand the full inwardness of this regulation it must be explained that no local boys are recruited for the police. They are all either North Eastern, or Mashukulumbwe boys, so that the expense incurred by the importation and exportation of superfluous wives might be a heavy item if there were no limit.

The police service is a most popular one. Can it be that the much married native finds therein a haven of rest from the more troublesome three or four of his better halves?

The first evening we were in Livingstone, and a couple of times afterwards on our return journey, we saw the drums beating retreat. They played a number of familiar and a few original tunes. Retreat was sounded, and they then marched off to a bugle march, the whole performance being faultless. They have just started a brass band, which is a somewhat ambitious undertaking, when it is taken into consideration that the reading of music is to the native a sealed book, and every man learns his part by having it played over to him.

At the end of three days we got a construction train, which was carrying rails up for the extension of the line from Broken Hill to the Congo, thereby getting away a day sooner than we expected. We had had all our supplies made up in fortnightly boxes, with one emergency box, and this we found to be a satisfactory arrangement.

Almost directly after leaving Livingstone the last trace of civilization is left behind, and the train runs for the greater part through virgin bush. The trains here carry their whole crew with them, and the drivers, firemen and guards off duty live in a sort of glorified hen coop, called a "cabooze," which is hitched on next to the engine. We had the pleasure of the company of most of them in the brake van, which, we gathered, was largely due to the fact that the cabooze was rather unpleasantly crowded with denizens of the insect world.

They were a very cheery lot, and fearsome were the tales of the terrors of night work on the line. How one spare set of human beings ever lasted for a single journey was a marvel, as the inevitable destination of the average guard stepping out of the average van, in the dark, appeared to be the interior of some man-eating monster, unless, indeed, he possessed the presence of mind of a toreador, combined with the agility of an acrobat.

To us, however, the principal and immediate danger appeared to be rather that of a fractured skull or a dislocated spine, and the attributes most desirable those of the professional knock-about.

Gentle reader, if ever you are tempted to travel in a brake van, whose youth has died in the service of one of the older Colonial lines, and whose old age has been dedicated to that of the Rhodesia railways, if that brake van be of the short and bumpy variety, if it be loosely coupled to the extreme tail end of a lengthy construction train, and, above all, if it be full to repletion of hard and angular objects, take our advice, and, however tempted, avoid that train as you would the plague.

Our painful experience terminated at midnight. We were then cast forth, a bruised and palpitating mass, together with our belongings, at our destination, Kalomo. Here we were met by Hooper, our hunter, who had made all our arrangements for us, and was camped near the station with our outfit.

We soon got bedded down, and next morning, the 25th of August, we left the line, heading a bit west of north for the Kafue River, which we eventually struck about 280 miles west of the point where the railway crosses it.

(*To be continued*).

## IGNORANCE OR HUMOUR.*

### SOME SCHOOL HOWLERS.

HERE are some genuine school howlers, from recent examination papers, which have the merit of being new :—

What are fossils ?—Fossils are those remains of plants and animals which keep best when left to themselves.

A volcano is a very powerful rock.

What is the feminine of bachelor ?—Old Made, Axminster.

The minerals of Holland are gin, linen, pickles, and crockery ware.

Name some English sovereigns who died violent deaths.—Queen Elizabeth. She fell into a deep sleep. Henry VII. He died by fits. Richard I. He had his head extracted by an unskilful physician.

What is an Interdict ?—It is caused by bad sewage.

What is a patriot ?—A grandfather.

How could the King have let all the people at a distance know that they must prepare for war ?—He might have set fire to a deacon on the top of a hill.

What were the provisions of Oxford ?—Salt beef, ham, and bacon.

Between whom were the Wars of the Roses fought ?—Between the Turks and the Saducees.

What was the use of a city of refuge ?—When a man had been murdered accidentally, he might jump up and run to it.

Give the character of Henry VII.—He had a downcast in his left eye.

The feminine of Robin is Robin Redbreast.

What would you have done if you had been an ancient Briton and wanted warm clothes for winter (the absence of shops, etc., had been fully impressed) ?—"I should have cried."

## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers).

(*Continued from page 102*).

After learning my drill I can now see myself on my first full-dress parade, very self-conscious, but trying hard not to appear so. I noticed how the men's chests swelled out and tried to make mine do the same, but I don't think my efforts were a great success. My shako was a trifle large and shook a bit as I walked. It ought not to have done so, but I am afraid I was troubled with swelled head just then. Some of the other boys were eyeing me out of the corners of their eyes, and I was doing the same with them. The fact was, I was being summed up and I knew it. At last I began to feel riled at their laughing remarks, when one of them, who for a sufficient reason was called "Cheeky Barnes," sauntered up and said, "You're mighty proud, but if you could only see yourself you'd think it was a guy you were looking at!" Perhaps I did look like one, but I didn't want to be told so by a man hardly bigger than myself, despite his one or two years' service. So I scandalized the parade by promptly punching him on the nose. He was sent off parade for repairs and I was promised a dozen if I didn't behave myself. In this way I had lost my dignity, and was in disgrace all in a moment. What was more, I didn't feel at all easy about that dozen. I had never seen a boy so punished, but I had heard what it was like. The remainder of that parade was a blank in my memory.

I went through all that boys usually go through on first enlisting, being sent to the shoemaker's shop for strap oil and having other tricks played on me. However, I didn't take my canteen on muster parade, as it was called, to draw the Band's mustard in, though told that that was the proper thing for the youngest soldier to do. In fact I was beginning to get a little sense.

In the evening there was nothing particular to do unless it happened to be Officers' Mess night, when the boys used to be taken for singing purposes. A glee or two would be included in the programme when the playing was inside, but on other nights I would get near the fire in the married quarters where the old soldiers used to sit and yarn. They were all long service men. Some of them had been in the Crimea and, of course, there were several who had served with the Battalion in the Mutiny. Their stories must have had a great and facinating interest for me, by the way they impressed themselves on my mind. Indeed, yarning

* A correspondent from the Depot sends us the amusing skit we print above. He tells us this is taken from a local newspaper, and hopes it may serve to fill an odd corner should the occasion require.—Ed., "St. G.G."

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with them seemed quite a serious matter, and it was thrilling to hear them going over their experiences again. One would start off, the others listening attentively, until he forgot some name or place; then somebody else would put him to rights and the story would proceed without further interruption, except for a mutter of "that's so," or of approval of some kind. On one occasion the prelude was an argument as to the use of the bayonet and the butt of the rifle at close quarters, the merits of both ways of fighting being fully and freely discussed. I think the exponents of the butt-end came off victorious this time as no one spoke too well of the cold steel. One of them, a Crimean warrior, bemoaned the fact that the great coats of the Russians were so hardened with grease and dirt that the bayonet would not penetrate them, and if by chance they did get them in it was almost impossible to pull them out again. By the way it was put it seemed that the Russians had not played the game.

This reminds me of what occurred at a later date at Tel-el-Kebir. A man of the Highland Light Infantry, who was a very good shot, was exchanging shots with one of the enemy when he got hit. Asked by one who was watching the duel how it happened, he replied, indignantly, "He fired out of his turn!" But to continue. A Mutiny veteran chimed in with the remark that with them it had been just the opposite. "There was nothing," he said, "to stop the bayonet, but it was too slow for some of us, eh, Pat?" (this to Pat McHale). "What about the Cawnpore Battery? It wasn't the bayonet then, but the butt that did the trick." It so happened that Pat was called away at that moment and the speaker was asked to tell us what happened at the Battery. The Cawnpore Battery, it seemed, was an earthwork thrown up by the enemy and containing several guns. It commanded the Cawnpore road and hindered the advance of the Lucknow relieving force, as it was held by a strong body of the enemy. The FIFTH were ordered to storm it, which they did in their usual style. As the storming party rushed the battery the first to enter was the gallant Captain L'Estrange of Arrah fame. He was shot instantly. McHale who was at his heels forgot his bayonet exercise and used the butt-end of his heavy Enfield rifle so effectively that by the time the remainder of the Company had got in, the Pandies were convinced it was time to go. Away they ran for their lives shouting that there was a red-haired devil in the Battery killing them all. If one of the FIFTH could do so much damage what would it be when two hundred of the same kind got among them? The bayonet indeed was too slow for such business. Later on the mutineers found that the red-haired devil had not by any means finished with them, for he was among them again and again with his long shillalagh playing the deuce with their head-dresses (or where they should have been,) but of all these things never a word could I get from Pat, try as I might; and when he began to explain what he would do to me if I continued bothering him—well, I left him alone, for, as I said before, I was beginning to acquire some sense. Events connected with the Mutiny always interested me and I tried to retain in mind whatever I heard about it.

I think it was the same evening that some talk about guns covering a position led to the mention of Mad Jack, sometimes called Hell Fire Jack. It was a striking name to be known by, and perhaps there are some who would like to hear how it came to be earned. It seems that as the relieving force got nearer to Lucknow, the rebels made more and more strenuous efforts to drive it back. If courage ebbed they could always replace it with false courage, that is by drinking *bhang*, a native intoxicant which, when taken in large quantities, drives a man mad. So desperately they continued their resistance while the relief force pushed on towards its goal. Across the Gomtee river ran a bridge commanded by the rebels' guns and swept continually by case shot and grape. Rifle fire was also employed to guard it and its capture seemed a hard problem if not an impossible one. The advance of the relieving force was delayed for some time and everything was all sixes and sevens. At last Captain Olpherts, a battery commander of a very fiery disposition who usually had a covering party of the FIFTH for his guns, was asked if he thought anything could be done by his battery to clear the bridge and keep down the enemy's fire. "Aye," he replied, "give me two Companies of the FIFTH to cover my guns and I'll "take them through Hell fire!" The two Companies were provided, the guns galloped into position and the enemy driven from their positions with such swiftness and success that the mutineers never afterwards forgot his terrible nickname. Many years afterwards when Hell Fire Jack was a General Commanding a District where we were stationed, he never failed to keep us on the look out for his alarms and surprise orders, and when they came everyone had to move in double quick time. Before we arrived at his station I had been told that his favourite time for an alarm was the middle of an officers' ball. He would leave the dance, go across to the guard-room, order the alarm to be sounded and then wait on the parade ground and time the assembly. Woe to anyone who was late on these occasions.

It was at Athlone, I think, that I heard the following yarn, though it was told more than once and caused a deal of amusement in the Battalion both at the time and afterwards.

After arriving home the Battalion was stationed, I think, at Aldershot, where the men had any amount of money to spend and were enjoying a rare good time. Their behaviour generally was no better or worse than that of any other Regiment just home from abroad, and perhaps discipline was not as high as it might have been. It chanced that the Brigade-Major was a martinet and he set himself to smarten them up. The view taken by the men in consequence of this was that he was always on the look out for crime, and needless to say he was not exactly beloved by them. His own work was well done and he thought others should do the same. Nothing seemed to escape his eye, and day and night were all the same to him. One morning just as the reveillé had sounded, who but he should make his appearance at the main guard-room. No one had recognised him on account of the mufti he was wearing. He found things a bit irregular when he got there, no matter in what way, but it was enough to send him hurrying off as fast as he could for corroborative evidence. No one was about at so early an hour except the sentry posted a little way from the guard-room. He had noticed the sudden confusion among the guard, and was wondering what it was all about when "the terror," by which name the Brigade-Major was beginning to be known, came up and ordered him to accompany him to the guard-room. "But, who are you?" asked the sentry. "I am so-and-so the Brigade-Major," came the impatient answer. "The Brigade-Major are you? come "that won't do. The Brigade-Major would know better than to "try and take a sentry off his post." "Very well," said the "other furiously, "I'll get somebody else." "Now none of your "jokes, young man! you just step into my sentry box and we'll "see what the real Brigade-Major will say about this little bit of "fun of yours; and look here, if you try to get away I'll put a hole "through you, so mind that!" Explanations are of no avail to a sentry who is wooden, and sentries can be very wooden when they choose. Presently, up comes the Sergeant of the Guard with the relief. With a wink to the Sergeant the sentry explained the situation. The Sergeant then turned to the captive. "I see "there's been a mistake here, sir. Will you come up to the "guard-room and I'll send for the Orderly Officer." On arriving there the guard were found sitting round the table drinking hot coffee, with everything around tidy and ship-shape. Explanations followed between the Brigade-Major and the Orderly Officer and they went off together, the former growling something about "that d—— sentry." Nothing more was heard of the affair, but the yarn did not die quickly and was known by the title of "Doing the Brigadier."

Every Battalion has its characters, and Gipsy was one of these. Before joining the Army he had led the life of a gipsy, and what he didn't know about poaching wasn't worth knowing. His after "Lights out" stories were listened to with interest, for his experience of the world, and of the law as well, was large and varied. Natural instinct kept him on the look out for anything that might turn to his advantage. While at Athlone he always seemed pretty well supplied with money, until it became a matter of comment where it all came from. About this time a quantity of lead was discovered to be missing from the roofs of the barracks. It was impossible to say how long ago it had been taken, but the barrack authorities determined to keep a sharp look out for the future. The idea was generally held, too, that Gipsy, if he liked, could give some information about the loss, and, as he well knew, he was kept under watch by the Provost-Sergeant. He possessed a very peculiar voice, something between a treble and a high tenor, and his laugh became a sort of high cackle whenever he had told something which amused him. He told us he had been in the dust pit one day when his friend had come upon him and eyed him with suspicion. "What are you doing there?" asked the Provost-Sergeant. "Looking for rats," said Gipsy, and considering who it was, the answer did not seem at all unreasonable. So nothing more was done, but later Gipsy became more confidential in my hearing. "Silly fool," he muttered, "he might have known what "I was up to. What was I doing? Why, thinking how I could "best get the lead off the officers' quarters of course. I got over "a hundred weight from there that night and nobody ever spotted "how it was done." His semi-treble cackle interrupted the confession and he spoke no more of it.

*(To be continued.)*

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 332.]** **Wednesday, 31st August, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*


111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*


*31st August, 1910.*

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| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, the Depôt, per Quartermaster-Sergeant Purcell ... ... ... | „ 30/ 6/10 | Mr. G. Savage ... ... | „ 31/ 3/11 |
| Major Richardson ... ... | „ 31/ 7/10 | Sergeants' Mess, 5th Battalion, per Mess President ... ... ... | „ 30/ 6/11 |
| Captain M. Lloyd .. ... | „ 31/12/10 | Mr. R. Kenefic ... ... | „ 30/ 6/11 |
| Captain F. Braithwaite ... | „ 31/12/10 | Captain Larpent ... ... | „ 30/ 6/11 |
| Mrs. J. S. Cramsie ... | „ 31/12/10 | Mr. E. Larder ... ... | „ 31/ 7/11 |
| | | Mr. A. Pettigrew ... ... | „ 31/ 7/11 |
| | | Brigade-Surgeon Rutledge | „ 31/ 8/11 |
| | | Mr. R. H. Ball ... ... | „ 31/ 8/11 |
| | | Bandmaster J. Smith ... | „ 31/ 8/11 |
| | | Captain S. S. Flower ... | „ 31/12/12 |

## BIRTHS.

KEAYS.—On the 28th inst., at 25, Quentin Street, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff, the wife of James George Keays, late Colour and Orderly-Room-Sergeant, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

PARKER.—On the 27th June, at Haydon Bridge, the wife of Colour-Sergeant-Instructor J. Parker, 4th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

PARTINGTON.—On the 28th inst., at 65, Greystoke Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Acting-Sergeant-Major H. A. Partington, 6th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

ROOD.—On the 25th June, at Cliffden, Murree Hills, India, the wife of No. 4061 Lance-Sergeant J. Rood, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

SYKES.—On the 1st ult., at Cliffden, Murree Hills, India, the wife of No. 7188 Sergeant J. Sykes, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

## MARRIAGE.

CRAMSIE—HEZLET.—On the 3rd inst., at Aghadowey Church, by the Rev. Canon Ross, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by Chancellor Benson, Rector of Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, Ireland, and the Rev. Robert Alexander, Rector of Aghadowey, Robert Alexander Cramsie, of O'Harabrook, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, eldest son of the late Captain J. S. Cramsie, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, to Florence Eugenia, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hezlet, Royal Artillery (retired), of Bovagh, Aghadowey.

## DEATHS.

CAVE.—On the 17th inst., at Fratton, Southsea, Charles William Cave, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 44 years.

GORDON.—On the 29th inst., at Bournemouth, after a short illness, George Evan, only son of Mr. C. H. Evan Gordon, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 16 years.

WYNNSFORD.—On the 5th inst., at Hexham, accidentally drowned, Henry Richard, only son of Sergeant-Major Wynnsford, 4th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 12 years.


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EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette* :—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant Burton W. E. Gething is seconded for service as an Adjutant of Territorial Infantry. Supernumerary Lieutenant R. S. Fletcher is restored to the establishment, *vice* B. W. E. Gething (dated 12th July, 1910). Second-Lieutenant A. P. Garnier is seconded for service under the Colonial Office (dated 3rd August, 1910).

MEMORANDA.—Captain (temporary Major) E. E. Williams, D.S.O., the Northumberland Fusiliers, is granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel whilst employed with the West African Frontier Force (dated 18th February, 1910).

3RD (RESERVE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Supernumerary Lieutenant G. C. Anne is restored to the establishment (dated 26th July, 1910). Cadet Lance-Corporal B. G. C. Hobbs, from the Charterhouse School Contingent Officers Training Corps, to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation) (dated 3rd August, 1910). Second-Lieutenant R. C. Roddam from the 7th Battalion, to be Second-Lieutenant (on promotion), (dated 24th August, 1910).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenants W. Robb, J. R. Robb and L. D. Plumer to be Lieutenants (dated 14th June, 1910).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Major M. White, Viscount Ridley, Northumberland (Hussars) Yeomanry, is appointed to the Honorary Colonelcy of the Battalion (dated 30th March, 1910).

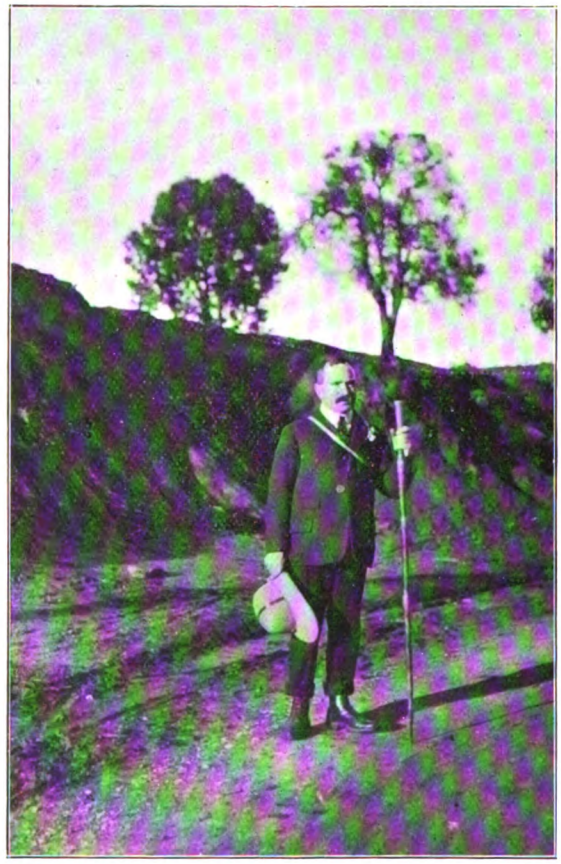
6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant A. O. Langdale to be Lieutenant (dated 23rd June, 1910). Lieutenant W. J. F. Middlemiss resigns his commission (dated 30th July, 1910).

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS, INDIA,

27th July, 1910.

ON Sunday, the 3rd July, Lieutenant-General Sir A. Martin, K.C.B., Commanding 2nd Division, presented the Indian General Service with clasp N.W. Frontier 1908 Medals, to the Battalion, won for the Mohmand operations in the spring of 1908. Sir A. Martin before presenting the medals addressed the Battalion, and said that he was very glad to have been able to come to make the presentation. He referred to the unfortunate outbreak of cholera, which prevented the Battalion actually taking part in the expedition beyond the lines of communication, and congratulated the Battalion on the part it took in the action at Matta. In conclusion he said that if ever, during his command, the 2nd Division were to be engaged in active operations he hoped the 5th Fusiliers would form part of his force. Lieutenant-Colonel Sapte replied, and the medals were then distributed. We congratulate all recipients, and hope this medal may be the precursor of many more to follow.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DOUGLAS SAPTE.
*(From a photograph by Captain F. L. Festing.)*

The rains proper have begun, but we can still sometimes see each other in the intervals between the clouds. We travel in danger of our lives from landslides, falling roofs and thunderstorms. As a set off the gardens have all come on strongly, and garden inspections have begun.

Officers on first leave have returned, and the second leave batch have gone. Two intrepid sportsmen, on ten days' leave, ventured on bicycles into Kashmir, like Caleb and Joshua, to spy out the land, and though they did not find the country flowing with bears and panthers, the jaunt was thoroughly enjoyed, and all experts in mending damaged tyres are recommended to follow their good example.

The Gharial Flats, or rather their extensions, are being rapidly further flattened out by the rain, and the giant labours of our hands seem daily more diminutive. But we buoy ourselves up with the hope of showers of blessing descending on our heads from the 2nd Battalion when some fifteen years hence they will be reaping where we are now sowing.

Through the energies of Captain Gordon a Golf Links has been started, and on the 16th the opening ceremony took place before a select and distinguished gathering, viz., the married officers with their wives and the bachelors. Mrs. Gordon drove the first ball under the critical gaze of many cameras. The links at present consists of six holes, some of which are extremely hazardous. A rather too ambitious smite may despatch the ball into the heat of the plains below unless checked by the windows of Captain Cruddas' house. The Links are a great addition to Gharial, and the perpetrator is to be congratulated on the result of his efforts.

The roller skating enthusiasts have arisen again like the Phœnix out of the ashes, and a club has been formed. Skating takes place three times a week, and it is hoped that, during the rains especially, the rink will be well patronized.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sapte has proceeded home on two months' leave, and Lieutenant Stephen has followed Lord Kitchener to Australia to lend that country his assistance and advice in National Defence. Lieutenant Sloper has proceeded to Baltistan on butchery bent, and Lieutenant Platt on return from three months' signalling at Kassuli, has also disappeared along the Kashmir Road.

Our humblest apologies for any offence caused to Colonel Money in the matter of his telegram on St. George's Day, but, unfortunately, his name did not appear on the telegram in question.

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No. 7082 Sergeant C. Adlard re-engaged at Gharial to complete 21 years' service on the 2nd inst.

No. 511 Lance-Sergeant H. Gowler, No. 9791 Corporal W. Fuller, No. 4824 Private H. Bowers, and No. 8072 Private E. Fisher have extended their services to complete 12 years with the Colours.

Private C. Annetts has been transferred to the Battalion from the 2nd Battalion Cheshire Regiment, with effect from the 1st inst.

Private C. Challis has been transferred to the Battalion from the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, with effect from the 15th inst.

The following Appointments have been made :—

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

No. 8176 Lance-Corporal H. Whittaker from 22/ 7/10
,, 8184 ,, B. Ginn ,, 23/ 7/10

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*
(dated 9/7/10)

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1529 | Private | C. Monteith | No. 1305 | Private | J. Saunders |
| ,, 1081 | ,, | J. Hodgkinson | ,, 1913 | ,, | H. Crockford |
| ,, 1230 | ,, | H. Clarke | ,, 1639 | ,, | J. Colton |
| ,, 1137 | ,, | S. Wilkinson | ,, 1036 | ,, | W. Willmott |
| ,, 830 | ,, | F. Wiffen | ,, 9778 | ,, | J. Harris |
| ,, 1617 | ,, | H. Rumley | ,, 1200 | ,, | J. Lowe |
| ,, 9798 | ,, | W. Woodward | ,, 2170 | ,, | W. Marrs |

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1525 | Private | A. Povey | from 15/12/07 |
| ,, 2041 | ,, | A. Deeks | ,, 10/ 3/10 |
| ,, 1247 | ,, | E. Johnson | ,, 27/ 5/10 |
| ,, 1046 | Lance-Corporal | W. Willmott | ,, 31/ 5/10 |
| ,, 9105 | Private | A. Morris | ,, 3/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1312 | ,, | W. Young | ,, 6/ 6/10 |
| ,, 8699 | ,, | M. Fitzpatrick | ,, 10/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1362 | ,, | W. Andrews | ,, 10/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1332 | ,, | S. Brown | ,, 13/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1333 | ,, | J. Walker | ,, 14/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1356 | ,, | W. Girdlestone | ,, 19/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1059 | Lance-Corporal | T. Wood | ,, 20/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1373 | ,, | B. Shelley | ,, 21/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1366 | Private | J. Ward | ,, 21/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1372 | ,, | J. Farmer | ,, 21/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1368 | ,, | A. Morgan | ,, 22/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1250 | ,, | G. Steadman | ,, 27/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1385 | ,, | W. Worby | ,, 27/ 6/10 |
| ,, 9940 | ,, | E. Craske | ,, 27/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1392 | ,, | J. Saunders | ,, 28/ 6/10 |
| ,, 1408 | ,, | R. Harbourne | ,, 30/ 6/10 |
| ,, 9819 | ,, | P. Dalton | ,, 1/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1403 | ,, | R. Simons | ,, 3/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1405 | ,, | C. Chambers | ,, 3/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1400 | ,, | E. Dale | ,, 3/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1421 | ,, | W. Ward | ,, 4/ 7/10 |
| ,, 9629 | ,, | J. Kinghorn | ,, 5/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1413 | ,, | D. Jukes | ,, 5/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1411 | ,, | R. Nicholson | ,, 5/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1009 | ,, | A. Bicknell | ,, 7/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1449 | Lance-Corporal | R. Insley | ,, 10/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1440 | Private | C. Challis | ,, 10/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1450 | ,, | J. Henson | ,, 11/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1446 | Lance-Corporal | G. Harvey | ,, 12/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1460 | Private | J. Drewery | ,, 12/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1452 | ,, | A. Cross | ,, 12/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1458 | ,, | T. Large | ,, 12/ 7/10 |
| ,, 1122 | ,, | J. Turner | ,, 14/ 7/10 |
| ,, 2283 | ,, | M. Mallett | ,, 15/ 7/10 |

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Gharial, 22/7/10 :—

*2nd Class :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1999 | Lce.-Corpl. | G. Ives | No. 8072 | Private | E. Fisher |
| ,, 5861 | ,, | R. Parrant | ,, 976 | ,, | M. Adams |
| ,, 1036 | ,, | W. Willmott | ,, 1403 | ,, | R. Simons |
| ,, 459 | ,, | A. Lawrence | ,, 530 | ,, | A. Gill |
| ,, 1373 | ,, | B. Shelley | ,, 370 | ,, | W. Coote |
| | | No. 8182 Private J. Jacobs | | | |

*3rd Class :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1001 | Lce.-Corpl. | H. Wood | No. 2409 | Private | E. Johnson |
| ,, 2192 | Private | M. Morley | ,, 2481 | ,, | T. King |
| ,, 2217 | ,, | A. Broadbent | ,, 2470 | ,, | G. Garthwaite |
| ,, 2408 | ,, | G. Agonbar | ,, 874 | ,, | W. Edwards |
| ,, 9820 | ,, | P. Burns | ,, 1459 | ,, | A. Thornton |
| ,, 2326 | ,, | W. Arnold | ,, 2443 | ,, | A. Fraser |
| ,, 2215 | ,, | G. Fox | ,, 1598 | ,, | J. Landy |
| ,, 2263 | ,, | F. Morgan | ,, 2208 | ,, | A. Hall |
| No. 2489 | Private | J. Baxter | No. 631 | Private | J. Daley |
| ,, 2362 | ,, | W. Hastings | ,, 2132 | ,, | J. McCann |
| ,, 2156 | ,, | C. Adams | ,, 1355 | ,, | G. Bultitude |
| | | No. 1609 Private F. Carey | | | |

## CRICKET.

### REGIMENTAL CUP.

SEMI-FINAL.

D COMPANY v. E COMPANY.

Played at Gharial, on the 11th ult., and resulted in a win for D Company by 69 runs.

D COMPANY.

| | 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sergeant Wilkinson, b Priestley | ... | 32 | b Godfrey ... ... ... | 11 |
| Private Harbourne, b Godfrey ... | ... | 6 | run out ... ... ... | 26 |
| ,, Money, c Sherlock, b Godfrey | | 5 | c and b Godfrey ... ... | 16 |
| ,, Bestwick, b Godfrey ... | ... | 8 | lbw, b Priestley ... ... | 14 |
| ,, Adams, b Priestley ... | ... | 0 | b Priestley ... ... ... | 4 |
| ,, Keech, c Tonkinson, b Priestley | | 17 | b Godfrey ... ... ... | 2 |
| ,, Havercroft, c Newton, b Priestley ... ... ... | | 1 | c and b Godfrey ... ... | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Wood, c Tonkinson, b Priestley ... ... ... ... | | 0 | b Priestley ... ... ... | 9 |
| Corporal Bradford, not out ... | ... | 2 | c Price, b Priestley ... | 7 |
| Private Wilcox, b Priestley ... | ... | 0 | c Mann, b Priestley ... | 2 |
| Lance-Corporal Warner, c Newton, b Priestley ... ... ... ... | | 0 | not out ... ... ... | 3 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... | ... | 2 | Extras ... ... ... | 8 |
| Total ... ... ... ... | ... | 73 | Total ... ... | 102 |

E COMPANY.

| | 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Private Priestley, c Money, b Harbourne ... ... ... ... | ... | 4 | c Wilkinson, b Harbourne | 5 |
| Private Sherlock, run out ... | ... | 0 | b Harbourne ... ... | 5 |
| Lance-Corporal Locker, run out | ... | 0 | b Money ... ... ... | 7 |
| Colour-Sergeant Price, c Harbourne, b Warner ... ... ... ... | | 0 | c and b Harbourne ... | 16 |
| Private Armstrong, b Harbourne | ... | 1 | b Money ... ... ... | 4 |
| Lance-Corporal Godfrey, c Wood, b Harbourne ... ... ... ... | | 10 | b Money ... ... ... | 0 |
| Private Green, b Warner... ... | ... | 4 | not out ... ... ... | 25 |
| ,, Newton, b Harbourne ... | ... | 3 | c and b Harbourne ... | 3 |
| ,, Mann, b Harbourne ... | ... | 6 | b Money ... ... ... | 1 |
| ,, Flanagan, b Harbourne ... | | 2 | c Bestwick, b Harbourne | 1 |
| ,, Tonkinson, not out ... | ... | 1 | b Money ... ... ... | 6 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... | ... | 0 | Extras ... ... ... | 2 |
| Total ... ... ... ... | ... | 31 | Total ... ... | 75 |

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

On the 13th we held our monthly dance, which was attended with the usual success. On the 16th we challenged the P.W.O. West Yorkshire Regiment, the Lancashire Fusiliers, and the Royal Sussex Regiment to a shoot and whist drive. The monsoon has just begun, and the clerk of the weather evidently thought this bad form on our part, with the result that rain threatened all day without actually falling. This kept the P.W.O. and the Royal Sussex from competing against us in the shoot. The Lancashire Fusiliers were, however, not to be denied and turned up in full strength on the range, where we gained a victory by one point.

The whist drive later in the evening was a pronounced success, the large number who sat down to play calling forth all the ingenuity of the Committee to seat them. During the interval Sergeant Sykes played popular ditties on the piano, with his usual ability.

The Lancashire Fusiliers proved their superiority at whist over all other Corps represented, and carried off all the prizes.

At present the monsoon weather is in full swing, and as out-door sport of every description is at a standstill, many of our members are turning their attention to roller skating with varied success. In next month's notes a full list of casualties will be published.

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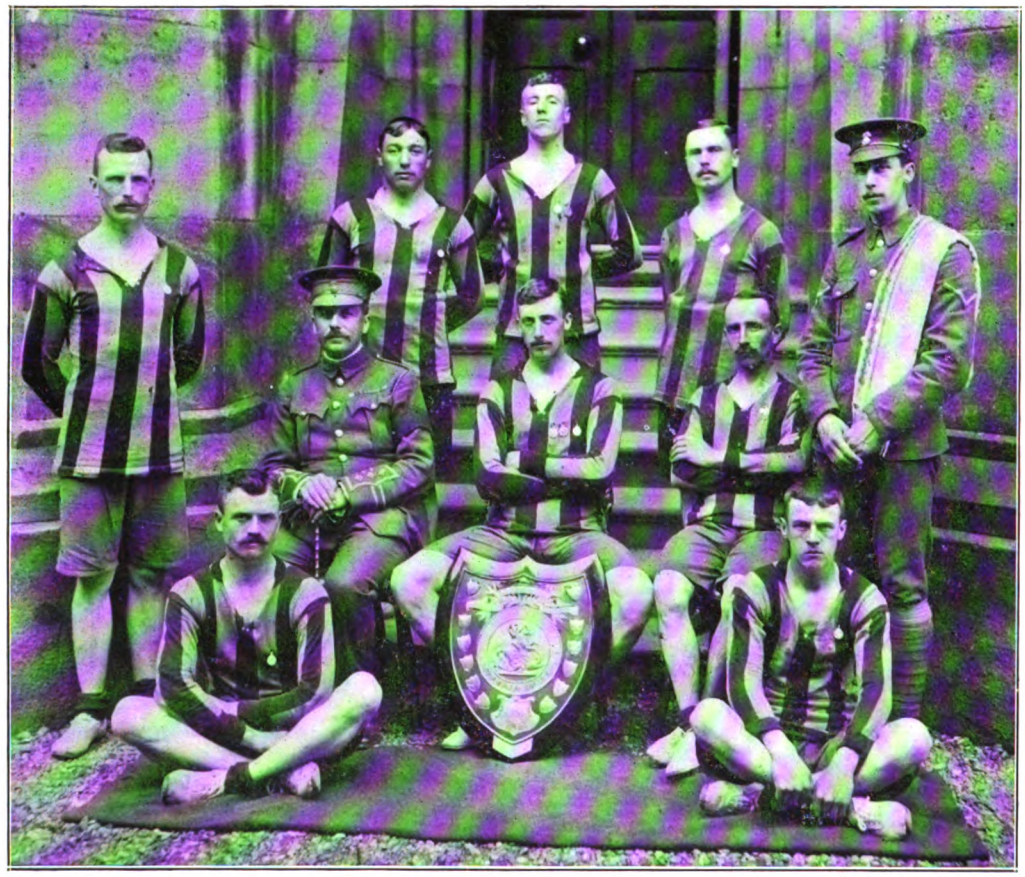
## 2nd Battalion Notes.

12th Infantry Brigade Camp,
near Wells, Somerset,
27th August, 1910.

COLONEL Heard has been appointed Director of Training and Military Education to the New Zealand Forces and sails towards the end of next month to take up his new billet. It is impossible to regard the appointment as other than a great compliment to himself and the Regiment, and as such we heartily congratulate him; but the loss involved in his departure is too great to allow our feelings to be as unmixed as such an announcement would naturally have left them. The two years during which he has commanded us we had all hoped would turn to five. Events have proved otherwise, and all we can do is to bear with what philosophy we can a loss which is—none more so—no less personal than it is universal. These words apply as much to Mrs. Heard as to our late Commanding Officer. To both of them we offer our very best wishes for the future.



C COMPANY, 2ND BATTALION, WINNERS OF THE INTER-COMPANY MARATHON RACE, 1910.
(*From a photograph by Sergeant A. Wells.*)

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Our share in the Territorial manœuvres which took place in the neighbourhood of Dover from the 29th July to the 4th August was almost entirely one of masterly inactivity. The first four days were passed in barracks while we waited expectantly for the call to arms which never came. The arrival of a telegram next raised our pent-up feelings to fever pitch. We knew the enemy were bent on landing a raiding force on the Kent coast. This must be the long awaited news. It was. The enemy was about to land at Dover, the message informed us; no notice was to be taken of them and they were to be allowed an unmolested passage through our lines! After this unfortunate set-back to the reality of the operations, due to the roughness of the sea preventing a disembarkation according to the programme, we were at length released from confinement and ordered to join the Territorial force defending Dover at a spot about two miles south-west of the town. There, after an idle day in reserve and a night in bivouac, a battle was fought, at the end of which a few of us became engaged. We should like to say who won and who lost, but this interesting point has not since been divulged and we must candidly confess that we have no idea.

---

In spite of Kent defeating both their opponents, Worcestershire and Hampshire, before the close of the second day's play, and a consequent loss in gate money, the Dover Cricket Week was considered a distinct success. We entertained at tea on one day and much enjoyed the sight of Llewellyn, of Hampshire, hitting Blythe out of the ground. The tables are not often so turned.

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We offer our cordial congratulations to General Wilkinson on his engagement with Miss Hunter Blair, of Fareham. The marriage is to take place on the 31st inst., a date on which we fear very few of us will be able to attend at Benenden.

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Colonel Sapte and Major Yatman passed through Dover recently on their arrival from India on leave. Both were reported flourishing.

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Bandmaster Cooper has been distinguishing himself at Herne Bay, where the Band fulfilled one of their engagements. We understand that the fusing of a wire caused a slight fire near the bandstand. A stampede on the part of the audience was stopped by the collected behaviour of the Band, who continued to play unperturbed until there was no more cause for alarm. Another proof, if proof were needed, of the power of music.

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A swimming competition was held at the Dover Baths on the 18th and 19th inst. The entries exceeded expectation, no less than 180 entering for the individual competitions. The team race was composed of four men and limited to one team per Company. Both the swimming and diving competitions were entered into with the utmost keenness, and many exciting and close finishes were recorded. A team race between Officers and Sergeants ended in a win for the Sergeants, the Officers running them very closely, mainly due to the fine swimming of Second-Lieutenant Heyder. Teams :—

OFFICERS.

Lieutenant Foster, Second-Lieutenants Molyneux, Mahon and Heyder.

SERGEANTS.

Sergeants Richardson, Miln, Hilton and Band-Sergeant Long.

A test race between Second-Lieutenant Heyder and Sergeant Richardson was won amidst great excitement by Sergeant Richardson by one yard. A special prize, which was much appreciated, was kindly presented by Mr. G. R. F. Leverson to the Sergeants for winning the race against the Officers.

*Boys' Race, 48yds.*—1st, Boy Farrell, F Company, 5/-; 2nd, Boy Hickson, C Company, 3/-; 3rd, Boy Mustill, F Company, 2/-.

*Young Soldiers' Race* (limited to those under 12 months' service, 1st July, 1910).—1st, Private Minnithorpe, B Company, 12/-; 2nd, Private Tilletson, D Company, 5/-; 3rd, Private England, E Company, 3/-.

*Battalion Race, 96yds.* (limited to novices).—1st, Private Pattison, A Company, 12/-; 2nd, Private Smith, B Company, 5/-; 3rd, Private Falcus, H Company, 3/-.

*Diving for Plates.*—1st, Private Pattison, A Company, and Private Brierly, D Company, equal, 4/- each; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Clarke and Private Cousins, C Company, 2/- each.

*Inter-Company Team Race, 48yds.* (4 of any rank, novices).—1st, D Company, 16/-; 2nd, B Company, 8/-.

*Battalion Championship, 144yds.* (open to all ranks).—1st, Lance-Corporal Clarke, C Company, £1; 2nd, Private Pattison, A Company, 10/-; 3rd, Private Clayton, F Company, 5/-; 4th, Private Watts, B Company, 3/-; 5th, Lance-Corporal Chivers, E Company, 2/-.

*Half Battalion Polo Match.*—Right Half Battalion, 14/-; Left Half Battalion, 7/-.

*Team Race, 48yds. Officers v. Sergeants.*—1st, Sergeants.

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On Tuesday night, the 23rd, we left Dover by the 11.40 train and arrived at Wells station at 8 a.m. the following morning. A four mile march brought us to our Brigade camp, which lies near Dinder. This part of the world is new to most of us, and consists almost entirely of pasture land, divided by hedges and stone walls, with a good deal of woodland as well. Since our arrival we have lived very strenuous days and have already covered about fifty miles of the Somersetshire roads. The Mendip Hills are the scene of our operations and involve plenty of climbing, but three years at Dover have made this our speciality. It is a wet district and the camp is more or less a bog. After another week's Brigade training we begin Divisional training under General Belfield, and so through Inter-Divisional manœuvres to Army manœuvres somewhere in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain. Then we shall remain a week in camp near Bulford before training to Sheffield and Bradford, and then that *horrible* leave season.

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Sergeant Hyams has left us, much regretted, on transfer to the Welsh Regiment as Master-Tailor. He embarks in the *Soudan* on the 7th prox.

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Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Dover, the 18th ult. :—

*2nd Class :—*

No. 2385 Private A. Moore — No. 2778 Private Johnson
No. 2507 Boy W. F. Cooper

*3rd Class :—*

No. 5238 Private C. Green — No. 2718 Private E. Burton
" 2798 " G. Brooks — " 2210 " W. Moat

---

The following Recruits have enlisted during the month :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2840 | Private | W. Bell | from 25/7/10 |
| " 2851 | " | H. Spence | " 11/8/10 |
| " 2848 | " | J. Hood | " 11/8/10 |
| " 2856 | " | J. Crompton | " 16/8/10 |
| " 2857 | " | W. Booth | " 18/8/10 |
| " 2858 | " | A. McGowan | " 18/8/10 |
| " 2861 | " | A. Hill | " 19/8/10 |

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Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 6033 | Private | P. Jones | 1 | from 24/6/09 |
| " 797 | " | T. Coult | 2 | " 28/1/10 |
| " 2289 | " | W. Bates | 1 | " 17/7/10 |
| " 2305 | " | J. Jordan | 1 | " 23/7/10 |
| " 2304 | " | G. Ford | 1 | " 24/7/10 |
| " 2319 | " | H. Geradine | 1 | " 24/7/10 |
| " 2320 | " | Girling | 1 | " 24/7/10 |
| " 2306 | Boy | Mustill | 1 | " 25/7/10 |
| " 2315 | Private | W. Sims | 1 | " 29/7/10 |
| " 2341 | " | Clements | 1 | " 29/7/10 |
| " 1203 | Lance-Corporal | A. Clark | 2 | " 1/8/10 |
| " 2335 | " | A. Vale | 1 | " 7/8/10 |
| " 2348 | Private | W. Palmer | 1 | " 8/8/10 |
| " 1546 | " | Engall | 2 | " 9/8/10 |
| " 2352 | Lance-Corporal | G. Wood | 1 | " 10/8/10 |
| " 2357 | Private | J. Fraser | 1 | " 10/8/10 |
| " 2342 | " | J. Shenton | 1 | " 12/8/10 |
| " 2398 | " | W. A. Ward | 1 | " 12/8/10 |
| " 2355 | " | C. Fossey | 1 | " 12/8/10 |
| " 2372 | " | J. Clarke | 1 | " 14/8/10 |
| " 2375 | " | A. Richardson | 1 | " 17/8/10 |
| " 2407 | " | J. Davis | 1 | " 24/8/10 |

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

*To be Sergeant :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 9253 | Lance-Sergeant | J. Miln | from 27/7/10 |

*To be paid Lance-Sergeants :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 5792 | Lance-Sergeant | J. Cochran | from 31/5/10 |
| " 600 | " | H. Todd | " 12/6/10 |
| " 9785 | " | H. Poole | " 27/7/10 |

*To be Corporal :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1986 | Lance-Corporal | M. Mellors | from 27/7/10 |

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2366 | Lance-Corporal | I. Glasspole | from 31/5/10 |
| " 1498 | " | E. Chivers | " 12/6/10 |

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2647 | Private | T. Cayless | from 15/8/10 |
| " 2158 | " | Henderson | " 15/8/10 |
| " 2319 | " | H. Geradine | " 15/8/10 |
| " 1537 | " | R. Shaw | " 16/8/10 |
| " 2356 | " | F. Gammon | " 16/8/10 |
| " 2148 | " | J. Patterson | " 16/8/10 |
| " 1418 | " | King | " 17/8/10 |
| " 2589 | " | A. Taylor | " 17/8/10 |
| " 2594 | " | W. Wilson | " 17/8/10 |
| " 2692 | " | J. Morgan | " 17/8/10 |
| " 2691 | " | A. Palmer | " 17/8/10 |
| " 2601 | " | E. Griffiths | " 20/8/10 |
| " 2709 | " | J. Rowe | " 20/8/10 |
| " 2731 | " | S. Forrest | " 20/8/10 |

*To be Bandsman :—*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 8020 | Private | F. Blakemore | from 17/7/10 |

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No. 202 Lance-Sergeant S. Ambury, G Company, extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours on the 10th inst.

No. 5605 Corporal J. Moffitt, B Company, re-engaged to complete 21 years' service on the 20th inst.

## CRICKET.

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. ST. LAWRENCE, CANTERBURY.

Played on the Crabble ground, on the 26th ult., and ended in a win by 18 runs, thus avenging a defeat from the same club in June. We were without Nicholls, but otherwise had our full team. The wicket was slow and suited Beckingham, who got 5 wickets for 41 runs.

FIFTH FUSILIERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Gibbes, lbw, b Stockdale | 23 |
| Mr. G. K. Molyneux, c Joy, b Stockdale | 0 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, c Stockdale, b Hilton | 1 |
| ,, Milligan, c Joy, b Stockdale | 42 |
| Private Cox, c Hirst, b Stockdale | 4 |
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, not out | 7 |
| Captain Archer, c Hirst, b Joy | 0 |
| ,, Wood, b Stockdale | 7 |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, b Joy | 3 |
| Private Coombes, c sub, b Joy | 0 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, c Hirst, b Joy | 6 |
| Extras | 10 |
| Total | 103 |

ST. LAWRENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rev. P. C. Joy, lbw, b Beckingham | 3 |
| H. Bomford, c Milligan, b Molyneux | 22 |
| Major Stockdale, lbw, b Beckingham | 17 |
| ,, Hirst, b Beckingham | 4 |
| A. J. Peareth, c Molyneux, b Beckingham | 0 |
| W. Clinch, not out | 16 |
| A. M. Hilton, run out | 14 |
| Captain Wheler, b Beckingham | 0 |
| H. S. Wacher, b Milligan | 0 |
| L. Galley, b Molyneux | 4 |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total | 85 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

Played on the Crabble ground, on the 28th ult., and resulted in a win by 85 runs. We played without Nicholls and Gibbes, and our opponents felt the absence of Palmer, one of their best bats. Molyneux and Beckingham both bowled well, the former with Fletcher making most of the runs.

WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. T. H. Hughes, c Wood, b Beckingham | 20 |
| ,, J. M. Graham, c Brownlow, b Molyneux | 0 |
| ,, H. J. G. Gilmour, b Beckingham | 6 |
| ,, M. E. Clarke, run out | 8 |
| Captain Nesbit, b Molyneux | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal P. Ward, not out | 43 |
| Major Chichester, b Molyneux | 13 |
| Mr. L. H. Phillips, c Cox, b Beckingham | 4 |
| ,, H. Ripley, b Molyneux | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal R. Ward, run out | 5 |
| Colour-Sergeant Crowe, c Broadley, b Beckingham | 0 |
| Extras | 5 |
| Total | 104 |

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, not out | 73 |
| ,, G. K. Molyneux, c Ward, b Clarke | 76 |
| ,, W. Brownlow, c Hughes, b Clarke | 3 |
| Private Cox, c Chichester, b Ward | 2 |
| Captain Toppin, c and b Ward | 0 |
| Colonel Heard, b Ward | 3 |
| Mr. P. Rushbrooke, b Ward | 4 |
| ,, O. B. Foster, c Crowe, b Phillips | 1 |
| Sergeant Beckingham, run out | 0 |
| Private Broadley, b Ward | 13 |
| Captain Wood, did not bat | |
| Extras | 14 |
| Total | 189 |

### 5TH FUSILIERS v. NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

Played at Shorncliffe, on the 13th inst., and ended in a defeat by 4 wickets. The match was a fight against odds, for we only had four regular members of the team playing, and even our usual second line was absent. A fine drizzle throughout the day made cricket far from pleasant, and the ball swelled and softened to an alarming extent. The game was quite close enough to be interesting.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. R. S. Fletcher, b Harratt | 60 |
| Private Broadley, c and b Locker | 32 |
| Mr. W. Brownlow, b Willett | 2 |
| ,, H. L. F. Nicholls, c Harratt, b Willett | 24 |
| Private Maclean, c Andrewes, b Locker | 14 |
| Mr. P. Sidney, b Locker | 4 |
| Lance-Corporal Mudd, b Willett | 15 |
| Mr. B. Mahon, run out | 1 |
| Private Blakemore, not out | 8 |
| ,, Hammond, b Willett | 1 |
| ,, Turner, b Harratt | 1 |
| Extras | 8 |
| Total | 170 |

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Captain Andrewes, b Broadley | 36 |
| ,, Locker, b Nicholls | 7 |
| ,, Armes, b Fletcher | 2 |
| Mr. A. C. Royle, b Broadley | 24 |
| Private Harratt, run out | 2 |
| Sergeant Shelley, not out | 49 |
| Private Willett, b Nicholls | 6 |
| Mr. B. Havelock, run out | 39 |
| ,, L. O. Vavasour, Private Hill, Sergeant Adams | did not bat |
| Extras | 9 |
| Total | 174 |

The result of the season has been that of the twenty-nine matches arranged eleven were scratched owing to the King's death, bad weather or military exigencies. Of the eighteen played, one, namely the return match against Hythe, was played with a mixed team and is not treated as a Regimental match, seven were won, one was a tie, six were lost and three drawn. The wins were against New Romney (Mr. Maude's XI.), Dover Wednesday, Dover College (twice), Worcestershire Regiment (twice), and St. Lawrence, Canterbury. New Romney (Mr. Maude's XI.) defeated us once, as did St. Lawrence, Canterbury, Folkestone, Hythe, the Royal Marines (Walmer) and the North Staffordshire Regiment. Apart from the matches abandoned the weather treated us moderately well considering that the summer taken as a whole has been a bad one. Slow and fast wickets were met with in pretty equal proportion. We shewed that we possessed a very fair batting team, though our tail was undesirably weak in this respect. A good slow bowler was not forthcoming and the necessary variety in attack was therefore lacking. Fielding on the whole was good, but many catches were missed. In this department there is distinct room for improvement.

BATTING AVERAGES.

| Name. | No. of Innings. | Times not out. | Total runs. | Highest Score. | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. H. L. F. Nicholls | 16 | 3 | 541 | 153* | 41·6 |
| ,, G. K. Molyneux | 18 | 0 | 579 | 142 | 34 |
| ,, B. W. E. Gething | 11 | 3 | 189 | 53* | 23·6 |
| ,, R. S. Fletcher | 19 | 2 | 373 | 73* | 23·3 |
| Captain Gibbes | 15 | 0 | 326 | 54 | 20·3 |
| Mr. W. H. Brownlow | 18 | 0 | 284 | 52 | 15·7 |
| Captain Archer | 10 | 1 | 86 | 35 | 9·5 |
| Mr. W. P. Rushbrooke | 13 | 1 | 102 | 41 | 8·5 |
| Sergeant Beckingham | 10 | 4 | 49 | 10* | 8·1 |
| Private Broadley | 6 | 0 | 49 | 32 | 8·1 |
| Major Turner | 5 | 1 | 29 | 11 | 7·2 |
| Private Coombes | 4 | 2 | 14 | 10 | 7 |
| ,, Cox | 12 | 0 | 73 | 22 | 6 |
| Captain Wood | 10 | 1 | 49 | 10* | 5·4 |
| Colonel Heard | 10 | 1 | 21 | 7 | 2·3 |

The following also batted:—General Wilkinson, Captain Toppin, Captain Wild, Messrs. Foster, Sidney and Mahon, Colour-Sergeant Jenkins, Sergeant Stanley, Lance-Corporal Mudd, and Privates Tatton, McLean, Blakemore, Hammond and Turner.

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BOWLING AVERAGES.

| Name. | Wickets. | Runs. | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. H. L. F. Nicholls ... ... ... | 47 ... | 612 ... | 13 |
| Sergeant Beckingham ... ... ... | 26 ... | 377 ... | 14·5 |
| Mr. G. K. Molyneux ... ... ... | 45 ... | 684 ... | 15·2 |
| ,, W. P. Rushbrooke ... ... ... | 8 ... | 195 ... | 24·3 |

The following also bowled, the numbers after their names being the wickets obtained by them:—Major Turner 1, Captain Wood 1, Captain Gibbes 1, Fletcher 1, Gething 1, Milligan 2, Sergeant Stanley 0, Private Coombes 4, Private Broadley 2, and Private Tatton 0.

The catches held were as follows:—Brownlow (wicket-keeper) 9, Molyneux 8, Gibbes 6, Wood 5, Archer 5, Fletcher 4, Gething 4, Colonel Heard 3, Nicholls 3, Milligan 2, Cox 2, and Major Turner, General Wilkinson, Rushbrooke, Jenkins and Beckingham 1 each.

## Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th August, 1910.

OUR principal distractions this month have been the annual inspection of the Depôt by the Officer Commanding No. 5 District, and elementary night operations on the Japanese system. The latter have the merit of being amusing, as well as, we trust, instructive. Cows, amorous couples, and such like bunkers are found in large numbers on the Town Moor, and seriously impede the "rookie" in his endeavours to master the principles of the "stealthy approach."

Other diversions have been examining countless Territorial officers at the various camps, and superintending musketry at Whitley Bay. The public right-of-way that exists across the latter range makes musketry a very leisurely business there. It is not unusual to fire for five minutes and then wait for an hour while the swarms of trippers make their stately progress across with many a halt to collect the children, or admire the view.

While on the subject of Territorial examinations we may mention that we have heard, on good authority, of an officer who was sent from York to the Isle of Man, and thence to Okehampton, to conduct two examinations. We are all looking forward to a free trip across the Atlantic in the near future!

The Officers of Northumberland have played two cricket matches against the Officers of Cumberland, and have suffered defeat on both occasions. In the second match one of the Cumberland team took no less than nine wickets in one innings for about sixty runs. Major Ainslie was the sole representative of the FIFTH, and had the distinction of not being one of the victims, making twenty, not out.

Anyone desirous of obtaining worms cheap should apply to the officer in charge of the Mess Tennis Court. Our patent vermicide produces them by the bushel, as often as required.

No. 6463 Sergeant W. Molyneux has been attached from the 2nd Battalion for a tour of duty, from the 27th ult.

No. 4906 Sergeant J. Haynes proceeded to Hythe for a Course of Instruction on the 22nd ult.

No. 5610 Sergeant F. Bettany proceeded to Hythe for a Course of Instruction in the Maxim gun on the 23rd inst.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3rd inst.:—

*2nd Class:—*

No. 2815 Private G. Newman No. 2816 Private T. Crawford

*3rd Class:—*

No. 2836 Private G. Haxby No. 2831 Private J. Buchan
No. 2835 Private T. Wright

Eleven recruits joined during the month.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
25th August, 1910.

OFFICIAL sanction has been given for the Newburn Detachment of the 5th Battalion to be transferred to the 4th Battalion. The transfer will not take effect until after the 31st October, 1910.

Our musketry season is now rapidly drawing to a close. On the whole the season has been rather disappointing, many of the dates set apart for shooting have proved wet, and as musketry in the Territorial Force has to be carried out independent of the weather conditions, the men, especially the recruits, have been discouraged in their attempt to wrestle with the mysteries of accurate shooting. The cancelling of rifle meetings, owing to the wholesale closing of the larger ranges in the North-East of England, has also tended to lessen the interest in shooting.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
29th August, 1910.

A CORRESPONDENT from Dublin sends us the account that follows concerning the wedding of Mr. Robert Cramsie, the eldest son of the late Captain J. S. Cramsie, of the FIFTH. Our correspondent does not tell us from what paper the account is taken, but as the late Captain Cramsie will be remembered by many old hands, we are of course only too glad to insert the extract, which reads as follows:—

"An interesting Irish wedding took place at Aghadowey Church "on Wednesday, August 3rd, between Miss Florence Eugenia "Hezlet, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hezlet (retired Royal "Artillery), of Bovagh, Aghadowey, and Mr. Robert Alexander "Cramsie, of O'Harabrook, Ballymoney, eldest son of the late "Captain Cramsie (5th Fusiliers). The service, which was a choral "one, was impressively conducted by the Rev. Canon Ross (brother-"in-law of the bride), assisted by Chancellor Benson (rector of "Ballymoney) and the Rev. R. Alexander (rector of Aghadowey). "The church was beautifully decorated with white flowers. Colonel "Hezlet gave away his daughter, who carried a bouquet of lilies of "the valley and carnations, the gift of the bridegroom. She was "attended by Misses E. and V. Hezlet (sisters) and Miss Cramsie "(sister of the bridegroom) as bridesmaids. Master John Cramsie,

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" who acted as page, was dressed in a white Court suit, and the " bride's present to him was a gold safety pin. The bridesmaids " carried bouquets of pink sweet peas and carnations, the gifts " of the bridegroom, together with old paste pendants. He was " supported by Mr. Randal Cramsie (his brother) as best man. " The reception subsequently held at Bovagh, Aghadowey, by " Colonel and Mrs. Hezlet was largely attended, the bride and " bridegroom leaving later for a motor tour to Killarney *en route* " to the Continent. The presents were numerous and handsome."

---

Under the heading of "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," a correspondent in our 1st Battalion, writing on the 27th of last month, forwards a copy of the *Lily-white's Gazette* for April, and reminds us that, although imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, when that imitation comes to barefaced poaching, he can readily realise how another editor may find such flattery difficult to appreciate. Our correspondent proceeds to point out how the Regimental paper of the gallant 2nd Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment has apparently stolen outright the picture that for many years has been a feature in *St. George's Gazette*, where it appears heading our Editor's corner, and which was specially drawn for the pages of our paper many years ago. He says of course we may have given our contemporary permission, but failing that—well, perhaps the less we quote the better. As our correspondent rightly assumes, the sketch he refers to has been a feature of *St. George's Gazette* for many years, appearing originally in our issue of 31st July, 1897, just thirteen years ago. No permission was asked by our brother editor to make use of the picture, but some years ago the fact that he was using our property was pointed out to him by the writer. No reply appears to have been received to this communication at the time, so we can only wish the readers of our contemporary joy in the contemplation of our picture.

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An anonymous correspondent has sent us a copy of *The Cardiff Western Mail* of the 5th inst. The paragraph that follows was marked for our information. We hope this will catch the eye of the sender of the paper, and that he will accept this the assurance of our grateful thanks :—

" PIER PAVILION FIRE.

" COOL BAND CONDUCTOR PREVENTS PANIC.

" An alarming outbreak of fire occurred about nine o'clock on " Thursday night in the New Pavilion of the Pier at Herne Bay, the " opening of which on Wednesday was attended by the Lord Mayor " of London in state. It originated in the fusing of an electric wire, " and smoke rolling in at the entrance to the Pavilion caused many " of the audience, who were listening to a performance from the " Band of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the 'Fighting Fifth,' to " hurriedly leave their seats. A stampede was, however, prevented " by the coolness of the conductor, Mr. Cooper, who proceeded " with his music, and the fire was extinguished before it had time " to spread. At the close of the incident the audience vociferously " cheered the Band."

Items of information, such as the above, are always acceptable for the pages of *St. George's Gazette*. We are pleased to note how well Mr. Cooper and the Band of our 2nd Battalion acquitted themselves. Right well did they behave on the occasion, one and all appear to have well earned the appreciation of the assembled audience.

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Congratulations this month to our old Commanding Officer, Colonel-Lieutenant W. Roberts, C.B., now Colonel of the Gloucestershire Regiment, who entered on his ninetieth year on Sunday, the 21st inst. The General, who saw service in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny and the Afghan war of 1879-81, retired three years after the last named campaign ; he commanded our 1st Battalion for no less than fourteen years, *i.e.*, from 1866 to 1880. On behalf of his old Regiment we wish him many happy returns of the day.

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Congratulations also to another General Officer—Brigadier-General P. S. Wilkinson, Inspector-General of the West African Frontier Force, late 5th Fusiliers, on his marriage to-day to Miss Cicely Hunter Blair, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Blair, of Kneller Court, Fareham. Full details at the moment are of course not forthcoming ; all we know at the present is that Major Crispin was the best man, and that the wedding took place from Hemsted Park, Cranbrook, kindly lent for the occasion by the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook. We wish the newly married couple all possible happiness. With luck we will give more particulars in our next.

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Yet more congratulations, in this instance to Major F. B. Morley on his being appointed Brigade Major of the Welsh Border Brigade Territorial Force.

---

The following extract from a letter, which appeared in *The Times* of the 29th inst., is interesting :—

" A marvellous link with the past was snapped on the 23rd of last " March, at Brighton, when Jeremiah Martin Simmonds passed " away. Simmonds had seen and spoken to Phœbe Hessel, the " famous Brighton centenarian, who was born in 1713."

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## *Letters to the Editor.*

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JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB,

18th August, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It was with interest not unmixed with indignation that I read in the 1st Battalion Notes of June 29th, that my pony " Kathleen " had won a Country Road Polo Scurry at Srinagar. I think most owners of Polo ponies will agree that no road—even though it be a country road—is suitable for pony racing. I confess that I am painfully surprised to learn that the officer, in whose charge I had left my ponies, whom I had always regarded as a most considerate and reliable horse master, does not appear to share this opinion. Perhaps, however, it should have read " country bred," but I sympathise with your printer in hesitating to print it so, as the next most preposterous thing to racing them on the road would seem to me to be to class country breds to race against Colonial and English ponies.

Yours, etc.,

H. R. SANDILANDS.

[*Evidently our printer, as we did, mis-read the words " country bred " for " country road." We distinctly remember when correcting the proofs noticing the words and carefully compared them with the original MSS. There they appeared as printed, or rather the words appeared so to read. We had no alternative but to pass the proof as we imagined the writer of the original copy intended.*—ED., " *St. G.G.*"]

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ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION,
WHITEHALL, S.W.

28th August, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—I should be glad if you would allow me to make a suggestion relative to what I have long felt to be what I may describe as a gap in our regimental life. I refer to the fact that we possess no regimental pet. Surely, sir, no one can have seen

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a regimental march past led whether by an antelope or a goat—to quote two well known instances—without feelings of admiration and envy? Even if our historical records furnish no trustworthy instance of association with a specific animal, it would not be beyond the bounds of possibility to select one with due regard to its appearance and the occasions on which its presence would be naturally expected. I submit, for example, that a monkey would fulfil all the necessary conditions. It is active, it is intelligent, it is physically strong. It requires no special diet such as might be difficult to obtain, for instance, on manœuvres. Finally, as will be readily admitted, it is above all things friendly and sociable. Clothed in a suitable coat of gosling green and cerise, its appearance at the head of the band on ceremonial occasions would, I feel sure, add a picturesque and original touch to the Regiment on parade, which is now lacking. At any rate I make the proposal for the consideration of your readers, some of whom will, no doubt, give us their opinions, whether for or against.

I am, Sir,
With the usual apologies,
Yours respectfully,
"SOLDIER."

---

12TH INFANTRY BRIGADE CAMP,
NR. WELLS, SOMERSET,
28th August, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As many of your readers are probably aware, a fund is being raised by his old brother officers to establish a memorial to the late Major-General St. G. C. Henry. Most of them have probably received a letter from the Officer Commanding 2nd Battalion on the subject, but should, by chance, any have been omitted who wish to subscribe, I would like to state that subscriptions to the fund are being received by Colonel E. W. Dashwood, White Lodge, Melton, Suffolk. Up to date of writing the following have subscribed:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colonel Sitwell ... ... ... ... ... ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Cherry ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Forsyth ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Major Somerville ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Leather ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Colonel Sturges ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| ,, Hart-Dyke ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Biddulph ... ... ... ... ... ... | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| ,, Kilgour ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| ,, Beamish ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Major-General Pilcher ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Colonel Hon. C. Lambton ... ... ... ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Major J. W. Malet ... ... ... ... .. ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Buckley ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Leach ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Total ... | £38 | 9 | 0 |

I am, yours truly,
CHARLES TURNER, Major,
2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SENEX."—*All we can say is, we thank you very much.* "CONSTANT ONE."—*It is evident you are no relation of 'Constant Reader' who has lately been sending certain effusions.* "VOX REGIMENTUS 2/5TH."—*We are proud to acknowledge the salute from you as the representative of the 2nd Battalion of the good old Corps; feelings of modesty, however, must prevent us from inserting your kind letter; we gratefully appreciate all you so kindly say, and will most certainly try to live up to the reputation of the good old Fighting Fifth.*

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST AUGUST, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 26th August, 1885. —* * * * At the Sports of the Highland Light Infantry we did our best to win the Garrison Tug-of-War, being only beaten in the final tug by the Royal Irish Constabulary. The teams consisted of twenty men each, and every man had to be pulled over the line. The weight and size of the men of the Constabulary made it almost a certainty for them, and they won as they liked.

The other day we interviewed Corporal Woods of the Grenadier Guards (late of the 5th Fusiliers) who has just returned from the Soudan, and heard a most descriptive account of the battle of Abou Klea, and the hard work up the Nile. Colonel Burnaby, when he was mortally wounded, fell back into the arms of Corporal Woods, and his last dying words were spoken to him.

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* * * * * * * * * *

The Horse Show commenced on Monday, the 24th inst., and will go on for a whole week. It is the principal gathering of Irish people during the year, so Dublin is as full as it can be. We were glad to see many old Westmeath friends there.

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* * * * * * * * * *

We hope before we write next to have moved out of the Ship Street Barracks. At one time we were under orders to go to Richmond Barracks, but now we hear a report that Beggars' Bush Barracks is to be our destination. Any quarters would be better than Ship Street.

---

Lieutenant S. H. Enderby, 4th Battalion Worcester Regiment, is attached to the Battalion for drill and instruction from the 11th inst.

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* * * * * * * * * *

A large number of Army Reserve men who joined the Battalion last May proceeded on the 16th inst. on furlough for two months. An order has since come for the whole of the men to be re-transferred to the Army Reserve, each man, however, to be granted a furlough of six weeks, at the expiration of which time his Army service with the Colours will cease.

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* * * * * * * * * *

DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 31st August, 1885.—* * * The Constabulary Sports took place at Brambling Park on the 3rd inst., and, in spite of the unfavourable weather, were largely attended.

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The annual meeting of the Durham County Rifle Association was concluded on the 28th inst., at the Urpeth Rifle Range.

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* * * * * * * * * *

Captain H. E. Buchanan has been granted leave to the 10th prox., pending embarkation for India.

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Captain G. M. Harding is performing the duties of Garrison Adjutant for the present.

---

NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, Alnwick, 25th August, 1885.—* * * Brevet-Major and Adjutant H. Kilgour has been promoted Major from the 12th December, 1883.

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* * * * * * * * * *

Sergeant Edward Shiel has been appointed paid recruiter at North Shields, from the 1st inst., *vice* Meltonville, relieved.

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* * * * * * * * * *

The Flower Show will be held in the Abbey Grounds on the 3rd September. The Band of the Regiment, under the charge of Sergeant-Drummer S. James, has been engaged to attend.

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* * * * * * * * * *

On Tuesday, the 4th inst., His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, the Colonel of the Battalion (accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Earl Percy and Lieutenant-Colonel Bond, R.A.), proceeded to Berwick-on-Tweed, in the capacity of Lord-Lieutenant of the County, for the purpose of inspecting the 3rd Brigade Northern Division Royal Artillery, undergoing their annual training at that station.

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His Grace arrived at the railway station at about 2 p.m., and was met by Colonel Reed, commanding the regiment and was

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received by a Guard of Honour, under the command of Captain Edwards and two lieutenants.

---

After the inspection had been completed, His Grace expressed to Colonel Reed that he was well pleased with all that he had seen, also to observe that the Northumberland Militia Regiments maintained their high character and were second to none.

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* * * * * * * * *

The Sergeant-Major and Staff-Sergeants of the Battalion held their annual picnic on Tuesday, the 4th, at Hulno Abbey. They all started from Bondgate Tower, in brakes, at about 10.30 a.m., and after a very pleasant drive through the grounds of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, they arrived at their destination. All sorts of games and sports were carried on during the day for both young and old.

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* * * * * * * * *

Leave of absence has been granted to Major H. Kilgour, Adjutant of the Battalion, from the 1st to the 12th September, 1885.

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The annual series of athletic and military sports, in connection with the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, and promoted by the officers, were commenced on the 13th July, at the encampment in the Pasture. The prizes in money amounted to £23 15s., which had been subscribed by the officers, and the various events on the programme were so well chosen as to secure a numerous enrolment of competitors.

## MONSTERS OF THE EAST.

### No. II.—THE GRIFF.

A TENDERFOOT and a griff would be synonymous terms, but for the climate in which they are severally born. A tenderfoot in the bracing atmosphere of the colonies finds his condition so painful that he takes every early opportunity for hardening his feet. The griff, on the other hand, will frequently succumb to the enervating climate of the East, and throw up the sponge, occasionally even being reduced to asserting that he is proud to be classed as such, and hopes never to be other than a griff.

There are two distinct classes of griff, the offensive and defensive. The former suffers acutely in his early days, and has many falls; he has a thirst for information, which renders him the easy prey of the leg pullers, but his cure is a surer and quicker matter than that of the latter.

The defensive griff stands in grave danger of being reduced to the condition of making pretence of revelling in his position, and should he once fall to this, he will be systematically robbed during his sojourn in India, but will comfort himself by laying the blame on the country instead of taking it himself. He is on the whole, however, a harmless peace-loving member of the community to whom no one, least of all the native, owes any grudge.

A subsect of the offensive type, though in no way to be confused with the remainder, is the cock-sure, self-satisfied griff. To this division belongs the M.P., who descends on India with the assurance of his preconceived ideas, that all that is good for Upper Tooting must be good for India. He judges the veracity of his own countrymen in India by the standard of his own countrymen, including himself, at General Elections, with the very natural result that he places no faith in their statements, and turns to the truth loving Bengali for his information.

Now no one has ever suffered seriously from having had his leg pulled by a British officer, but woe to him, whose leg is pulled by the native.

This griff returns to England in three months, confident that he has learnt more of India than the picked intellect of the British Isles (I do not refer solely to the Army officers) has learnt in a life time.

The writers of romance and of stories of travel and adventure, together with that even greater fabricator, the globe trotter, are largely responsible for the creation of the tenderfoot and griff. When the young emigrant goes to seek his fortune in the West, he is prepared to find the country inhabited mostly by whooping cowboys, and to spend his evenings playing poker with half breed Indians, and exchanging shots with desperadoes in a drinking saloon. When he finds a perfectly peaceable community in his new home, he cannot at once free himself of the romantic ideas, which appeared so attractive to him in his quiet English village, and not being able to adapt himself to these disappointing conditions figures as somewhat of an eccentric.

So also the new arrival in India in his silk suit, solar topi, and spine pad, would feel quite at home, seeking shelter under palm trees from a merciless sun beating down from a brazen sky. The sight of a magnificent rajah smothered in pearls, riding on a stately elephant, or the introduction into his bungalow of a bevy of dark-eyed houris, with peacock feather fans, would leave him unmoved. It is Rawal Pindi in December, raw, cold drizzling rain, under a leaden sky, a tikka garry instead of an elephant, and a fatigue party of British soldiers in place of the dark eyed houris, which leave him spell-bound and a griff.

The griff proper is easily imposed upon, and so belongs to one sex only. The native never attempts to impose on a mem sahib with any serious hope of success, though occasionally from a true instinct of sport, he will try it experimentally to see the result.

It only remains to say that the antithesis of the griff is the "koi hai" and his hereditary enemy the "old soldier" bearer, of whom more anon.

## BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND.

(By C. G. L.)

Illustrated with Photographs by the Writer and "S."

(*Continued from page 121.*)

Before going further I will introduce the various members of the party.

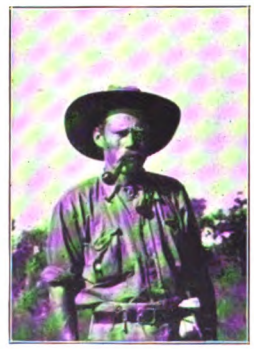
First and foremost there is Hooper. A hard-bitten colonial transport rider, the eldest of three brothers who have been at the game all their lives, gradually advancing up country as civilization advances, and always ahead of it.

Next comes Ben, the wagon driver, who is the presiding genius of our wagon, our sixteen oxen, and their voor-loper or leader. He is a Zulu, who worked his way up country in the early days, and I have a deep-seated conviction that he is twin brother to the redoubtable Jim of "Jock-of-the-Bushveld" fame. For further details of his personality I cannot do better than refer the reader to that book, where he is portrayed with startling accuracy.

Then come S—'s two gun-bearers, Jack, a wiry and lightly built Batonga, and Milk, a big and extraordinarily hideous Mashukulumbwi.

My two rejoiced in the names of Kortompooi (or Hartebeest), a huge Batonga, as lazy as he was strong, and Johnny, a Mashukulumbwi youth, of a somewhat colourless personality.

Our waiter and cook were north-eastern boys. The waiter, George, a Chinde, conspicuous for his gallantly with the fair sex, was, like all his tribe, an inveterate coward, and Barasan, the cook, a Blantyre, possessed both these characteristics in a lesser degree.



*"A hard-bitten Colonial."*

Then there was what we might call the odd man, Matches by name. One eyed, bow legged, and invariably and irrepressibly cheerful.

Johnny No. 2, our horse boy, and Hooper's piccanin, Rindepest, called 'Pest for short, completed the permanent staff, local boys being taken on at the kraals as they were required.

We each had a pony. S—'s had a ready made name, "Jacob," so mine was inevitably called "Esau." They had both, I fancy, recently left their cabs in Bulawayo to become shooting ponies.

The patriarch, however, was Hooper's old horse "Mac." He was an old stager and was "salted" against the deadly horse sickness, which made him worth his weight in gold.

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Last, but not least, come "Lonely" and "Tiger," the two dogs. "Lonely," a sort of cross between a greyhound and an Irish terrier, high strung and nervous, slow to make friends, faithful, and full of pluck. "Tiger," a big rough Irish terrier dog, placid and easy going, friends with everybody, and afraid of nothing.

*"The presiding genius of our wagon."*

Shortly after leaving Kalomo we passed a string of natives coming towards us. They went through a performance astonishing enough at first, but soon to become only too familiar. Leaving the path before we reached them, they put down their loads, went down on their knees, and, as we arrived, clapped their hands vigorously.

Our first impression that this was a burst of spontaneous applause was soon dispelled by Hooper, who explained that it was the "kantalolo" or native salute. The women often supplement it by putting the fingers of one hand to their mouths and flicking them with those of the other like a jew's harp, at the same time emitting a shrill squeal to which the flicking operation imparts a tremolo effect.

Etiquette does not demand any acknowledgement of the salute, though, from force of habit, one is at first inclined to carry one's hand towards the vicinity of the forelock.

The native messengers of the British South Africa Company have the privilege of a salute of their own. When a few yards off, they halt and throw the right hand up above the head at the full length of the arm, which usually has the effect of frightening one's horse out of his wits if not used to such courtesies.

They wear a distinctive uniform consisting of a sort of short sleeved smock of dark blue, bound with red and fastened round the waist by a brown leather belt, and a fez with the Chartered Company's badge in brass.

All the outlying Native Commissioners' camps have a number of these messengers, who form the only means of communication for hundreds of miles where no railway or telegraph exists.

Two or three miles out of Kalomo there was a tree beside the path where a messenger had some time before spent a lively night. It was only about twelve or fifteen feet high and was covered with claw marks. The messenger had been frightened by a lion in the dark and bolted up it, where he remained all night only just out of reach of the lion, who was trying to claw him down.

After doing about eight miles we halted till the wagon came up, and then had lunch and waited for the cool of the evening.

This country closely resembles that described by Captain Stigand and Mr. Lyell in their book "Central African Game and its Spoor."

Long strips of valley lie between belts of bush varying in density according to the locality. In the rainy season these valleys become swamps, and long rank grass grows to a great height on them. This dries as soon as the rainy season is over, and is then burnt by the natives. It is usually burnt by the end of June or the beginning of July, but the date depends on the extent and duration of the rains, and the subsequent drying.

As soon as it is burnt young green grass begins to grow, and usually by the middle or end of July the valleys are covered with it. The game comes out at night to feed on this, and is usually to be found enjoying it in the open in the early morning and the cool of the evening. During the heat of the day they retire into the bush and lie up in shady places.

The time to hunt, therefore, is in the morning and evening, and there is little use in doing so in the open between the hours of, say, 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

The usual procedure is to make an early start at or before daylight and hunt till about 10 o'clock, when one generally makes for camp which has probably in the meantime moved on a certain prearranged distance. From here, after a meal and a rest, one starts out again at about three and hunts till dark.

If the shooting is good at any given spot, the camp remains there as long as necessary.

The reader may be surprised at the somewhat continental use of the word "hunting" as applied to shooting. It is, however, the word invariably used in the country and seems to imply a certain humility of spirit. It conveys the idea of the pursuit of game only, and no feeling of assurance as regards the shooting part of the business.

At the appointed hour on our first afternoon we sallied forth to try our luck. We kept together so as to get the hang of the work before starting the usual, in fact the only, way for two shooters, *i.e.*, going in opposite directions and each working his own strip of country.

After seeing a few oribi and a herd of wart-hog, the latter in full flight, we came on some roan antelope. S— got two and I got one. They were young bulls, but we knew that game would be scarce for the first few marches, and wanted them for the pot. As it turned out, with ourselves and our boys to be fed, the larder was anything but over-stocked.

The next day we started shooting in opposite directions, and continued doing so for the rest of the trip. We both had a blank day. On my side we got into the middle of a bush fire, and all the country round was either newly burnt or burning, and S— did not fare much better. That night we camped about twenty miles from Kalomo on the Kalomo River.

We were up and away early next morning. S— went west and I went east with my gun boys, Kortompooi and Johnny.

Before we had been going very long we came on two sable antelope bulls standing in the open. They were about 500 yards off and had seen us, but did not move, as we were down wind from them and kept still. There was a handy ant hill which we placed between ourselves and them by moving a little to the right. I then made for it as fast as possible.

Having got there and crawled round it (which was rather painful to bare knees unused to such treatment), I obtained an uninterrupted view of the country in front quite free from any indication of animal life.

They are very wary and will often, when at a fairly safe distance, watch you till you disappear, and then promptly follow your example. If I had left the boys there to amuse them, and slipped off behind the ant hill alone I should have had a better chance, but one has to learn by experience.

We saw a good deal of game during the morning, including a family of wart-hogs who made themselves scarce almost before they were seen, and a good sized herd of roan about 1,500 yards away, which must have been recently disturbed, as they were then on the move and we never got another view of them after they disappeared the first time.

In the afternoon we saw a good many oribi in the open and a few duiker in the bush, but, in the hope of again finding sable, I refrained from firing at anything else till on the way home.

I then got an oribi which jumped up out of some unburnt grass about forty yards off and stood still looking at me.

I shot him off my pony who stood like a lamb, little knowing what was going to happen until I fired. He then entered a somewhat violent protest, as such things as firearms had not entered into his former more utilitarian scheme of existence.

S— had a blank day on his side.

We camped at a place with the euphemistic name of Pig-holes, about twenty-five miles from Kalomo.

The country about here used to be a very good place for sable, and there are still a good many about. All the game, however, is hard to approach and, for the first six or eight marches from Kalomo, diminishing in numbers, as, owing to the existence of a grain-trading road, this country has been a good deal shot over.

The sable is quite one of the handsomest antelopes. The cows and young bulls are of a reddish colour, but the old bulls are jet black. They have a thick mane which stands straight up, white markings on the face and belly and magnificent scimitar-shaped horns which run up to about fifty-two inches in length on the front curve.

*"Our waiter and cook were North-Eastern boys."*

Next morning I went west and S— took the country to the east. It had been very badly burnt owing to the late rains, and there was a lot of long grass about.

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I hadn't been going long, and it was barely light, when a slight movement ahead attracted my attention. I pulled up behind some bush to have a good look round, and there, about a hundred yards away, stood a herd of ten or twelve kudu cows.

The kudu bull is probably the handsomest of all antelopes with his magnificent spiral horns, but the cow is hornless. The family is strictly protected, and with a £25 licence, which is the one usually taken out, one is only allowed to shoot one bull. Cows may not be shot at all.

I watched these for some time. They are beautiful animals, especially when startled. They then stand on the alert with their heads held high and their enormous trumpet-like ears pointing forward.

They presently seemed to get some slight taint in the air, and off they went at an easy trot. We at once got on their tracks, but a careful search made it clear that there was no bull spoor, and that there were only cows in the herd, which is very often the case at this time of year.

About half-an-hour later we spotted three sable standing almost hidden behind some bush. I had a very good stalk from cover to cover up to within about 100 yards of them. There was one good bull, an old jet black one, and I had my shot at his chest as he stood facing me. This is a dead shot for the heart if you get him in the right place.

I heard the bullet hit and he staggered and went off. We were soon on his tracks, and the blood showed that he was hit in the lungs, being bright coloured and frothy.

The ground soon got as hard as iron so that he left no tracks and, to make matters worse, he had gone into the long unburnt grass. The blood spoor began to get less and less and after about a mile stopped altogether. We stuck to him for the rest of the morning, casting in every direction till it was clearly hopeless.

During the morning we passed several native game traps. The Batongas, who inhabit this part of the country, catch the game almost entirely with traps and snares, but the Mashukulumbwi further north use game pits.

*"The old bulls are jet black."*

The commonest form of trap is one which is usually set on a game path.

A hole, six inches or rather less in diameter and about ten or twelve inches deep, is made in the middle of the path, close to a strong growing sapling. The sapling is then bent over like a bow and secured with a cord made of bark or raw hide, and to it is fastened a running noose of the same material, which lies round the mouth of the hole. The fastening is so arranged that any animal putting its foot into the hole releases it. The sapling then flies up straight and, drawing the noose tight, pulls the animal's leg high in the air, turning him over and holding him helpless till the owner of the trap comes and despatches him with his spear.

One of the points of this trap is that, owing to the small diameter and comparatively great depth of the hole, it is not likely to be sprung by men who may pass along the path in the dark, or by cattle.

This was a most unsatisfactory day as, in addition to losing my sable in the morning, I lost a fine wart-hog boar in the evening.

He was badly hit behind the shoulder, but rather too far back. After tracking him for about a mile and a half I viewed him for a moment. (He had lain down five or six times as evidenced by large pools of blood at intervals along his tracks). He now ran round an ant hill about a hundred yards away and into some thick bush beyond, and, as dark was coming on, I had, most reluctantly, to leave him.

To leave a wounded animal at the mercy of the hyenas and jackals, to say nothing of larger beasts of prey, is a thing to be avoided even at the cost of a day's shooting, and I got back this evening with an unpleasant feeling that I was a tailor.

We camped that night at Kortongo River, a small stream about thirty-four miles from Kalomo.

Next day I got into a bit of country which was full of small native kraals and intersected with paths. There was no game about and I had a blank day. S— did better and got a very nice hartebeest bull.

The variety in this country is Lichtenstein's hartebeest (Bubalis Lichtensteini).

Soon after starting next morning I came on the quite fresh spoor of two kudu bulls. They had probably been disturbed by us and gone off just before we arrived on the scene. As usual with kudu the tracks led into thick bush.

We followed them for a long time, but finally they led on to hard ground and we lost them. We continued hunting the bush for them until late in the morning, working through it in a series of circles, but we didn't strike them or any fresh spoor again.

In the afternoon I saw the usual oribi, a certain number of duiker, and a very nice reedbuck ram who, on catching sight of me, made off with the peculiar whistle they give when alarmed.

At a distance the noise exactly resembles the windy, wheezy, squeak given by an indiarubber doll when squeezed. They are often a great nuisance for this reason when one is after bigger game, as they keep in front of one, halting at intervals, and giving the alarm to everything within hearing.

Soon after we had seen this ram we came on a small herd of hartebeest. They were standing in some high dried-up reeds and only the line of their backs and their heads and necks could be seen. I stalked up to within about 100 yards of them and tried to pick out a good bull. Having selected what appeared to be the best I had a shot at it. It went off full gallop, and after going about thirty yards dropped dead.

When an animal goes off in this way it is often a sign that it is hit in the heart, which was now the case. It is, I suppose, a natural impulse, as, if missed, it usually has a look first to see where the shot came from, and, when hit somewhere else, if it doesn't fall down, it generally staggers or pauses a moment before going off.

To my annoyance I found, on getting up to it, that it was a cow. On coming up to the herd again in the open we found that they were all cows.

With hartebeest, as with blue wildebeest, and, in a lesser degree, with roan, it is very hard to tell a cow with good horns from a bull if there are no bulls in the herd.

This sounds rather Irish, but what is meant is that if there isn't a full grown bull there to compare them with, one is very liable to mistake a big cow for a bull.

The place where we camped was locally called "Traction Engine Wells," about forty-four miles from Kalomo. The name, together with certain heaps of crumbling logs, which occur at intervals along

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the track from Kalomo, are monuments to a very costly enterprise which was a complete failure.

A company conceived the idea of running traction engine transport up from Kalomo. The advantages were obvious, as the transport riders' charges were heavy, and in Tse-Tse fly country, where oxen cannot go, everything had to be transported by native carriers.

Accordingly, they brought out from England a number of the latest traction engines, which were landed at Kalomo, at a fabulous cost. They had logs cut and stacked all up the grain track from Kalomo, engaged engineers and started the enterprise full of confidence.

The plan can hardly have been conceived by anybody living on the spot. Needless to say, the engines stuck in every conceivable and inconceivable place. Finally the wet weather came and they stuck for good.

I believe that one remained fast in the mud for a couple of years and was finally removed in pieces by the very ox waggons it had come all the way from England to supplant!

*(To be continued).*

## THE REGIMENTAL OFFICER.*

A WHITE-PAPER issued recently contains the report to the Secretary of State for War of an Advisory Board on the results of the fourth course in administrative training for Army officers at the London School of Economics. The course is, apparently, obligatory nowadays in the case of all officers who hope to reach any of the higher appointments on the administrative staff of the Army, or to obtain the charge of any of the departmental services. The class that has just broken up consisted of thirty officers, and it is satisfactory to learn from the report above mentioned, that, "while no officers reached a standard of quite exceptional merit, the general standard was decidedly good." In the case of fewer than a dozen officers special certificates were given "in subjects for promotion applicable to their respective arms of the Service." The perusal of this report suggests a very serious subject for consideration:—Are we, in connection with the Army, going examination mad? No one will be so foolish as to attempt to minimise the value of education in the making of an Army officer. By all means let him know as much about the theory of his profession as it is possible to teach him; but let us remember that there are many essential things that the officer must understand which he cannot learn from any book that has ever been printed. We seem to be committing the error of making examinations the sole test of efficiency, and the possession of certificates the only road to promotion. If we go on multiplying courses and certificates, we shall run the risk of developing a new type of officer; he will wear spectacles, of course; his head will be very large, stuffed with the harvest of much study, and his body will be small, attentuated by much sitting over books. Imagination fails to picture the consequences of entrusting to such a man the command of an Army such as ours. Our system of voluntary service gives only a rough sort of raw material; but, somehow or other, those who train the Army manage to convert it into fighting stuff of the finest and most highly tempered kind. But it is stuff that only "live" men can handle, men with great force of character and a knowledge of human nature that comes from actual contact with mankind.

The personality of the British officer is a matter of vital importance to the nation. He must have natural as well as acquired qualities; he must be well-bred as well as well educated, because only breeding will give him the full measure of moral ascendency which he will require in order efficiently to command the class of men of whom the British Army is composed. No process of examination will evolve the qualities which are, as it were, indigenous in the well-bred man, and the system of too many examinations and courses and certificates without number will keep good men with natural abilities out of the Army. It is, as a matter of fact, keeping them out now; there has been a very serious decline in recent years both in the numbers and the quality of the young men who present themselves for commissions in the Army. The War Office authorities are trying, very properly, to raise the standard of strictly professional knowledge in the corps of officers, and although the pay remains the same, the duties of the commissioned ranks have been made much more onerous. There is not very much to complain of in that, however, because, after all, we do not want officers to whom pay is the first or only consideration; but there are very serious grounds for protesting against the development of a system which will practically reserve all positions in the Army that are worth having for men who have gone through an infinite variety of courses and obtained a wagon-load of certificates. The best men will certainly not come forward as candidates for the Army under those conditions. Nor will the system make first-class officers of the men who do present themselves. Two qualities must exist in a corps of officers; the capacity to plan and the capacity to execute. Some men possess both, but very few. Who would be bold enough to say, in spite of the legend of the Bridge of Arcola, that Napoleon could have led a brigade or a forlorn hope into action with the same success that he showed in planning the intricate strategy of a campaign? Napoleon planned, and men like Ney and Murat executed. Every army wants its strategists and its schemers—Napoleons or Moltkes, if it can get them—but it also wants its men of action, its Neys and its Murats, and the men of action must always greatly outnumber the thinkers and theorists, for many reasons, the most obvious of which is that they are the men who get killed. No amount of book-learning will produce a Ney or a Murat; but it might develop a very plausible imitation of Napoleon. No system of examinations will provide us with a modern Wellington; genius for war such as his is not acquired. The qualities which enabled him to impose an iron discipline, to command implicit obedience, and to exact willing service in armies often drawn from the dregs of a population come of breed and birth; education only develops them.

On the principle that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, the man trained in the practical school of the world and brought up from his youth to take part in field sports will generally make a better regimental officer than the most learned book-worm. In war time, the capacity on the part of an officer to do something at once is of enormously greater value than the ability to point out—after the moment for action has passed—what was exactly the right thing to do. The launching of whirling squadrons to the attack, the selection of a gun position, the manipulation of long lines of deployed infantry, demand one special quality—the capacity to decide instantly upon a plan, and to put it into instant execution. And we believe that the man who has hunted, and shot, and played manly games will be found to possess that quality in a greater degree than the highly educated theorist. But there are other essential qualities of leadership which the study of no text book will supply: the power to influence men's minds, to keep up their moral tone and their respect for discipline under all conditions, to steady them in moments of crisis, and to lead them, when necessary, to sublime heights of courage and self-sacrifice. These qualities the British Officer has always possessed in a remarkable degree; they were shown by the youngest subalterns in the dark hours of the South African war, and so it was that, though blunder succeeded blunder, the Army never once lost heart. And yet the new system of promotion by examination is the result of that war. All the blame for the loss of military prestige that it caused us has wrongfully been put upon the Army officer generally; he has been condemned by the critics, who have never been to war, as ignorant and incompetent, and he is to be improved or eliminated by examination. It is the fashion in many quarters to ask why we cannot get the same wide business knowledge and high technical skill in Army officers as in merchant princes or captains of industry. The demand, in the first place, is quite unreasonable, because we refuse to pay our officers even the wage of an ordinary artisan. It is also based on wrong grounds, in that, it suggests that there are no men of conspicuous and unusual ability in the Army.

We command the services of many such men, men who would have made great names for themselves in any walk of life; but they were not made by any special instructional course; their merits were born with them; and they were not discovered by any process of examination; they have come to the front by reason of the worth that was in them. It is permissible to point out that the majority of these officers, proved and tried by an exacting war, have retired into private life. The reason is not far to seek. The incompetent generals were not cashiered, and men who had commanded independent columns with distinction objected to return to the routine of the barrack. As in other walks of life, so in the case of the Army officer, it is the emergency that reveals the man, not the examination.

* The clever article given above is culled from the pages of "The Standard," of the 12th inst. (Ed., "St. G.G.")

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## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers).

(*Continued from page 122*).

It was Gipsy who taught me to shoot a bird on the wing. One day he saw me with my gun waiting for a duck that was coming my way. "Don't shoot, don't shoot," he shouted, "wait till it has passed." I did, and got my duck. He then explained that in the way I was shooting the pellets would glide off the feathers, but that if I fired from behind there was nothing, except the pace of the flight, to prevent them striking in full force. I had never thought of that before and I never forgot it. Many other valuable hints he gave me, in the best *shikari* manner, as regards bird-shooting and bird-cooking, and they all came in useful later on.

About this time we had a change of Commanding Officers, and Colonel Roberts of the 28th Regiment, or "The Old Brags," as they were called, succeeded Colonel Masters. Our Band President, Captain Ross, was an able musician, and looked after the Band. The Bandmaster was one Manglesdorph, a German, for nearly all bandmasters at this time were Germans. The Band Sergeant's name was McGuire, better known in the Battalion as Molly McGuire. He was a very good euphonium player and a strict disciplinarian.

The practice hours then, as now, were from 9 to 12 in the morning and 2 to 3 in the afternoon. Those were pleasant days for me. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than being turned in with the full band to look over while they played. I couldn't play myself, and all music was new and sweet to me. The works of Verdi, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart and others of the same type of composer were always on the programme. They were the great masters then, for Wagner had not startled the world with his sublime harmonies, and nowadays it is voted old-fashioned to play one of the old selections. I was lucky in having such music to study during the days of my boyhood, though for our teaching I cannot say as much. In fact we were taught practically nothing. The boys were sent with their books and instruments to a barrack attached to the artillery lines, about half a mile away, there to learn what they could by themselves. It was monotonous work. Occasionally when we were practising in the band room after dinner someone would interest himself in our efforts. It might be a corporal who would appear and box our ears for disturbing his afternoon nap, but somehow or other we struggled on. Learning to soldier was an entirely different matter—how hard many never realize. For me, I was put alongside an old soldier who had instructions to look after me. He taught me many things, as how to pipeclay my belt and straps without pipeclaying myself; how to clean my buttons without dirtying my tunic or shell jacket; and lastly—and this was the greatest trial of all—how to make up my bed. This was a great difficulty for a little chap like me, and a bed not properly made up spoilt the appearance of the room. So I did my best and worked hard at it, but again and again it was pulled down until I began to think it was a great hardship which I should never overcome. Then the folding of my great coat was an art I never could master; so following the example of many others, I paid someone else to do it for me. There were men who could fold up a coat exactly to measurement in five minutes, and their own coats were marvels to look at, fitting like slates on the knapsack. To make them as thin as this they required to be wetted, and this became so common a practice that an Army Order was published forbidding it on the ground that it rotted the coats. Patience and the use of the coal-box were also necessary to produce a perfect result, which was always noted and admired, or otherwise, as the case might be, on heavy marching order parade. The whiteness and correctness of the folded straps and the general get-up of each individual were similarly commented on by the others, and to be checked by the inspecting officer was a contingency too awful to contemplate. Of such men there were plenty who vied with each other in being considered the smartest soldier in the company or battalion. Their real reward came at guard-mounting, when the cleanest and best turned out man was made orderly or "got the stick" as it was called. The preference of a rival in this competition was not unlikely later to lead to a quarrel, and many a warm argument would ensue in the canteen as to the merits of the various show men of each company. Of course such perfection was not to be obtained without some risk. Everyone knows that in full marching order a field kit should be carried in the pack. Imagine, then, the consternation when the Commanding Officer gave an order that kits were to be shewn and great coats worn at the same time. All the old soldier's dodges would be employed. Things would be passed from one rank to the other so that each in turn was found all correct when inspected, and even great coats and small books were handed furtively backwards and forwards in this way.

Of course, if the Commanding Officer knew the tricks he sent an officer to inspect the rear rank at the same time, and then consequences ensued. Some would be short of capes, others of boots, and even the sleeves of coats would sometimes be missing, for everything that tended to destroy the symmetrical appearance of the pack was discarded by those who aspired to be patterns of neatness.

At the time I write of Jack James was the pride of the Band. His brother "Sammy" was a cornet player, and from the day I joined until he left, the mainstay of the Band. He was only about fourteen or fifteen years old, but he had a very retentive memory and it was seldom that he required to play a piece over more than once. As a cornet player in his early days he was in my opinion second to none in the Army, and that is saying a good deal. All the big cornet polkas, of which there was usually one included in the programme for the Officers' Mess, were taken by him with equal ease. Such a gem a Bandmaster can rarely keep hidden for long. There are always agents on the look out for his sort who will offer almost any inducement to capture the man on whom they have set their mind, and Bandmasters have to be on the look out to circumvent these gentry. Mr. Karl Eckner, our German Bandmaster, suspected all strangers, which fact led on one occasion to a lively little scene. Before the Battalion went to Ireland a part of it occupied the Tower of London as its headquarters, and the Band in consequence had a considerable number of engagements in the city and its vicinity. While fulfilling one of these, and while Boy James was playing a solo for about the first time, a foreign looking gentleman was observed to be paying great interest to the Band and in particular to our cornet soloist. This naturally attracted the Bandmaster's attention, and when the stranger, who proved to be a Frenchman, began talking to some of the Band during the interval the Bandmaster became visibly annoyed. Enquiring of one of the men as to the subject of the foreigner's conversation he was told it was "just about the Band and young Sammy James." With the indignant reply that the visitor should talk to him and not to the Band he called the men back to the band-stand and then made his way straight to the Frenchman. What passed between them could not be heard, but very soon both were humping their shoulders, and spitting and snapping their fingers at each other to the great delight of the bystanders, one of whom suggested aloud that they should fight it out English fashion. The programme, however, was continued to the end, when the Frenchman took his leave, snapping his fingers and making faces at the Bandmaster, who returned the compliment in the same manner. Karl was not the same man for days after, but he believed he had saved the boy.

Another evening while seated round the fire, bandsmen who had left and their peculiarities were being discussed by some of the stay-at-homes. One of them has remained in my mind as a typical Englishman whom I admired. Jesse Norman was a bassoon player, and what one might call a strong man in every sense of the word, in fact at times he was a little too much so. On one occasion the Band were to have a dance in the band-room, an event for which there were naturally plenty of willing workers, Jesse being one of them. The room was all prepared except for a very heavy and very hot stove which required to be moved away from the centre of the room. Volunteers having been asked for in vain, Jesse came forward and after some plain and vigorous words to all concerned put his arms round the obstacle and carried it to its corner. In so doing he burnt his chest and arms badly and some of the onlookers said that they smelt his flesh burning at the time. No one could ever learn if he had been seriously hurt or not, and he went about his work as usual, seemingly enjoying himself with the best.

Some time before this Jesse had got into trouble. The Battalion had another German Bandmaster who was an adept in swearing. In German it sounded bad enough, but when he put it into intelligible English it simply wouldn't stand thinking about. One morning he came to practice in a very bad humour, and was unusually fluent in his abuse, cursing everyone in both languages. The stolid look on Jesse Norman's face only made him worse, and on him was turned, somewhat unwisely, an extra torrent of invective which ended in a scream of "You von Englis peeg, you von Englis peeg, you!" Without betraying the least sign of resentment Jesse quietly left the band-stand, walked over to his bed-cot, laid down his instrument and as deliberately walked back and up to the Bandmaster, who with the rest of the Band was watching him with astonishment. Then out went Jesse with a right and left on the eyes. Above all the turmoil that followed

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a voice could be heard crying, "Raw bif stek, bring it queek, queek; raw bif!" Explanations before the Commanding Officer on the following morning resulted in Jesse getting fourteen days' C.B. for taking the law into his own hands. But the injured Bandmaster left very shortly after.

I loved the Band. Every member of it was a master of his instrument in my eyes, and every soldier in the Battalion a hero; so my feelings may be imagined after the following event. On a fine Sunday afternoon I had gone out in the country for a walk. In those days for walking out on Sundays we had to wear tunics and shakos, so I was feeling very pleased with myself, when I came upon two young Irishmen wearing what I suppose may be described as the national dress, that is breeches and long stockings, though it is hardly ever seen now except on picture postcards. We shewed plainly that we were interested in each other, and I was of the opinion that I had impressed them pretty favourably as to what a soldier was like. But my elation was soon turned to disgust when I heard one of them remark, "I say, Mike, phwat is it?" "Bedad," said the other, "I think its a sodger." "A sodger is "it? Sure they must be in a bad way sending poor little gossoons "like that to this country; I wouldn't give a throneen for a hundred "of them!" With that they walked away laughing heartily, and I was left feeling very crestfallen and wishing I had had some of my own back. That was my last walk in the country.

One morning I heard "orders" sounded earlier than usual. Enquiring the reason I was told the route was in, and that we were to be moved to the Curragh. Everyone started bustling about and packing up. "Fatigue" and "Colour-Sergeants" seemed to be the only bugle calls sounded, and the "double" followed most of them. I was delighted, for despite all the fuss and bother it was my first move. I had heard the old soldiers talking about the Curragh of Kildare, where it appeared there was little else but soldiers, and I wanted to see other regiments, though not to make comparison with my own, for that I thought was an impossibility. Indeed I believe I felt half sorry for them. The morning of our departure off we started, the Band playing "The girl I left behind me." There were plenty of girls to say goodbye and I could not help feeling sorry for them, especially when I saw them crying; but when I said something about it to one of the band he looked down at me and laughed; "You'll know better some day," he said. "The new regiment will soon dry those tears." So we trained to our destination, where there were bands and bands—it seemed miles of them—to meet us. I felt even prouder of my regiment than before, and thought how glad the others must be to have us among them. We were escorted up to our part of the camp and very soon afterwards had settled down in the huts allotted to us.

*(To be continued).*

## STIRRING SCENES AT ROKER PARK

### "GEORDIE WHAATHOE," A SPECTATOR.

"SUND'LIND train!"

These words wor shooted oot bi a porter just eftor aa hed bowt a return ticket oot o' a pigeon-hole ootside Newcassel Central Stashon. He put up a board, an' then opened the gates.

Ye taak aboot a rush! If it hed been the oney train ti Sund'lind that day it cuddent hev been much warse. Though it wes two hoors afore the kick-off iv the greet match atween Sund'lind an' Newcassel, it teuk me aall ma time te keep ma feet.

Men shuv'd an' struggled like iddiots, an' thor wes ne respeckt shown te ladies. "Me forst" seemed te be in thor minds. Karriages wor pack'd like herrin's iv a baskit, an' hoo aa gat into one aa hardly knaa. Sumbody must hev pushed me frae behind, 'cas aa fund masel o' the floor amang the feet o' the passingers.

When aa got onte me feet ageyn, aa fund masel wedged like a tuppenny sandwich atween two big blokes.

"Give us a bit elbar room te get ma pipe oot," aa cried.

They eased off a bit, an' aa got ma hands inte ma pockets. But ma poor "cutty," which aa hed got nicely dyed, wes iv a thoosand pieces, an' thor wes ne signs ov even the "dottle."

Aa had te de wi'oot a smoke until aa got on Weorside. Then aa bolted intiv a shop an' bowt sum pipes an' a packet ov Woodbines in case ov immargency.

Ivvory street ye got inte foaks wor swarmin' towards the grund. Ses aa te masel, thor's gan te be a record an' the gates'll be closed. This myed me set off runnin'.

Eftor monny "Beg pardins," "Cuddent help it," "We're ye shuvin'?" "Divvent de it ageyn," aa got intiv the line that led to the pay box. Thor was a bit order heor, but when aa gat inside it tuek me all ma time te squeeze intiv a playse.

It wes a grand day an' ne mistyek. But the gates shud hev been closed lang afore they wor. When cheps began te climb the rails an' get ontiv the playin' pitch, the few "bobbies" cuddent keep them back.

Sund'lind wor forst oot, follor'd by Newcassel suen eftorwairds. Whaat a yell thor wes! It wes hard te say which team got the heartiest recepshon. Thor wes sartinly plenty o' Tyneside supporters thor, an' the black and white colours seem'd te be ivvorywhere, includin' the striped umberella.

When Thomson went te meet wor Colin, te thraw up for which way they play'd, a little cheeky beggor next ti me sed we hed nobody as gud as Charley iv Newcassel.

"Get away, man," sed aa; "we hev one that can loss him off."

"Whe's that?" axed Impitince.

"Kelly," sed aa.

"Kelly whe?"

"Kelly frae the Isle o' Man."

Thor wes a roar among the cheps 'roond us, an' aa thowt aa hed got sum o' me aan back, 'cas aa hed been got at just the syem way i' the cumpairtment comin' frae Newcassel.

Brownie kicked off for Sund'lind five minutes afore time amid great eggcitement. Bridgett wes the forst man to loom inter the pictur, an' McCracken the second, the advantage gannin' te the latter. Then Jackie went sailin' doon the touch-line, but his crossower was stopp'd by Thomson's stomach. Veitch then lifted the baal high ower the posts. Thomson then got in a fine sprint, but Tony myed him ower-run the baal. A bit eftor this Mordue sent the baal across the goal-mooth, an' Holley an' Brownie just missed scoring. Thor hed been one or two slight fouls ageynst wor lads afore this, Gossy bein' pull'd up twice.

Ov coarse this myed the Wearside supporters wild, an' led ma little cheeky next-door-neighbor te remairk:—

"Whe wad hev thowt it? Aa thowt them smart gentelmanly fellors, cuddent play rough, an' never fouled."

"Had yor jar," sed aa. "Just luek at Milton missin' that kick. Div ye caal him a futballer?"

It wesn't necessary te say owt mair, for Newcassel wes one up. Roose hed cum oot o' his goal, an' afore he cud get back Stewart hed the baal iv the net. Wiv Bridgett lame, Newcassel seem'd to be maistors o' the situashon noo, an' Shepherd shud hev scored shortly eftor.

The game wes noo stopp'd for the crood. They hed broken in iv two places, an' waddent keep back o' the touch line. The referee hed his coat off, an' alang wi' the offishals tried te push the fyules ower the chalk line.

Thor wor lood cries o' "Keep back, ye fyules," "Fetch in the moonted police," an' "Send to the barracks."

Things lueked varry black, an' thor appeared likely to be a riot when two bobbies copt haad of a drunken man an' wor marchin' him oft. In the centre o' the field the man let oot at the bobbies, an' suen the three wor sprawlin' on the grass.

The crood started te gather roond, an' if it haddent been for the seckoretary o' the home club, whe gently tuek the prisoner in hand, thor's ne tellin' whaat mite hev happen'd.

The moonted police noo arrived, but sum maniack hed stabbed one ov the horses, which went aall ower the field, just missin' tramplin' on wor new half-back.

Eventually the crood was pushed back a bit, an' when the game got re-started the wing men hed sum difficulty iv gettin' alang, while the thraw-ins an' korners tuck up a lot o' time.

Whaat wes wanted te keep the crood back wes the fire brigade, wi' a plentiful supply o' wettor. The game was properly spoilt frae a spectator's point o' view, for one's eyes wor rivetted o' the crood instid o' the players.

"That chep cannit manage a horse," sed my squeeky frind—this wes te one o' the moonted police—"he wes on'y a stonemason the tother day."

As regairds the play up to the interval, wor lads did remarkably well, espeshally Stewart an' Jackie, who gave Roose one or two good shots te save, while wor backs wor great, wi' Colin showin' sum ov his aad form.

Both teams stopp'd on the field at the interval, an' the forst incident ov oney note i' the seckond half wes when Jackie kicked the baal strite intiv one of the horse's feyce.

Thomson hed a shy, but the aim wes wide, an' then his side got two korners—eftor it tuek sum time te get the crood back—but the Newcassel defence prevailed.

Roose saved smairtly frae Shepherd, an' then Lawrence did ditto frae Thomson. Just then thor wes a collishon atween two players ov each side.

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"Foul!" chirped ma Sund'lind croney.

"Are ye a fyule?" ses aa.

Wad ye believe it, he up wiv his fists an' aimed a blow at me, which aa warded off, an' iv return aa landed him one on the "boco," which sent him up ageyn a big neebour, whe just tuek him bi the collar an' sent him ontiv the path.

He was suen lost te view, for at that time Gossy wes tearin' doon the field, an' afore aa knew owt mair wor centre forward hed scored number two, which sattled the match an' left wor team hansum winners ov a memorable struggle.

Aa can tell ye that when aa gat ootside o' the gates aa gov a lang sigh o' relief. Eftor bein' amang such a seething mass, an' then findin' yorsel safely landed, it myed me thankful for smaal marcies.

From *The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

## SOLDIER ANECDOTES.

### FIRST AID.

Scene—Field Hospital. Medical Officer:—"What's the matter with this man?" Orderly:—"Swallered some ink, sir." Medical Officer:—"What treatment have you given him?" Orderly:—"Made him eat some blotting paper, sir."

### A FACT.

Corporal (lecturing his section on the history of the Regiment):—"The 5th Regiment was formed in 1674, and the first Colonel was the Viscount of Clare." Private X.:—"Is that the *present* Viscount of Clare, Corporal?"

### HEARD IN THE R.A.T.A.

Private X.:—"Are you an an annual subscriber to *St. George's Gazette*?" Drummer Y.:—"Yes." Private X.:—"How do you pay, monthly or quarterly?"

## THE SKELETON ARMY.

### AN "IMPRESSION" ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

ELEVEN men sat on the breast of a hill and watched a fight. Below them, all along the valley, the battle strung up and down—a panorama of gorgeous colouring in dimensions arranged for their æsthetic benefit. Only these men were not æsthetic; they were Dragoons.

To the south, in a little village built by neat dolls, a section of infantry were excessively important. They were scurrying in and out of the tiny red and yellow houses, and about and among the trees like so many impatient and indeterminate insects. A fraction nearer this way was a field gun. One only: though in the technics of "skeleton brigades," it stood for a fully fledged battery. It did its utmost to atone for lack of material size by a profligacy in thumping noise. It produced violent, stunning crashes to an advanced degree; being senile and obsolete it knew no better. The antlike, active crew of this gun had made to screen its patriarchal aspect under an elaborate lacing of tree boughs, and the lieutenant who was in charge was rather looking forward to the compliments he was to receive when the O.C. saw his beautiful gun pit. The eleven men on the hill regarded the vociferous efforts of the old gun with good-humoured condescension: they were regulars. The lieutenant came from a semi-detached villa in Norwood.

About twenty feet in front of the gun a thin splay of infantry lounged under a hedge. Their duty in life was to support the piece, but they appeared to find more comfort in chewing the ends of the fattest grass stems they could discover, and wiping the little green flies from their ears; also they grumbled a good deal. They made disparaging and extremely witty comments upon the O.C. and his tactics. He apparently had no tactics, having been born that way.

This way, again, there were a few infantry in the gorse, and, nearer a half troop of cavalry sitting gloomily on the embankment of a side road discussing Surrey's chance in the county cricket championship. In the spinney that lipped the road and came away, fanning out, towards the hill, more infantrymen and another maxim screened themselves neatly in the fringe of the outer trees.

Nearly all the active lilliputians below were strenuously engaged in a furious fusillading of the gently rolling rises and the fringing trees that made up the other slope of the valley. They put their whole business instincts into the matter. Their volleys ripped and tore incessantly; the staccato rap-rap-rap-rap-rap of the vixen maxims never faltered for an instant. The shrill roar of the battle was a continual orchestration of the symphony of death. All the time the metronome of that one field piece set the time with its unwavering thump, thump, thump. All were diligently busy firing at the enemy they knew to be there but could not see.

But in a minute there was plenty to see. A sudden flickering of helio beam played over the valley. A bugle sang. At once the trees on the far side of the valley shivered and crawled and shivered again; and then, out of the secrecy of their shadows, came flushing, eager, jumping, swarming, nimble men. The whole naked hillside was alive with them. Hundreds of nervous, eager fellows running like ants were upon it, making for the prone firing line. The firing-line itself abruptly sucked breath and then leaped out again in an astonishing and appalling crash.

The sprinting men paid the noise scant attention, they still ran on. They ran forward in a wave, then dropped and fired briskly. As they dropped another wave of men came running in their tracks, dropping at that moment when the first line rose and ran again. All along the front, over the grass, in the furze, among the bushes, the busy waves flowed forward. They seemed possessed by some uncheckable tidal energy. They flowed on and up; filling the hedges, eddying round the stray bushes, creeping and worming through the standing grass. There was something determinate in their flow. They must surely engulf and swamp the thin line of defenders.

But they did not. They came surging to within ten feet of that vicious, spitting hedgerow that trenched the defenders. The blast of the firing held them; the little vivid, stinging spurts of flame dismayed them for a breath, and, as they held, the white-banded umpires came and waved them back. They came riding between the battling forces saying many brilliant things that nobody heard upon the subject of frontal attacks and well-trenched infantry—and waved the attackers back. . . So the attackers went back, sullenly firing still, and searching in their minds for other methods of assault. It was in this way that they thought of the hill.

The man who saw the hill was so dazzled by the inspiration that he at once thought of Napoleon and himself in the same light. He stood up and breathed hard a little, winded by his own brilliance: then he wagged his shiny sword and bawled to his men. They were not his men, really, because he was only a sub. He realised, however, that a flash of genius like this over-rode a small matter of discipline. Nelson had a blind eye on occasion.

He waved his shiny sword beautifully, and ran for the hill with only those eleven men on it. A captain near him asked him not to be a fool. But he ran: genius has no truck with captains. Nor had the men, for they ran also. In the end the captain, who had a soft heart and no chin to speak of, ran, too. Three hundred paces to the rear a colonel nearly died of apoplexy; and the divisional commander, half a mile back, sat heavily on a felled tree and expressed his thoughts with quiet resignation but considerable genius. The eleven dragoons on the hill merely grinned; and one of them began, carefully, to collect certain small pennants together and, with one of them, to flag the umpires.

The attackers came up the hill in a vague, stringy bunch; the long-legged sub. and three privates first and a great scrambling gout of mixed infantry after, working their knees hard up the steep slope. The sub. stopped now and then to turn and give wisdom to the ascending men. He said many clever little things; and he hoped the regulars would note the taking way in which he nursed his men. He remembered acutely a good deal of what there was to be remembered of the Napoleonic theory of sudden offensive.

At thirty paces the eleven men let go. The carbines cracked as one, and proceeded with deliberate equanimity to crack and crack and crack. The smash of the discharges in the faces of the advancing men was stunning. The deliberation of the shooting was discomposing; there was a definite certainty about it that was nonplussing. Also the men, as they fired, smiled so seraphically; and the man who had flagged the umpires had done so with so much cock-sureness.

But for all his nervous heart the young sub. ran on and over the sangar with his men, yelling. "We've got cher," he yelled, "We've got cher. We've won!"

A round, pink major, who had been running under protest, interrupted him here with some scenic language and sniffing disgust. "Won, be hanged!" he choked. "You've lost us the fight. You've "charged a well-sangared hill, nine companies of infantry and two "guns, with only half a dog-fool regiment. You've lost the blessed "fight; you—you ass!"

It was only then that the sub. noticed the little pennants; and remembered the tactical values of skeleton forces.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, in the pages of the *Morning Leader*, of the 6th inst.

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 333.] Friday, 30th September, 1910. [Vol. XXVIII.**


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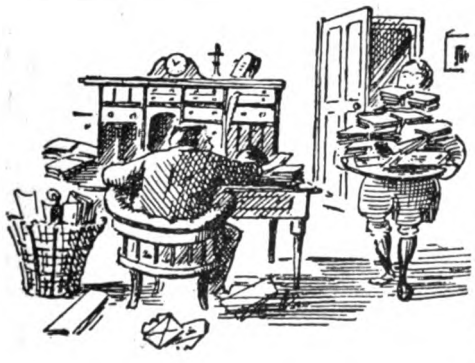
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
*30th September, 1910.*

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*



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"H.L.I. Chronicle"
"The Sapper"
"The Journal of the Royal Artillery"
"The China Dragon"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"The Journal of the Leinster Regiment"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N.C.O.'s and Men, 1st Battalion, per President Regimental Institutes ... ... | to 30/ 6/10 | Sergeants' Mess, 6th Battalion, per Mess Secretary ... ... ... | to 31/12/10 |
| N.C.O.'s and Men, 2nd Battalion, per Lieutenant and Quartermaster Allan ... ... | ,, 31/ 7/10 | Rev. D. Knox ... ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
| N.C.O.'s and Men, the Depôt, per Qrmr.-Sergt. Purcell... ... | ,, 31/ 7/10 | S. G. St. G. Leslie, Esq. ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
| | | A. Stirling, Esq. ... ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
| | | Captain N. T. Lloyd ... | ,, 31/12/10 |
| | | Captain E. R. B. Spain ... | ,, 30/ 4/11 |
| | | Mr. T. Scott ... ... | ,, 31/ 7/11 |
| | | Major G. M. Harding ... | ,, 31/ 8/11 |
| | | Mr. J. T. Rowland... ... | ,, 31/ 8/11 |

## BIRTHS.

EVANS.—On the 26th inst., at Farnborough, the wife of Charles Evans, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

McINTOSH.—On the 23rd ult., at Dover, the wife of No. 3444 Corporal D. McIntosh, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

SCARFE.—On the 8th inst., at Dover, the wife of No. 832 Private Scarfe, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

WALSH.—On the 7th ult., at Dover, the wife of No. 250 Private A. Walsh, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

## MARRIAGE.

WILKINSON—HUNTER BLAIR.—On the 31st ult., at St. George's Church, Benenden, Kent, by the Rev. Stafford Crawley, assisted by the Rev. Maurice Ponsonby, Brigadier-General Percival Spearman Wilkinson, eldest son of the late Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, of Mount St. Oswald, Durham, to Cicely Mary, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Hunter Blair, of Kneller Court, Fareham.

## DEATHS.

McMILLAN—On the 18th ult., at Gharial, India, No. 5078 Private J. McMillan, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 37 years.

NORTON.—On the 4th inst., at Paignton, South Devon, Charles Norton, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 49 years.

REDFORD.—On the 24th inst., suddenly from heart failure, at Wylye, Wiltshire, No. 4914 Sergeant C. Redford, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 32 years.

WRIGHT.—On the 15th inst., at Herne Bay, Charles Edward, only surviving son of Mr. George Wright, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 14 years.

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EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant Montagu Blackett Ord, from unattached list Territorial Forces (University Candidate), to be Second-Lieutenant, *vice* A. P. Garnier, seconded (dated 18th September, 1909), and to take precedence next below P. H. Rushbrooke, but not to carry pay or allowances prior to 3rd September, 1910 (dated 3rd September, 1910).

3RD (RESERVE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant C. W. G. H. Wheler resigns his commission (dated 14th September, 1910).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Supernumerary Lieutenant H. B. Myott is restored to the establishment (dated 22nd June, 1910). R. W. Nicholson, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 25th July, 1910). Second-Lieutenant G. T. Parkinson to be Lieutenant (dated 31st July, 1910).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Hon. Major A. Steven resigns his commission, and is granted permission to retain his rank and to wear the prescribed uniform (dated 14th September, 1910). J. W. Merrivale, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 16th August, 1910). V. Merrivale, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 17th August, 1910).

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS,
INDIA,
31st August, 1910.

THE 2nd August being the anniversary of the capture of Arrah House, telegrams were exchanged with 45th Rattray's Sikhs.

The rains, we hope, are at last over. The pen of the 1st Battalion correspondent will again soon be loosed upon the description of the giddy whirl of gaiety for which Gharial is famed, when the weather is dry.

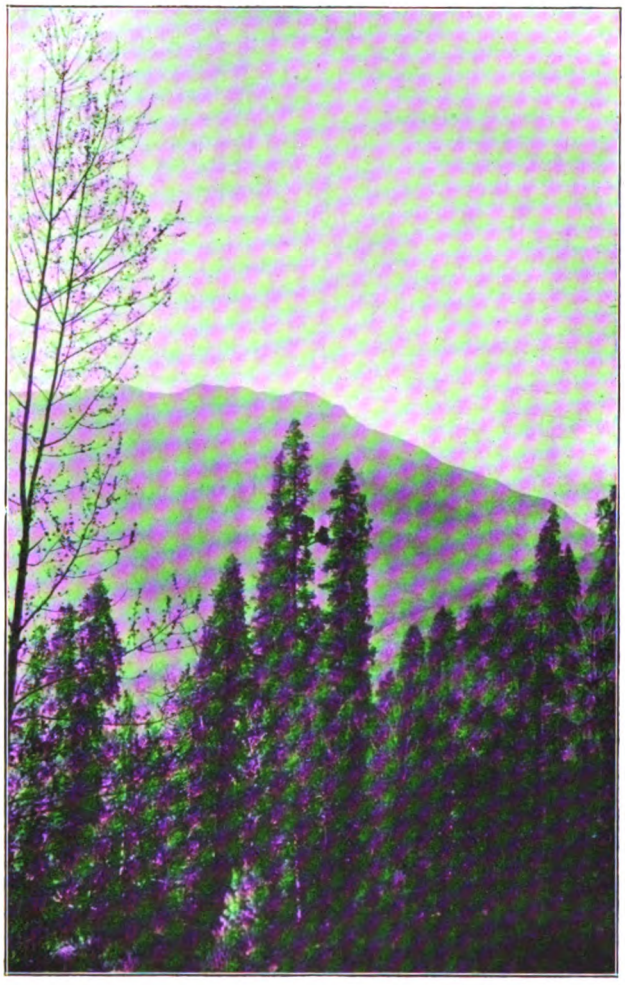
A golf tournament is now taking place. The handicapper is to be congratulated on the firm front which he displayed to those experienced golfers whose handicaps *really were* 40 at Upper Tooting. Up to date the record for the 6 holes has been kept in hours, and tots up to the presentable amount of two-and-a-half. The record score for anyone is 41.

Congratulations to Colonel Heard, Commanding our Second Battalion on his appointment in New Zealand.

We also congratulate Lieutenant Gething on his appointment. *The Civil and Military Gazette's* description of him as Lieutenant *Burton* W. E. Gething seems to us to be a very *Bass* misprint!

During the month two most successful concerts have taken place in the Theatre, part of the proceeds of which was devoted to W. J. Sayer, formerly in E Company, who has lost the sight of both eyes, owing to a chill contracted on the manœuvres last year. The Theatre was well filled on both occasions, and £27 has been forwarded to the Aid Society for Private Sayer's benefit. Lieutenant Milne-Home is to be congratulated on arranging two very excellent programmes.

Lieutenant Sloper writes of long cold nights spent Hasan-Abdal-wise in the open, in search of Markhor that disappear with the dawn. Lieutenant Selby latterly has been strangely reticent, and we fear that he may have had a difference of opinion with *Rufus*. While hoping for the best, we fear the worst, of Lieutenant Stephen's doings. The newspapers are our best informants, and already we are reading how the "Commonwealth Forces are stiffening under his firm *Pleeceman*-like grip."



VIEW OF THE HILLS TOWARDS CHANGLA.
(*From a photograph by Captain F. L. Festing.*)

No. 9264 Private J. Arkless has been permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 8002 Sergeant A. Laws has re-engaged at Gharial to complete 21 years' service, from the 1st inst.

No. 1840 Lance-Corporal C. Stratford has been appointed paid Lance-Corporal, from the 31st inst.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

No. 16 Private E. Newcombe, 2 from 22/1/09
No. 1988 Private W. King, 1 from 30/1/10
No. 1105 Drummer J. T. Wray, 2 from 27/3/10
No. 1168 Private W. Knapp, 2 from 18/4/10
No. 8136 Private C. Watson, 2 from 27/4/10
No. 908 Private T. Lane, 2 from 11/6/10
No. 1947 Private F. W. Smith, 1 from 17/6/10
No. 1510 Lance-Corporal L. A. Smith, 1 from 20/6/10
No. 7161 Private W. J. Scott, 2 from 24/6/10
No. 1388 Private A. Rowley, 2 from 27/6/10
No. 1711 Private G. Mould, 1 from 29/6/10
No. 2267 Private J. Graham, 1 from 6/7/10

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1444 | Private | R. Arnold | 2 from | 10/7/10 |
| ,, | 2261 | ,, | G. H. Paish | 1 ,, | 10/7/10 |
| ,, | 1447 | ,, | A. Sheffield | 2 ,, | 10/7/10 |
| ,, | 1476 | ,, | H. Proffit | 2 ,, | 18/7/10 |
| ,, | 2286 | ,, | L. Want | 1 ,, | 18/7/10 |
| ,, | 2296 | ,, | W. Day | 1 ,, | 20/7/10 |
| ,, | 2290 | ,, | H. Kite | 1 ,, | 20/7/10 |
| ,, | 1491 | ,, | J. Drayson | 2 ,, | 21/7/10 |
| ,, | 2298 | ,, | G. Elvin | 1 ,, | 21/7/10 |
| ,, | 2324 | ,, | J. Williams | 1 ,, | 23/7/10 |
| ,, | 1499 | ,, | W. Cope | 2 ,, | 24/7/10 |
| ,, | 1049 | ,, | V. Dodd | 2 ,, | 26/7/10 |
| ,, | 2307 | ,, | T. Kitchen | 1 ,, | 27/7/10 |
| ,, | 1270 | ,, | G. J. Chilton | 2 ,, | 28/7/10 |
| ,, | 2326 | ,, | W. Arnold | 1 ,, | 30/7/10 |
| ,, | 1155 | ,, | G. Hyde | 2 ,, | 1/8/10 |
| ,, | 1457 | ,, | P. Gale | 1 ,, | 3/8/10 |

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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1019 | Private | E. Naish | 2 from 4/8/10 |
| ,, 1538 | ,, | W. West | 2 ,, 7/8/10 |
| ,, 909 | ,, | S. Lawrence | 2 ,, 7/8/10 |
| ,, 1529 | Lance-Corporal | E. Monteith | 2 ,, 8/8/10 |
| ,, 1396 | Private | T. Axtell | 2 ,, 8/8/10 |
| ,, 203 | ,, | F. Hancock | 2 ,, 8/8/10 |
| ,, 1511 | ,, | A. Williamson | 2 ,, 8/8/10 |
| ,, 1535 | ,, | H. Coulton | 2 ,, 8/8/10 |
| ,, 1534 | Lance-Corporal | W. Moss | 2 ,, 9/8/10 |
| ,, 982 | Private | G. Henshaw | 2 ,, 9/8/10 |
| ,, 891 | ,, | A. W. Sherman | 2 ,, 10/8/10 |
| ,, 2341 | ,, | T. Adcock | 1 ,, 12/8/10 |
| ,, 1497 | ,, | A. Brown | 2 ,, 12/8/10 |
| ,, 2362 | ,, | W. Hastings | 1 ,, 13/8/10 |
| ,, 2358 | ,, | A. Hale | 1 ,, 13/8/10 |
| ,, 1585 | ,, | W. Smith | 2 ,, 14/8/10 |

No. 1586 Private T. Vevers, 2 from 14/8/10

No. 1624 Private W. Henderson, 2 from 16/8/10

No. 1598 Private J. Landy, 1 from 18/8/10

No. 1617 Lance-Corporal H. Rumley, 2 from 21/8/10

## CRICKET.

### REGIMENTAL CUP.

#### SEMI-FINAL TIE.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 14th ult., and resulted in a win for H Company by 7 wickets and 3 runs.

G COMPANY.

1st innings.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant-Drummer Hone, b Lowe | 0 |
| Private Field, b Lowe ... ... | 0 |
| ,, Kitchen, c Bultitude, b Gould ... ... ... | 16 |
| ,, Rix, b Lowe ... ... ... | 9 |
| Bandsman Stone, b Lees ... ... | 11 |
| Private Thorne, b Gould ... ... | 0 |
| ,, Williams, run out ... ... | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Baker, b Gould .. | 6 |
| Private Deeks, b Lowe ... ... | 2 |
| ,, O'Hara, b Lees ... ... | 22 |
| Corporal Ashton, not out ... ... | 2 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... | 3 |
| Total ... ... ... | 71 |

2nd innings.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant-Drummer Hone, not out | 0 |
| Private Field, c Butler, b Gould | 0 |
| ,, Kitchen, b Gould .. ... | 3 |
| ,, Rix, lbw, b Lees ... ... | 4 |
| Bandsman Stone, c Lees, b Gould | 0 |
| Private Thorne, b Lees ... ... | 21 |
| ,, Williams, b Gould ... | 6 |
| Lance-Corporal Baker, c Lowe, b Gould ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Private Deeks, c Colton, b Lees | 1 |
| ,, O'Hara, c and b Lees ... | 1 |
| Corporal Ashton, c Forebanks, b Lees ... ... ... ... ... | 0 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... | 4 |
| Total ... ... ... | 40 |

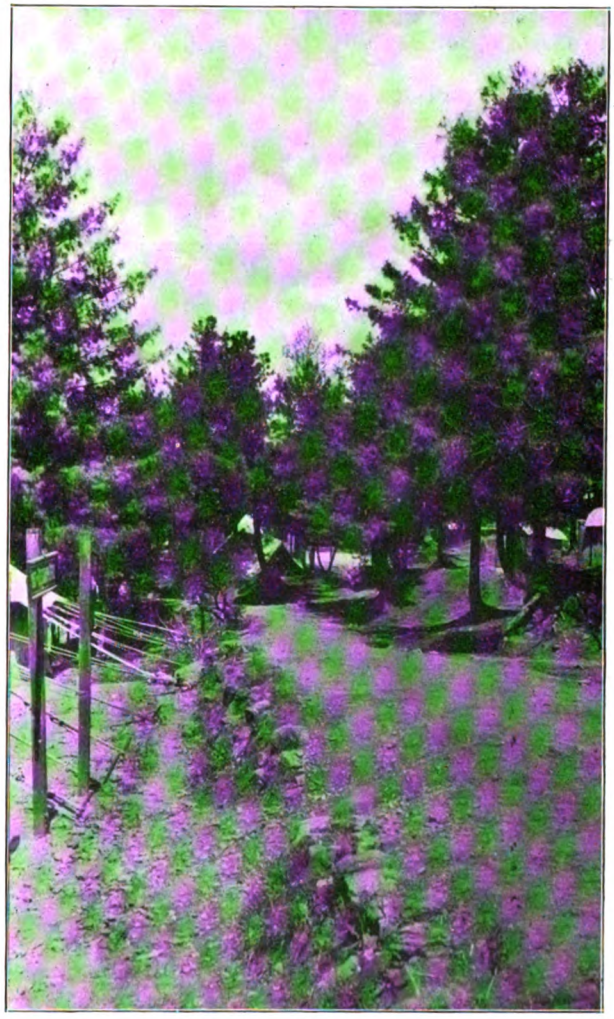
H COMPANY.

1st innings.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lance-Corporal Lowe, b Rix ... | 19 |
| Private Gould, b Thorne ... ... | 7 |
| ,, Lees, c Kitchen, b Rix ... | 0 |
| ,, Betts, b Rix ... ... | 1 |
| Corporal Butler, c Ashton, b Rix | 1 |
| Private Forebanks, c Rix, b Thorne | 0 |
| ,, Grindle, b Rix ... ... | 1 |
| Lance-Corporal Colton, b Thorne | 1 |
| Private Madden, b Rix ... ... | 1 |
| ,, Bultitude, not out ... | 8 |
| ,, Pridmore, c Ashton, b Thorne ... ... ... | 5 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... | 4 |
| Total ... ... ... | 48 |

2nd innings.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lance-Corporal Lowe, st Williams, b Thorne ... ... | 13 |
| Private Gould, not out ... ... ... ... ... ... | 6 |
| ,, Lees, not out ... ... ... ... ... ... | 18 |
| ,, Betts | did not bat |
| Corporal Butler | did not bat |
| Private Forebanks | did not bat |
| ,, Grindle | did not bat |
| Lance-Corporal Colton, c Hone, b Ashton ... ... | 19 |
| Private Madden | did not bat |
| ,, Bultitude | did not bat |
| ,, Pridmore, c Stone, b Thorne ... ... ... | 0 |
| Extras ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 10 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | 66 |



A ROAD IN BARRACKS, GHARIAL.
*(From a photograph by Captain F. L. Festing.)*

## FOOTBALL.

A very interesting Inter-Company League Match took place this month between A and H Companies, both fighting for premier honours in the Paget's Horse Cup Match, and a great game was looked forward to. A Company were the first to press, but H Company were soon in their stride, and netted the first goal after a pretty bit of passing along the forward line. End to end play followed, during which H Company were awarded a penalty, which was wretchedly taken, the ball travelling at express speed and flying yards above the cross bar. Encouraged by this mistake, A Company played for all they were worth, and for their perseverance were rewarded by a low shot at close quarters, giving the goal-keeper no chance. The excitement was now intense, both goals undergoing narrow escapes to the end of the match, which ended without further scoring at one goal each. Both goal-keepers played magnificently.

Paget's Horse Cup, 1st XI. League Table, up to date:—

| Coy. | Pld. | Won. | Lost. | Dwn. | Goals For. | Goals Agst. | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | 6 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 13 | 6 | 10 |
| H | 5 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 9 | 3 | 8 |
| C | 5 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 7 |
| F | 6 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 10 | 11 | 6 |
| B | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 9 | 8 | 5 |
| G | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 9 | 3 |
| E | 5 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 3 |
| D | 5 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 11 | 0 |

The following is the result of the Companies 2nd League XI. up to date:—

| Coy. | Pld. | Won. | Lost. | Dwn. | Goals For. | Goals Ag'st. | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | 6 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 5 | 9 |
| A | 6 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 11 | 6 | 8 |
| B | 6 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 11 | 8 | 8 |
| D | 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 10 | 8 | 6 |
| H | 6 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 6 |
| C | 7 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 9 | 11 | 6 |
| F | 6 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 14 | 4 |
| E | 7 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 7 | 16 | 3 |

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The chief topic of interest this month has been the Billiard Tournament for the Walter Locke Cup. This event failed to bring any fresh talent, but we congratulated Sergeant Hills on winning the cup for the second year in succession.

On the 17th we were invited to a dance by the Lancashire Fusiliers, in honour of Minden day. Our Mess attended as strong as possible, and were amply repaid by one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent in Gharial.

Our married people have been allotted one evening a week for roller skating in the school room. Before this order

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came into force two members only possessed skates; now fully half are in possession of them, and are qualifying to play for their Company Teams at Hockey.

The Clerk of the Weather has been very unkind to our Tennis enthusiasts this month, although our aneroid pointed to fair weather and cool breezes. He invariably sends a shower whenever any of our members appear in flannels.

All our members have gone through the Judging Distance Test as prescribed in the Musketry Regulations. The Regulations lay down clearly enough how to perform this test, but only give a few tips as to disposing of the bad blood created between members who have failed. Some hints on this subject would be gladly welcomed by all ranks.

Our heartiest congratulations to Sergeants Harris and Gilborn on winning the Silver Jewel for the All India Shoot two years in succession, and to Private Mullins who won the Gold Jewel in the same competition.

THE RECENT ARMY PAGEANT: DETACHMENT, 2ND BATTALION FIFTH FUSILIERS, AS GENOESE CROSSBOWMEN, AT THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

(*From a photograph by Kate Pragnell, 39, Brompton Square, London.*)

## *2nd Battalion Notes.*

BULFORD CAMP,
29th September, 1910.

THE rest after our labours. The Army Manœuvres of 1910, perhaps the most strenuous that have ever been held in England, are a thing of the past. The daily flux of pink or blue papers, the rare and *al fresco* meals, the marches and the counter marches—all the dusty, hungry, hot and cold business of the last five weeks—will have become, before these words are in print, part of the military service of each one of us.

It is not here that praise or blame should be apportioned to those who played their various parts in the recent campaign, and our doings are dealt with more fully in another column. Enough here to say that we were all frankly glad, as we marched in on the 25th, to see the black lettering on the sign post near Amesbury—"To Bulford one mile"—and gladder still when half-an-hour later we threw off belts and packs with the feeling that the time had come at last for baths and regular hours, and sleep at nights, since those two quarrelsome states, Redland and Blueland, had settled their differences, if not by swearing eternal friendship—the Army Council will see to that—at least by a twelve month's truce.

A very sad thing happened at Wylye, where we bivouacked the night before our march into Bulford. Sergeant Redford, Battalion Transport Sergeant, died suddenly from heart failure. His loss is a very great one, for he was popular with all he came in contact with, and never, if it was in his power, missed a chance of doing anyone a friendly turn.

Sergeant Redford had served for just over fourteen years in either the 1st or 2nd Battalion, and for some seven years he had performed his duties almost up to the moment of death. He had gained both the South African medals. We should like to express our deep sympathy with Mrs. Redford and her relations in their sorrow. The funeral took place on the 28th, at Bulford, whither the coffin had been brought from Wylye on the preceding day. The ceremony was attended by many Officers, the Sergeants and Corporals of the Battalion to which the late Non-Commissioned Officer had belonged, and a large number of the men of the Regiment. Wreaths were given by the Officers; the Officers, Non-Commissioned

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Officers and Men of E Company, and members of the Sergeants' Mess ("In affectionate remembrance of a true and devoted comrade"); Warrant Officers, Staff-Sergeants and Sergeants, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment; Mr. H. Swendell, and Mr. Swan, of Wylye. In addition the Corporals sent a cross, the flowers used being principally orchids on a background of white chrysanthemums, and this looked very beautiful.

The Battalion leaves here on the 3rd of next month. B, D and H Companies go to Pontefract, G Company to Fleetwood in Lancashire, and the remainder to Headquarters at Sheffield, where we relieve the 2nd Battalion the Border Regiment. We expect to assemble together in the spring or early summer of next year at Strensall, near York, but of this more will be known later.

Colonel Heard came down to Bulford on the 28th September to bid us a final good-bye before he leaves for New Zealand. His boat is the *Otway*, sailing on the 14th October. We thank him warmly for his kind words of farewell, and are sure we shall see him again when next he is in England. As he left he was given a hearty send off in the traditional manner.

2ND BATTALION FOOTBALL TEAM, SEASON 1909-10, WITH THE HALLAM-PARR SHIELD AND DOVER CHARITY CUP.
*(From a photograph by Sergeant Wells.)*

Major Enderby, we hear, will in due course take over the command of the Battalion at Sheffield.

For additions to the medal collection in the Mess, thanks are due to Captain Wild and Lieutenants Foster, Gething and Mahon. They have given four groups, containing thirteen medals.

The month of September has been one long spell of sunshine, without which the manœuvre period would have been trying indeed. But even the consequent pleasant conditions of camp life on these open downs have failed to postpone the departure of the first leave contingent, and many months must elapse before we all come together again.

Lieutenant Sidney is at Hythe, going through a musketry course, and Lieutenants Leslie and Brownlow go to Longmoor in a few days' time for the four months' M.I. course.

During manœuvres the following officers were attached to us for instruction:—Captain Montgomerie, Captain Beach, and Lieutenants Bucknill and Rubinstein, of the 9th Middlesex Regiment, and Lieutenants Winter and Sly, of the 6th Essex Regiment.

The Rev. C. S. L. Alford from Dover accompanied us throughout all our marching and fighting. We hope the future may bring us together again, and we thank him very much for his photographs in this number. Lieutenant Davis, Royal Army Medical Corps, was most thoughtful in attending to our casualties, and of him also we hope we have not seen the last.

## THE SECOND BATTALION AND THE 1910 MANŒUVRES.

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY REV. C. S. L. ALFORD).

THE Lady Minerva Area, known familiarly to her friends as *Military Minerva*, suffers from the fact that her Christian name is often spelt in different ways by different people, and its pronunciation varies accordingly. Probably you will know to whom I refer, but if you do not the outline of her features here drawn

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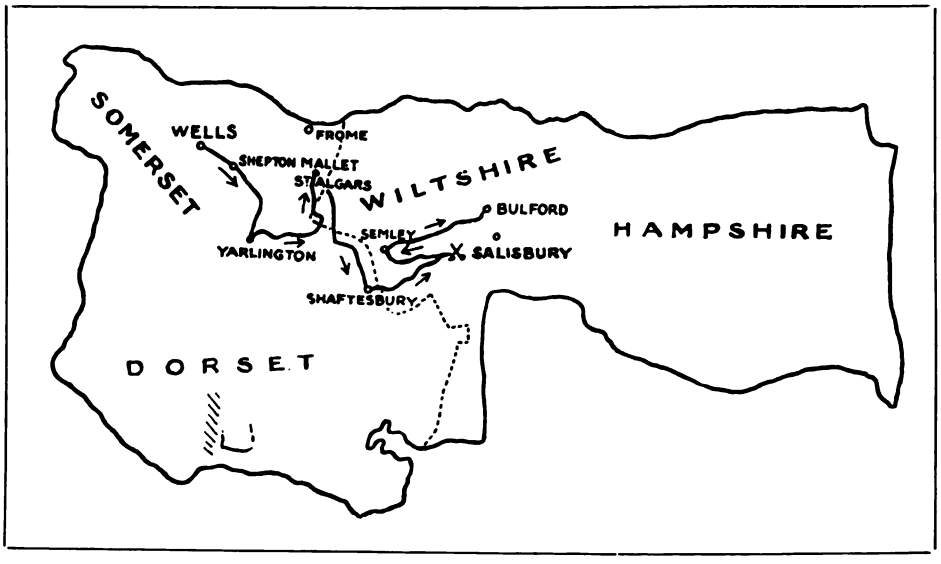
—very roughly, I fear—will recall her to your memory.

Of her exact age there may be doubts, but there can be none of her looks. In fact she may be described, without fear of exaggeration, as plain and scraggy. Once a year, with rare exceptions, she issues unobserved from the innermost sanctum of her great house in Whitehall, where since her last re-embodiment she has remained in a more or less harmlessly gaseous state. Her subsequent movements are very secret, but the knowing may foretell the district in which her next appearance is due by the crop of white notices headed *Military Minerva's* (or *Manœuvres*) *Act*, which breaks out some weeks previously on barns and gates and country corners. When next discernible she is in possession of the land, a monstrous face and bust spread over four counties, as the sketch shows, and chained at the neck (though for clearness sake the chain is not shewn), by the L. and S.W. Railway to London, whence she came. You have but to imagine a gigantic eye somewhere in the neighbourhood of Dorchester and a mouth running inland for some miles from Weymouth to possess a tolerably graphic idea of her appearance. The only part of her person I have omitted is a forbidding nasal excrescence known to some as Portland Bill—on the same principle, I imagine, as another part of the human anatomy is sometimes referred to as Hungry Tom. She is, as you will observe, scarred and seamed in a manner suggestive of some illustration to a medical textbook. And the idea is not far wrong, for many of these lines are, in fact, lines of operation.




THE LADY MINERVA AREA.

To explain how they came there, however, I must begin from the beginning, and this means going back to the last week in August when we of the 2nd Battalion were encamped in a sloping field near the village of Dinder, two miles south-east of Wells, whither we had arrived from Dover over 700 strong on the morning of the 24th of that month.

The 2nd Battalion correspondent referred to this site in the last number of *St. George's Gazette* as "more or less of a bog." In a very few days after he wrote this there was no "more or less" about anything. It rained practically without intermission for five days and nights, until the whole surface of the camp became a sea of liquid mud three inches deep. No words of mine could adequately picture the state of the interior of our tents. All that could be done was to dig drains to carry off a certain amount of the mud and lay straw and bracken in the tents. But it was like putting out a fire with a penny squirt. Just as we had begun to acquire some skill in slithering and splashing about the camp—just as we were growing webfooted—the order came to move to higher ground. The weather cleared at the same time and thence forward we found ourselves in comparatively luxurious surroundings in a clean dry field higher up the slope on which the rest of our Brigade—the 12th—was encamped.

During these days we were exercised as a Brigade under Brigadier-General Inglefield, in company with the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, the 1st Battalion the Queen's and the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles. Day by day we trudged the roads and exchanged knocks with a foe who was sometimes imaginary, sometimes skeleton, and sometimes clothed in solid flesh and blood. In the first of these forms the enemy were usually swept from the field; in the next, with their red and blue flags, they proved tougher customers, but were generally crumpled up in the end; only in the last form did they cause laborious schemes to "gang agley," but every day's programme and the battle with which it ended had one unvarying result, which was to keep us on the go from eight to ten hours out of the twenty-four.

Queen Mary, the historian tells us, is said to have tearfully assured her friends that on her death the name of Calais would be found engraved on her heart, so deeply had the events connected with its name affected her spirits. In like manner would a post-mortem reveal bitten into our brains, not one town, but a whole catalogue of the hills and villages of north-west Somerset:—Green Ore, Pen Hill, Chewton Medlip, Masbury Castle—how long will it be before these too familiar names fade from the memory? Here we received those orders; there we waited for them in vain; there again we made that glorious advance under rifle and gun fire more than sufficient to destroy an army. Here we sat and felt hungry; there we lay down and were ravenous; over here, again, it was, you recollect, where the fat fell into the fire, and close by occurred the catastrophe that so nearly upset the apple cart. To every spot its own associations, whether laughable or lamentable, and if in Flanders the army swore horribly, did it do so in Somerset? (Loud chorus of "No!")

I am a convert to belief in the transmigration of souls. Nothing else will explain the insane behaviour of the horses and cows in the field. They positively revelled in the band, and bounded and galloped about with tails in the

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air—keeping pretty good step too—until we had passed. And it was the same with the singing. Their every caper seemed to echo or answer the choruses sung on the line of

MR. ALFORD, OUR CHAPLAIN, IN BIVOUAC.

march. They *did* trust old Charlie Brown, they seemed to say! they were perfectly willing to go up the Pole, or anywhere else so long as they could escape from their present confinement. Had they seen Kelly indeed? Why, he went through the gate only a minute before. The Paulhan song must have been particularly trying:—

"Try to do as Paulhan did,
"Paulhan did, Paulhan did;
"Now he's gone below where the winkles grow,
"And he never said good-bye!"

What else did they want but wings so that they might follow the Army over the ditches and walls! It was the memory of a former existence that stirred their blood. Without a doubt we know where the spirits of old soldiers go; and they might fare worse.

In quieter times we should have appreciated more the historic interests of this part of England. Some of us did manage to squeeze in a visit to Glastonbury, and others had a few hours at Bath, Wells Cathedral, the Castle at Weston-Super-Mare, and Cheddar. One of the great Roman roads to old Sarum ran within two miles of the camp, but when you are slogging your fifteenth mile along it, hitching your pack or changing your rifle every five minutes, it might be Saracen or Chinese for all the historic interest you feel in it.

If space allowed I would try and give you an account of the night attack on Pen Hill worthy of the occasion. It could make dramatic reading. Picture a bloody battle, fought *a l'outrance* and some considerable way beyond it, till it surged in inchoate masses of men round the very feet of the great Panjandrum himself on his all-seeing hill. Picture after this a short sleep under the stars, at midnight a call to arms, and then a circuitous march growing ever more stealthy and cat-like as we approached the doomed forces of the enemy drawn up (once more) on Pen Hill. How did we know they *were* on Pen Hill, you ask? My dear reader, our intelligence work was simply uncanny in its accuracy. Besides, if they *weren't* there how on earth could there be a night attack? And what else were we out for? Next we huddle through successive gaps in two stone walls made by an advance party (specially selected to exclude the heavy handed) who have been engaged through the night in gingerly displacing the stones one by one. Then comes the critical moment as we breast the familiar slope, and wonder whether our movements have been detected on the heights in front of us. Considering that the tramp of 2,000 men on the hard high road is a far-reaching sound, that out-lying posts of the enemy have fled at our approach, and that some of us have hacking coughs and others creaky boots, this seems highly probable. Anyway, the dawn, like the tide, will wait for no man, and on we go. Fresh attack orders are issued on the spot, the advance continues, a burst of fire greets us from the dark of the ridge above, and we find ourselves staggering clumsily over the tufts of heather in the last final charge. Just as an inarticulate gurgle—intended for a deafening cheer—is smothered by our third somersault into a rabbit-hole, the "stand fast" sounds on the bugles, and we gather round in a shivering group to justify our actions before the supreme tribunal. By the light increasing in the east we then reform our scattered ranks, and so once more homeward over the hills.

In some such manner passed the first ten days, after which the arrival of the 10th and 11th Brigades in camps a few miles distant signalized the end of Brigade Training and the beginning of the next stage, Divisional Training or Inter-Brigade Manœuvres under Major-General Belfield. These lasted another week, bringing us to September 14th. Then came four days' Inter-Divisional Manœuvres in which we of the 4th Division harassed and were harassed by the 3rd Division, under Major-General Sir H. Rawlinson, and many shrewd knocks were exchanged, I can tell you. If you refer to the Lady Minerva you will see an ugly scratch on her head running from Wells to Yarlington. This represents our march on the 15th, on which day we left camp at 7.35 a.m. and reached bivouac at Yarlington just twelve hours later. We should have got in considerably earlier if we had not been directed to another spot where we had barely settled down when the order arrived to move again. After this, I hasten to add, nothing occurred to

IN BIVOUAC AT ST. ALGAR'S CAMP.

disturb us till dawn of the following day—an unusually long period of repose.

The little village of Maperton, south west of Wincanton,

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has been chosen as the name of the battle that took place on this the 16th of September. The Inspector-General was there with two dragoons following him in full dress.

OUTPOST DUTY: OFFICERS AT BREAKFAST.

They looked strangely gaudy in their red tunics among the drab-clothed thousands lying about the fields.

Wherever we marched the country folk seemed to be out of doors in a body to watch our passing, and if rustic beauty was hard to find to those who sought for it, their friendly interest in our doings and generous hospitality on many occasions more than compensated for any lack of the superficial graces. "Here's a funny kind of telescope!" was the cry of one young villager as he watched our brigade machine gun officer struggling to fix one of his guns into a framework of prickly hedgewood. The next day carried us in the current of war through Wincanton towards the magnificent woods of Penselwood and the boundary of Wiltshire, where another great battle was fought against the Reds, that is, the 3rd Division, the operations being under the direction of Sir Charles Douglas. A twelve mile march through Stourton and Maiden Bradley brought us at an hour between nine and ten at night to our third encampment at St. Algar's Farm, five miles south of Frome, where we remained for three nights free from alarms. The opportunity for a universal wash in the lake at Manor Park, kindly placed at the disposal of the troops by Major Christie, was seized with avidity as an urgent if chilly necessity.

Most of the Lady Minerva's lines of disfigurement have now been accounted for. There remains the final phase in our annual training in which the 3rd and 4th Divisions, acting together as the Blue Force, moved eastwards toward Salisbury to try conclusions with the Reds, who consisted of the 2nd Division brought to war strength by additions from the special and, in a lesser degree, the Army Reserve. From 4 a.m., the 20th, to 6 a.m., the 21st, we performed outpost duty to the division, but no large body of the enemy attempted to break through our dispositions.

As we marched to and fro during these "grand manœuvres" and saw the telephone wires laid along the hedges and road-sides in a vast network of communication, it was hard not to wonder aimlessly what caustic comments, what stammered denials, were flowing noiselessly along those thin miles of wire. Small wonder the birds flew scandalized across the fields, for they hear everything, and if autumn had not been near one could have suspected the sudden yellowing of the leaves to be due to the same blighting cause. For an angry general might well make an evergreen blush and shed its leaves, or a cactus shiver as never an aspen did.

After a rest on the 21st we were sent off to Shaftesbury through Maiden Bradley, Mere and Motcombe. A seven hours' march brought us to the spot that was to prove our jumping off place for the great and final battle of Salisbury. Here the Army dirigible, the *Beta*, sailed to within clear view and attracted much interest. Her speed, her quick turning capacity and the apparent ease (or was it accident?) with which she rose and vanished above the clouds, leaving us wondering where next she would appear, made a great impression on all. Neither of the two aeroplanes came our way at any time.

After six hours' halt near the Blue Army headquarters outside Shaftesbury we marched off by moonlight, four Companies to dig themselves in on Whitesheet hill, eight miles to the east, and four to protect them till daylight the following morning. Soon after dawn we all moved on, an insignificant part of the great army of invasion, across the downs towards Salisbury, following the track of the coaching road that ran "in the good old days" direct from Yeovil to Salisbury. The climax was at hand. Chislebury Castle, an old Roman earthwork eight miles west of Salisbury, was the part of the battlefield at which we entered this second Borodino. Here we lay and banged across a valley at the Territorial Brigade in front, and they at us, and others at each of us from either flank, until many thousand rounds of "blank" had been discharged, to the delight of the onlookers crowded on the road close by. Foreign attachés, field-marshals and Cabinet ministers were all there, besides a host of perspiring umpires whose business it was to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm growing each moment more involved and pandemonic. No wonder a young lady was heard to enquire if it was all against all! Just as everyone on both sides was outflanking everyone else the bugles for the last time took up the "stand fast," and three air-balls hanging aloft announced to a tired out army that the battle, and with it the war, was

ST. ALGAR'S CAMP: AFTER LABOUR REST.

over. Then came for us a twelve-mile march to Semley, where many broke a fast of twenty-seven hours' duration. Next day we marched to Wylye, and thence to Bulford on

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the 24th, passing on the way close by the famous ruins of Stonehenge. At Bulford we found our beds and a change of clothes and all the luxuries of a bell tent, and these, after twelve days sleeping on the ground, are very real.

So the Lady Minerva fades from the map as swiftly as she came, and if you were to journey down now in September from Waterloo, to see where she had been, you would find but little of her traces. True, there is one young bull the less in the county of Somerset. He died from excitement, poor fellow, when the Fifth Fusiliers marched by. So *he's* excused. Also there are some white fowls in a certain farmyard who will never lay eggs again, for they walked in front of a 4·7 gun in action. There is, too, I am sorry to add, a young farmer with a broken leg, who, we trust, is now on the road to recovery. His horse shied at the firing and carried him against a stone wall. The compensation staff may tell you of a few more similar accidents. But for the rest you will but find a few hundred worn and rutted fields where the army bivouacked or encamped, and some miles of trampled roadside. Meanwhile, they who provoked the lady's annual resurrection are busy, I am sure, in the great big house opposite the Horse Guards, examining the lines on her face and making much conversation, the benefit of which we shall doubtless reap in many future orders, reports and memoranda.

How far did we march in the five weeks? I haven't the time to add it up accurately, but it still feels a very, very long way.

## Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th September, 1910.

THE Cricket season up here closed with the annual match, Military v. Clergy, on Monday last. The Military won an exciting match by five wickets within two minutes of time. We believe it is the first time the Clergy have been beaten since the match was instituted some fifteen years ago. Major Ainslie was the principal scorer for the Military, with 61 runs. The Depôt provided tea on the County ground, and, considering the lateness of the season, quite a large number of spectators turned up.

The Garrison Football League is once more in full swing. We hope one of our Companies will again come out on top, but it is too early to prophesy. This year the shield will be given for a knock-out competition, and medals to the winners of the League.

Hockey prospects are fairly bright. We have a good card of fixtures arranged, but we shall badly miss the services of our last year's captain, Sergeant Smith, Durham Light Infantry, who is returning to his line battalion. Not only was he a very good outside-left and a prolific goal scorer, but also a most enthusiastic and energetic captain. We hope he will find plenty of scope for his talents with his battalion.

We were very glad to get a short visit from Major Buckley, who came up to officiate as Judge-Advocate on a General Court-Martial at Tynemouth.

In connection with this same court-martial the Press were, as usual, well to the fore with "howlers." "The Brigadier-General Commanding the Northern Command" and "the Judge-Advocate, who is also prosecutor," were some of their best efforts.

The Northern Command Rifle Meeting commences at Strensall this week. We have entered for various team events, and it will be interesting to see how we fare against some of the other Depôts. In our annual course we had the respectable number of nine marksmen out of sixty-seven exercised, and averaged nearly 110, but we hear tales of other Depôts with forty and fifty marksmen, and of one whose average is 142!

No. 4906 Sergeant J. H. Haynes qualified at the School of Musketry, Hythe, on the 19th ult.

No. 745 Private W. Smith has been awarded a pension of 9½d. per diem for life.

No. 9737 Private G. A. Clarke was transferred to the Army Reserve on the 10th inst.

Fifty-one recruits have joined during the month.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
24th September, 1910.

THE Battalion Signallers were inspected at Haydon Bridge on the 14th inst. by Captain E. P. A. Riddell, Adjutant of the 7th Battalion.

Colonel W. E. Sturges, commanding the Northumberland Brigade, made his annual inspection of the books of the Battalion on the 19th inst.

A Smoking Concert was held at Haydon Bridge by C Company on the 17th inst. The attendance was not so large as one might have wished, owing to several counter attractions, but those present spent a most enjoyable evening.

Arrangements for the Winter Course of Instruction have already been taken in hand. It is probable that lectures at Newcastle by members of the General Staff will form part of the programme.

Major E. Dixon, B Company (Bellingham), has obtained a riding certificate.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
28th September, 1910.

THIS month sees the official gazetting out of Major A. Steven, whose long and useful service has previously been the subject of comment in this column. We also lose Second-Lieutenant R. C. Roddam, by transfer to the 3rd Battalion (Special Reserve), now under the command of his father.

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We have to congratulate Lieutenants Peters, Roddam and Smail on their having satisfied the examiners for subjects laid down in Appendix 4, 1 Regulations T.F.; also congratulations to the Quartermaster on his step, which has been well won by good service through every rank, up to Captain.

Sergeant-Instructor Robinson, temporarily posted to Ashington, has now been confirmed in the billet for two years.

Territorial Efficiency Medals have been awarded to the following:—

A Company — Privates West, Mackay and Garvie.
D Company — Sergeant-Drummer Adamson and Lance-Sergeant Holt.
G Company — Private A. Piercy.
H Company — Private Dryden

Largely owing to the Battalion camp with a range adjoining, the Battalion is this year well forward in its musketry, every member having been on to the open air range at least once. We hope by next year that the various ranges now under consideration will become accomplished facts, and we are glad to have good reasons for our hope.

D Company's Annual Shoot was held on Monday, the 26th September, and resulted in some excellent shooting, Sergeant Forster being once more to the fore with good scores.

We are glad to welcome Second-Lieutenants J. W. Merrivale and V. Merrivale, who have just been gazetted, and are posted to E Company.

The Battalion Signallers have been examined by Captain H. C. Hall, Adjutant to the 4th Battalion; the result is not published, but they appear to have acquitted themselves well.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. S. WILKINSON AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BENENDEN, AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

*(From a copyright photograph by the Central News Agency, 5, New Bridge Street, E.C.)*

## *Editorial Notes.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
26th September, 1910.

THE briefly noted in our last issue the fact that Brigadier-General P. S. Wilkinson, late 5th Fusiliers, had been married on the 31st of last month, and a notice to that effect appears in the usual column this month; unfortunately we ourselves were unable to attend the wedding owing to circumstances over which we had no control, so we wrote to an officer who was there, who sends on the following extract from the pages of the *Evening Standard* on the 31st ult.:—

"SOCIETY WEDDING.

"GENERAL WILKINSON AND MISS HUNTER BLAIR.

"There was a "large congregation "at St. George's, "Benenden, near "Cranbrook, this "afternoon to wit- "ness the marriage "of Brigadier-Gen- "eral P. S. Wilkin- "son, Inspector- "General of the "West African "Frontier Force "(eldest son of the "late Mr. P. S. "Wilkinson, of "Durham), and "Miss Cicely Mary "Hunter Blair "(daughter of "Colonel and Mrs. "Walter Hunter "Blair, of Kneller "Court, Farcham).

"The ceremony "was conducted by "the Rev. Stafford "Crawley and the "Rev. Maurice "Ponsonby. The "bride, who was "given away by her "father, wore a "dress of white cashmere de soie with a tunic of ninon embroidered "in pearls. Her Limerick lace veil was lent to her by her mother. "She was followed by two pages, Master John Hunter Blair and "Master Cosmo Crawley, wearing white sailor suits, and two little "girls, Miss Joan Hughes D'Aeth and Miss Janet Crawley, who "were dressed in frocks of ivory chiffon over pale pink and dainty "lace caps, while they carried bouquets of pink roses, and wore "seed pearl necklaces, the gift of the bridegroom. Major H. T. "Crispin, Northumberland Fusiliers, acted as best man.

"Among those invited to the wedding were the Earl and Countess

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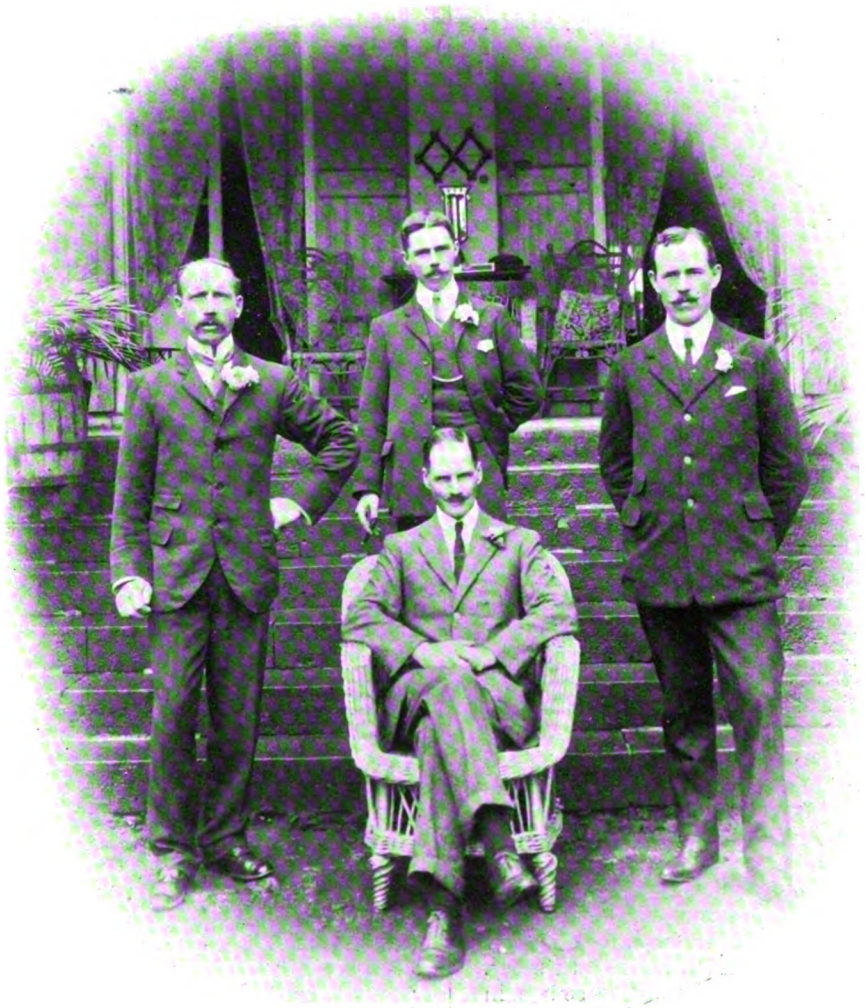
" of Glasgow, the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook, Lord and Lady " Medway, Lord and Lady Kelburn, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell " and Lady Grenfell, Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe and Lady " Fanshawe, the Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Lady Nina Hughes " D'Aeth, Mr. and Lady Dorothy D'Oyly Carte, Lady Jane " Gathorne Hardy, Colonel and Mrs. Headlam, Mr. and the Misses " Lloyd, Captain and Mrs. Frank Logan, Captain and Mrs. Hunter " Blair, Sir William Parker, Sir Charles Dalyrmple, and Sir Charles " and Lady Alice Fergusson.

" The reception was held at Hemsted Park, Cranbrook, which " was lent for the occasion by the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook. " Later in the " afternoon the " bride and " bridegroom left " for a lengthy " motor tour, the " former wear- " ing a dress of " cream marqui- " sette and a " black hat " trimmed with " mousseline " roses, and a " mole-coloured " travelling " cloak lined " with chiffon."

In addition to the above extract, our correspondent kindly gives us some particulars of his own which more particularly appeal to the FIFTH; these are our correspondent's words:—

" Favoured " with fine " weather Gen- " eral Wilkin- " son's wedding " went off with- " out a hitch. " Owing to the " Battalion be- " ing away on " manœuvres, " not many Offi- " cers of the " FIFTH were " able to be pre- " sent, but " amongst those " who did put in " an appearance " were Colonel " Hart-Dyke, " Major Biddy " Somerville, Captains Braithwaite, Hon. Nigel Gathorne Hardy " and Gething, and Major Crispin, the last named acted as best " man. Many telegrams of congratulation came from Officers and " others who were not able to be present, and one from the Officers, " 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, a much appreciated note " of good fellowship, as the General was with them at Dover and " saw a good deal of that unit in many inter-regimental com- " petitions. The Officers of the FIFTH presented the bridegroom " with a silver salver, with forty-two names of donors engraved on " it. We were glad to see Nigel Gathorne Hardy and his bride " just returned from New Zealand, and we regret that now " another regiment claims him as their own. The wedding, as " stated, took place from his father's seat, Hemsted Park, and his " sister Lady Jane was responsible for all the admirable arrange- " ments made in connection with it."



MAJOR S. M. BINNY AND HIS GUESTS, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1910.
*(From a photograph by G. Booton & Co., Vacoas, Mauritius.)*

On the morning of Saturday, the 27th ult., an excellent photograph of four past members of the "Old and Bold" reached this office. The parcel containing the photograph was rather knocked about in transit, and bore many post marks, one of which was Mauritius, 23rd April last. How it came about that the parcel was so long being delivered passes our comprehension. This photograph we could not reproduce last month owing to time not being available to have a block made; however, on the principle that it is better late than never, we give its reproduction with these notes this month. A letter dated Mauritius, St. George's Day, 1910, accompanied the photograph. The writer, who gives us certain information, requests us not to mention his name, but we think we are justified in taking extracts from his letter:—"At the kind " invitation of " Major S. M. " Binny, late " 2nd Batta- " lion of the " FIFTH," he " says, "we " accepted that officer's hospitality to luncheon on St. " George's Day. The small party assembled at Major " Binny's house at Mauritius, the object being to accept " his hospitality by lunching with him to commemorate " St. George's Day. After a hearty welcome from the " Major and the usual exchange of toasts, he proposed the " toast of 'Health and prosperity to all past and present " members of the Old and Bold,' remarking how we had " an old saying in the Regiment, that 'once a Fusilier, " meant always a Fusilier.' Nothing," the writer goes on

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to say, "could have been more appropriate for such an "occasion. Our host was apparently delighted at the "meeting, at which he recalled many happy memories. "Such a gathering proves the *esprit de corps* that exists "between both past and present members of the Regi- "ment." Further, to quote from the letter, our correspondent points out how "the first Saint George's Day, "celebrated by the Regiment at Mauritius, took place "exactly half a century ago." We must not omit to note the names of those who appear in the group; Major Binny himself is seated in the centre; Mr. W. Mottershaw, now Store Accountant at Curepipe Camp, stands behind him, while Mr. G. Parker, at present a large proprietor, and Mr. H. Coombes, Staff-Sergeant-Major of the Mauritius Police, are respectively on his right and left. After taking leave of Major Binny and his family, the all important day, was "wound up by all taking part in a dance, given by "the members of the Garrison Sergeants' Mess, who are "late members of the 1st Battalion of the FIFTH." The dance appears to have been a great success; "red and white roses" we hear were prominent features of the decorations.

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We would like to call the attention of all correspondents to a small amendment in our Editor's Corner. Commencing with this issue we are requesting that all MSS. for insertion shall in future be sent to this office, to reach us not later than the 25th of each month, instead of the 23rd as hitherto. It is hoped that all concerned will appreciate this change, and by complying with our wishes, help us with the latest information on all subjects on which they write, and so enable *St. George's Gazette* to be published a little more near its correct date, if not the actual correct date (the last day of each month), than has been the case for some years past. This in a great measure is owing to the fact that correspondents, with very few exceptions, hardly ever sent their MS. to reach the office by the 23rd, or else omitted to send their MS. at all, thus causing the printer and the Editor much loss of time in waiting for what eventually never came.

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The attention of non-commissioned officers and men is invited to a letter to the Editor on this page signed by "Miles," an old officer of the FIFTH, and one who has the interests of his old Regiment very much at heart. The I.C.S. (The International Correspondence Schools), have for some months used our pages for advertising their business, so we need not describe it here, but simply recognise the fact, the advertisement telling its own story. We need hardly say that our correspondent is, of course, in no way interested in the firm, but simply writes as he does to try and do a good turn to his own old Regiment. His words appear to us to meet that object, hence this paragraph calling attention to it. The International Correspondence Schools undoubtedly deserve success, and it gives us great pleasure to give the excellent institution all publicity we can, and trust this paragraph may result in the names of many men of the FIFTH being enrolled.

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Too late for reproduction in this number of *St. George's Gazette*, comes to hand from our special artist with the 1st Battalion, a page of clever pen and ink sketches to do with St. George's Minstrels. These pictures arrived too late for the block to be made for this issue, a pity, for the subject is dealt with in 1st Battalion Notes this month. We are grateful to our artist for sending on these clever sketches, and regret our inability to make use of them this month, but they will appear in our next, and we can assure our readers they have a pictorial jem to look forward to. We trust this note will catch the eye of the sender of the sketches; and hope he will continue the process. Another such set of illustrations for our Christmas number would be very acceptable.

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Congratulations to Colonel Heard on his coming appointment in New Zealand; commenting on the appointment, *The Army and Navy Gazette*, of the 24th inst., remarks as follows:—

"Lieutenant-Colonel Heard will shortly be vacating the com- "mand of the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers to take up "duty as Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Defence Council, "New Zealand, and he has arranged to embark on October 14th. "Colonel Heard, who is a Staff College graduate, was an instructor "at that institution from 1897 to 1900, and a professor from 1901 "to 1904. The intervening period he was on the Staff in South "Africa."

We wish Lieutenant-Colonel Heard all possible happiness in his new sphere of soldiering, but while offering him all our best congratulations we must not forget to offer our 2nd Battalion all our sympathies in the loss they are about to sustain in losing their popular Commanding Officer.

## *Letters to the Editor.*

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THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB,
LONDON, S.W.

14th September, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—There may be towns in England with greater claims to antiquity than Pontefract, but very few. It was an important place in the far away times of Edward the Confessor. Its charters date back to 1190. Many of the red-tiled houses butting into the picturesque, irregular streets date back to the Commonwealth. The appearance of Pontefract is almost medieval, but the same adjective cannot be applied to the spirit of the inhabitants; that is modern enough. They may be said to be wax to receive and marble to retain any progressive ideas. There are few districts in England that have recognised with such avidity the practical advantages to be derived from connection with the International Correspondence Schools, and, having recognised them, they show in their faithful adherence to the Schools the same spirit that caused Pontefract, in the days gone by, to be the last Royalist stronghold, in England, to succumb to Cromwell. Pontefract is an important military Depôt, and is adjacent to Sheffield, where the 5th Fusiliers are about to be stationed. The "I.C.S. Student" is a favourite magazine in the Garrison Library. Major R. C. Bond, D.S.O., Commanding the Depôt of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, at Pontefract, has quite recently issued orders to his men, pointing out the great advantages it will be to them to take up an I.C.S. course, and is offering special help and facilities to those who do. The men themselves are not behindhand in acknowledging the advantages they have received. Private Tyler, of the King's Own, affirms:—"Formerly I "wasted both my money and my leisure time, now I study and get "more fun and interest out of both." Private Tyler is taking the Electric Lighting and Traction Course, and arrangements have been made for him to have the opportunity for practical work. He has still several years to serve, but when he receives his discharge he will be a well-trained man who will have no difficulty in finding a well paid post. Firms are always willing to give preference to Reserve men, not merely on sentimental ground that they have served their country, but because they are disciplined men to whom order and method have become second nature. Until now the difficulty has been that these men, the pick of England as regards physique and discipline, are thrown upon the world in the prime of life, when all their powers are at the full, with no technical training to back up their splendid assets. That is why we find so many of them standing at the doors of gorgeous clubs and hotels doing the work of commissionaires when they might be doing so much higher and more beneficial work both for themselves and for their country. The International Correspondence Schools, whose headquarters are at

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International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C., are altering all that, and opening the door of opportunity to all who are willing to work for it. In the interests of the men of the FIFTH, I venture to send you this letter hoping you will find space for it in your next issue.

Yours truly,
"MILES."

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4, DANEVILLE ROAD,
CAMBERWELL, S.E.
19th September, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. James Coody, late Sergeant in the 1st Battalion, has called my attention to the series of articles now running in *St. George's Gazette* entitled "Forty Years' Service in the Fifth Fusiliers." Mr. Wallace will not mind, I am sure, if I venture to make one or two small corrections of detail with reference to matters within my own recollection or that of Mr. Coody, who himself served in the Regiment for twenty-seven years.

Portsmouth was our first station on our return from India and not Aldershot. It was during our twelve months there that savings were spent so freely, as Mr. Wallace relates.

From Portsmouth we were sent to Aldershot, by which time I had risen from Lance-Corporal to Lance-Sergeant in the space of three months or thereabouts. I remember McGuire well, though never by the nickname ascribed to him. He was a Private when I joined the Band in '54, and rose eventually to be Bandmaster. When he received the euphonium at Allahabad he was Corporal, and Bob Coody Band-Sergeant. After the Band was reformed in '58-'59 I taught Jesse Norman to play the bombardon. There were no bassoons in the Band when he joined. Many of his contemporaries, I am glad to say, are still alive and well. Only three weeks ago I spent an evening with Mr. Tom Padgett, who left the Regiment at the same time as Norman, and soon afterwards joined the Metropolitan Police Force, in which he rose to be an Inspector.

One more correction I will add. It was an Englishmen called Tuckwell of whom Mr. Wallace is thinking when he describes the scene between the Bandmaster and Norman. The affair occurred at Aldershot during our second furlough season.

Our Band President then, and while I remained in the Service, was Captain—now Lieutenant-General—Bigge, and none better, I think, ever held the position.

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,
DENIS MCCARTHY,
One of the old FIFTH from October, '53, to July, '65.

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WHITE LODGE, MELTON, SUFFOLK,
27th September, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I beg to acknowledge the following further subscriptions to the late Major-General St. G. C. Henry's Memorial Fund:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Amount previously acknowledged ... ... ... | 38 | 9 | 0 |
| Captain White ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| ,, Sant ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Colonel James ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| ,, Darley ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Brigadier-General Wilkinson ... ... ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Captain Girdwood ... ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Colonel Robinson ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| ,, Creagh ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Riddell ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Major Bett ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| ,, Crispin ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| ,, Hon. M. O'Brien ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Major-General Auld... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Colonel Heathcote ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Major Harding ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Colonel Armstrong ... ... ... ... ... ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Whitaker ... ... ... ... ... ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Total ... | £76 | 0 | 0 |

Yours truly,
E. W. DASHWOOD.

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HANWELL,
28th September, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—It is with great interest that I have read the letter written by "Soldier" and published in last month's *Gazette*. I think his idea of each Battalion possessing a pet is an admirable one, and I am sure the majority of officers will concur in this.

But when the question of the kind of pet arises I fear concurrence will fly to the four corners of the globe.

Unfortunately the days of dear little domesticated dragons are no more, and the only animals which come near to possessing a dragonesque appearance are the alligator or crocodile. Of course the Battalion abroad might have one of these affectionate little animals trained to trot under the Adjutant's horse, but when it comes to the question of the home Battalion the choice of an animal would become too difficult a matter for any C.O. to decide.

Myself I am in favour of an edible mammal such as a Berkshire sow, but no doubt other officers have other ideas than those of

Yours truly,
"UTILITARIAN."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SILENUS."—*You asked the same question to the best of our recollection about a year ago, we could not answer you then nor can we answer you now.* "PETRA."—*Ask us another.* "X.Y.Z."—*Yes, you can if you like.* "NEMO."—*If you will carefully read your 'Gazette' for this month you will see our 2nd Battalion correspondent gives you the information you seek.*

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, DUBLIN, 26th September, 1885.—We have at last left Ship Street and Linen Hall Barracks, those charming parts of Dublin, in which we have been condemned to live for nearly the last year and a half. We need hardly say how welcome the move is; anyone acquainted with our late quarters can well understand that to breathe the comparatively fresh air of Beggar's Bush Barracks after what we have been used to, is as drink to a thirsty man.

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We shall be very comfortable when once we settle down in Beggar's Bush. The barracks are clean and commodious; a fine large square to drill in—how different from the "back yard" of Ship Street!—capital mess premises, a billiard room, it seems ages since any of as has handled a cue!—and what we appreciate more than anything, clean open approaches to the barracks, instead of the filthy slums one had to go through to get to Ship Street and Linen Hall. We will try to dismiss the latter places from our thoughts, and look on them as things of the past not worth remembering.

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There has not been much cricket or polo this month to record. Everyone seems to have been too much occupied with other things. The only two cricket matches played were won easily, so that a short season has been brought to a satisfactory close. We hope next month to be able to publish the full list of matches with averages of the eleven.

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ALL IRELAND RIFLE MEETING.—The 8th September was the first of the four days of the "All Ireland" Rifle Meeting held this year at the Curragh. Although the Regiment has had little or no practice on the Pigeon House Ranges, we sent a very tolerable show of representatives to the camp. We were rather hampered by the fact of the draft going to India on the 10th, which necessitated the officers, who were shooting returning to Dublin every evening instead of remaining in residence at Kildare. The weather, regarded from a marksman's point of view, was anything but favourable, but occasional gleams of sunshine brightened everything up and made the scene more lively by contrast. Compared with past years the attendance was very small, although judging from the minute value of a "bull's-eye" ticket, exceedingly select in the exclusion of indifferent shots. The ranges themselves are well worth a visit from any whose fate it is to sojourn in "dirty Dublin," and the programme had an excellent selection of varieties to tempt the visitor, even though he might not be a rifleman.

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DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 30th September, 1885.—The inspection of the Depôt by Major-General F. A. Willis, C.B., commanding the Northern District, took place on the 1st inst.

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The Major-General inspected the Royal Artillery at this station, and the troops at Tynemouth on the following day.

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On the 5th inst. Colonel FitzRoy arrived at the Depôt to pay us a short visit.

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Our 3rd Battalion recruits are coming up quickly; at present they occupy quarters in the new huts, which have been built upon the grass plot in front of the canteen.

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Captain Buchanan proceeded to the 2nd Battalion on the 8th inst.; Captain Harding to the 1st Battalion on the 8th inst.

NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, Alnwick, 26th September, 1885.—The permanent staff of the Battalion paraded in review order at 11 a.m. on the 31st August, 1885, for muster, and to witness the presentation of a medal for Long Service and Good Conduct to Sergeant George Gilbert, late of the "Old and Bold." Major and Adjutant H. Kilgour in making the presentation said that he had much pleasure in doing so, and he hoped that Sergeant Gilbert would live long to wear it.

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Captain R. J. Roddam has been granted leave of absence from the 1st prox. to the 1st May, 1886, to visit Switzerland.

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Captain A. Ashley, of the Commissariat and Transport Corps at Newcastle-on-Tyne, has made his usual quarterly inspection of Barracks and Hospital of this station.

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On Monday, the 21st inst., the first party of the 4th Hussars arrived from Morpeth, *en route* to Edinburgh, to relieve the Scots Greys. The men and horses were billeted on the publicans of the town. Two other parties also arrived on the 22nd and 23rd insts., and the Headquarters and Band, under the command of Colonel Philips, on the 24th inst.

## MONSTERS OF THE EAST.

### No. III.—THE BEARER.

IT has been said by someone that India is ruled by the red chaprassie. It would be truer to say, that India is ruled by the bearer, whose autocratic though unacknowledged sway over the nominal rulers of India is complete.

The methods by which he obtains ascendancy over his so called master are silent, and unobtrusive. His is the iron hand in the velvet glove. By patience, persistence, and humility, he wears down the prejudices of his employer, and bends his will to his own, forcing him to acknowledge "Dastoor" or Custom as the one true god of India, by making him learn the dire discomfort of opposing the dictates of this god, whose high priest he is.

Fresh from the parade ground of the home battalion, comes the future ruler of India, the untamed colt for the breaking. At Bombay he is met by the breaker, who presents himself in an attitude of deepest humility, handing to the new arrival a sheaf of eulogistic chits, records of his former conquests. The writers of these were also once free born Englishmen, but little does the new comer know of the state of serfdom to which they have been reduced, before consenting to write these letters of recommendation. Still less does he realise that in engaging the experienced bearer whose chits contain the most extravagant eulogies, he is submitting himself to the most ruthless, and unscrupulous of all the breakers.

The bearer is engaged, the die is cast, another disciple has been enlisted, and it is now only a matter of time for the free born traditions of his native country (such as putting on his own shirt without assistance) to be sacrificed on the altar of Custom.

In the preliminary training of the new recruit, the bearer is greatly assisted by various deep-rooted, though entirely erroneous ideas, with regard to the prejudices, and sensitiveness of the native of India. When ten coolies are engaged to carry the hand baggage of the master, which one English porter would make light of, it occurs to the master that the bearer himself might bear with a little of it. But visions of the Mutiny arise, and reflections on the dire results of forcing high caste sepoys to bite greased cartridges, prevail on him to refrain from a suggestion that might throw the whole of India into revolution.

During the first week or two, the relations between master and body servant, are most amicable. Throughout the journey up country, the bearer is his master's one guide, philosopher, and friend in a strange land, and anticipates his every wish. But in the third week this very anticipation of his wishes, begins to grow irksome, and gets on his nerves. He begins to feel that he is less of a free agent, and to become conscious of an invisible net closing round him. He must kick against the pricks, give a metaphorical buck or two. Next day he finds, as usual, the very suit of clothes he wishes to wear laid out ready for him to put on. He puts on another suit. It is inconvenient, but he must assert his independence. The following day he finds the two suits laid out, he hurls them both to the ground, and puts on a third.

The third day he finds the three suits laid out, and the bearer standing exasperatingly deferential, with a face like a mask. His wardrobe is limited, he gives in. He has bucked himself out, and the breaker is still seated firmly in the saddle. The above is only one small example of the delicate handling of the subject, and of the dogged determination with which it is carried out.

The custom to which the victim offers the most prolonged and stubborn resistance, is known as the "Bearers Monthly Bill." Indeed the tamest and most thoroughly broken masters occasionally grow fractious on its presentation, and by too severe an application of this custom, the work may be thrown back months, and have to be commenced almost anew with all the cajolery at the bearer's command. There is no one in the world like an Indian bearer to appreciate the intense dislike of an Englishman to being thought mean, and this knowledge is a powerful weapon in his hand. "Pay me nothing, huzoor. Rather than that I should appear "dishonest in your honour's eyes, let me, and my family starve." The result of this appeal can be guessed, it may be with a very ill grace that he is paid his extortionate charges, but he has gained his point.

There are some, who think that by dismissing their bearers, they are ridding themselves of their task masters. They are the victims of a strange delusion. Sacking bearers in fact, becomes a vicious habit and the sackers know no peace. The bearer is not an individual, he is rather a spirit or essence, manifested in many and various forms. By ridding himself of one individual bearer, and engaging another, the master frees himself from nothing. The same spirit still pervades his bungalow, only its outward and visible form is different.

But absence makes the heart grow fonder, and the bearer is seldom appreciated at his true worth, till the master is deprived of his services. The plight of a lost child in London, or of a rudderless ship in a cyclone, is as nothing compared to that of an Anglo Indian, whose bearer has missed the train, and who has to pack his own valise and roll up his own bedding.

## BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND.

(BY C. G. L.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER AND "S."

(*Continued from page 135.*)

This particular halt was marked by the fact that we here picked up our trusty and well-beloved Kamul.

Kamul was an old Barotse hunter, of commanding presence and magnificent build, he was well known among the natives far and near, and had in his time shot more elephants than any other native in these parts.

The Barotse, by the way, are an unconquered race, and are very proud of the fact.

Sebituane alone, among the native chiefs of his day, defied and on more than one occasion repulsed the dreaded Mosilikatse, chief of the Matabele, and to-day Luanika, paramount chief of the Barotse is a powerful and universally respected ruler.

The natives consequently have to be driven with a light hand by the British Administration. Native rights are in many ways recognised, and, among other things they are allowed to kill game in their own country without any of the restrictions placed upon the white man. Fortunately their means of so doing are primitive and limited, so that the game does not suffer very heavily at their hands. Luanika levies a toll upon every elephant shot by a native, the tusk next the ground being his by right.

Kamul was most anxious to come with us, and said his only trouble was that he must first get a man to look after his wives

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while he was away. The difficulty this seemed to present would appear to indicate that he himself found the job no sinecure.

Next morning as we were starting, however, he turned up smiling with his luggage, which consisted of a blanket, a spear, and an old army water bottle without a cork. From this moment he became a member of our party and remained with us to the end of the trip.

"*Kamul.*"

The country we were now passing through was very full of kraals, and game was consequently conspicuous by its absence. At our mid-day halt a lot of women—having heard that we were coming—came in to barter mealies for salt. The procedure is simple. A motley crowd of ladies, whose principal coverings consist of a goat-skin apron, and a baby, the latter worn on the back, stand round in a semi-circle. Each comes up in turn and squats on the ground with her basket or basin of mealies. One woman rarely brings more than fifteen or twenty pounds of grain, and usually less. The buyer examines the grain, throws it into his sack, puts a quarter to a half a mugful of salt into the basket in payment, and the transaction is complete.

They make most of their basins and dishes of tree bark. Having selected a place on a tree trunk where there is a likely looking bulge, they make an incision all round, tap the surface of the bark till it comes off in one piece, and there is the ready made basin. There are few big trees in the vicinity of kraals which have not in their time contributed their share to the local batteries de cuisine.

The kraals vary very much in size, but all except the very small and insignificant ones are built on the same plan. In the centre is a circular cattle kraal with a fence round it, where the cattle are collected for safety at night. Outside this the huts form a ring. They are round, built of poles driven into the ground close together, and daubed with clay, and the roof is thatched. The beehive like wisp at the apex of the roof is often decorated with some trophy, such as the horns of an antelope, or the tusks of a wart-hog, according to the taste of the owner. A lion-proof fence encloses the whole. In the larger kraals it is a very elaborate affair, made of poles about 15ft. long, which slope outwards at an angle of about sixty degrees to the ground. These are supported about half way up by perpendicular posts, and interlaced with strong branches, the general effect being as if the kraal had been built inside a huge waste paper basket.

Our first house-keeping troubles now began. The announcement of a domestic calamity appears to afford quite as much genuine satisfaction to the dusky menial in his native bush as to his more highly civilized brothers. It was with a face wreathed in smiles that George announced that our first fortnight's supply of milk and sugar was already finished. The spirit in which the news was received had rather a damping effect upon an otherwise unqualified triumph.

We had a "Europe morning," next day, which included hot baths, washing of clothes, writing up diaries, and a general clearing off of overdue work. In the afternoon we moved on to a place called Kapiri, about sixty-seven miles from Kalomo, where there are some water holes.

The supply of water in the holes was very low, and its appearance would have shocked a sanitary expert. It was of the consistency and colour of pea soup, and was profusely decorated with flies.

There was a new kraal near, and the natives on being asked about the game declared that our shoulders would be sore with shooting before we left. These flowery statements have to be taken *cum grano salis* as their point of view is that the longer you stay near their kraal, the better is their chance of getting meat.

Next morning we were off at day-light, taking a couple of boys from the local kraal with us. We were now entering the Mashukulumbwi country, where game pits are the recognized method of capturing game. One of the boys from the kraal was made to walk in front so that if any sport was to be derived from these same pits, our share should be that of seeing "the engineer hoist wi' his own petard."

Old uncovered pits are to be seen in all directions, and one is inclined to wonder at so much trouble being taken by a decidedly lazy people on the off chance of catching perhaps one animal.

The pits are about 4ft. wide at the top and narrow down to about eight or ten inches at the bottom. They are six or seven feet deep, and vary in length, being usually from twelve to twenty-five feet, according to their position and the energy of their excavators. Thus in transvene section they are of a V shape, so that any animal falling into one is wedged in with his feet bunched together at the bottom, and rendered quite helpless. They are always dug in places where herds of game are known to pass, the length of the pit being in the direction in which the game is expected to come. Considerable ingenuity is exercised in placing them in positions where the lie of the bush will cause the game to walk into them, but artificial obstacles to direct animals towards them are seldom or never employed.

They sometimes occur singly but more often in groups, as many as ten or twelve together being not unusual. In the latter case they are dug side by side, and roughly parallel to one another, the actual position of each being decided by the lie of the ground and bush. The idea is, presumably, that if a herd of game does pass that way, several animals may fall victims at the same time. The pits are very skillfully covered, small sticks being laid across them, leaves and grass scattered over these and the excavated earth removed to some distance.

They are never used a second time, as the game is too wary to be caught twice in the same trap, so that the outlay of labour is considerable when compared to the probable result. We never came on an animal in a game pit during the time we were in the country although the number of old uncovered pits we passed was legion.

We hadn't gone far, preceded by our local ground scout, when we came on the fresh spoor of a large herd of Eland (Taurotragus Oryx). It was not more than an hour or two old, as the grass and leaves were quite fresh and juicy where they had been trodden on, as were also the leaves which had been plucked from the trees and dropped here and there. After following the tracks for about an hour we came up with the herd, which consisted of two or three bulls and about forty cows.

They are the biggest of antelopes, an old bull being probably twice the weight of an ordinary ox. Females and young males are of a grey colour with white stripes across the back and a distinctive band of brown above the knee. In old bulls the grey colour becomes darkened to a slaty blue. Both sexes have horns, and old bulls have a heavy dewlap and a mass of thick brown hair on the forehead. The spoor of a big Eland bull is very difficult to distinguished from that of a Buffalo, but the droppings at once settle the question. The Buffalo's being similar to those of ordinary cattle, while the Eland's are those of an antelope.

The herd was on the move, and, as they passed in and out amongst each other, it was a matter of some difficulty to select the best bull. Finally I decided on a big dark slaty blue one and kept my eye glued on him as he dodged about among the herd.

The slowest of all antelopes at the best of times, they were now moving at an easy amble and the principal difficulty was to get a shot at my bull without the risk of a cow getting in the way at the last moment. At last he came out on the side of the herd nearest to me and I got my shot. He jumped clear above the others' backs on being hit with the sudden agility sometimes shown by these heavy and otherwise slow antelopes. He was hit in the shoulder, a little too far forward and soon came to a standstill, where I speedily despatched him with another bullet behind the shoulder.

"*A motley crowd of ladies.*"

He was a very old stager and had seen a good deal of life. His

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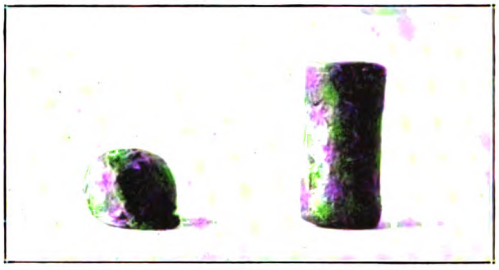
neck bore old scars where he had apparently tried conclusions with a lion, and in getting off his head-skin we dug out of his neck a native iron bullet which, from the way it was embedded in muscle must have been there for some years. In cutting him up another native bullet was found, this time a round lead one, which had also been in him for a considerable time. He had a fine massive pair of horns, but they were a good deal worn down by use since attaining their prime.



*"Native bullets cut out of Eland."*

My pony had been going a bit short during the afternoon and I led him all the way home. Next morning he trotted out dead lame. Having diagnosed the lameness as being in the foot, the question of getting his shoes off became somewhat acute. It had not occurred to anybody till we were under way, that the phenomenon of a shod horse was in our midst. We had no shoeing tools, and the horse is an unknown animal in the country we were going through. After much labour, with the assistance of two hatchets, a small file and an iron tent peg, the removal of the shoes was finally achieved. The absence of a rasp now made itself felt, but a scythe-stone which we had for sharpening knives, filled the gap, and with this the rough edges of the hoof were rounded off in the most professional manner.

We camped that night on the south edge of the Nalovo Flats at Aristu's Wells, about seventy-four miles from Kalomo. These Flats are rather remarkable. They extend for about forty miles east and west, and are about six miles across. In the wet season they are completely under water, and natives attempting to cross them have been drowned. In the dry season they are parched up, and the ground becomes a mass of deep fissures, which make it very bad going for horses or cattle. Sparse, starved looking trees are dotted about. These are covered all over with a fine yellow powder which nobody appears able to account for, and which gives them the appearance of dead trees stripped of all their bark. Altogether, the scene is an arid and depressing one.

We started early next morning, crossed the Flats, and began shooting as soon as we got to the other side. Hooper was with me, and we hadn't gone very far when he spotted two lion cubs trotting along a path across our front, about fifty yards away. The difference in their size was most remarkable, one being a mere baby and the other quite big enough to be an unpleasant pet. I was very keen on catching the little one alive if possible, and, with this object, rounded them up with some bushes on an ant hill.

I can see the experienced big game hunter shake his head and mutter something about people who interfere with cubs without first accounting for their mamma deserving all they get. I am also prepared to bet that in similar circumstances he would do exactly what we did, for the chance of catching a young cub alive doesn't occur every day.

We got the boys round the ant hill and Hooper started cutting a forked stick to catch the little one with, the scheme being to get it over his neck and hold him down while we rolled him up in a coat. He must have got previous information as to our intentions, as, before we were ready, he bolted out between two of the boys and made off into the bush, grunting like a little pig.

This rather took the wind out of our sails, and we were just appreciating the situation when, with loud grunts a yellow monster charged straight out of the bush at us. I discharged my musket point blank at it, and over rolled—not the outraged mother, but the big sister.

If her sudden appearance was intended as a practical joke, it was a most successful one so far as frightening master went, but I am sure she would be the first to admit that it was ill timed and not in the best of taste.

We now held a council of war. The little cub had bolted into a large belt of bush and long unburnt grass, and the only chance of getting him now was to beat this out. The desire to capture him, assisted no doubt by a certain lack of the moral courage required to give him up at this stage, prevailed. With a lively anticipation of what would happen if the old lioness were there, accompanied (so far at least as the writer was concerned) with an equivalent amount of trepidation, we spread out and got to work. After going through it once we were reinforced by S— and his boys, and together we beat it out again, but without success.

The old lioness had probably got a long way from home during her night's hunting expedition and was still absent or there might have been trouble.

The one I had shot was a well grown cub measuring 4ft. 7in. from tip of nose to tip of tail. It was rather heavy and we told off a boy to carry it straight back to the wagon, but he politely declined to leave us on any consideration with so compromising a burden. The others all laughed at him, but nobody volunteered for the job which is not an uncommon occurrence in more civilized communities.

That evening we had a great stalk after an old solitary Blue Wildebeest bull. In the annoying manner of his kind he kept on stopping at a safe distance and then, just as one had stalked nearly close enough, off he went again. He led us a nice dance, and we didn't get home till well after dark. We camped about eighty-four miles from Kalomo, near Chambwe's kraal.

Next day was a blank one. On my side we saw some Reedbuck and a herd of Blue Wildebeest, but the game was scarce and wild.

The following day I came on a lot of fresh Koodoo spoor, and spent the whole morning hunting them in the bush. I twice came up to a herd of cows, after a hard stalk, and there was one young bull with the second lot, but I saw no bull worth shooting. In the afternoon an old native came into camp with a report that lions had been drinking at some water near his kraal. We moved camp to the place, four or five miles off, but when we got there he began to hedge about his lions, and said it was a long time ago, but they would come back. It was obvious that he merely wanted to get us near his kraal for purposes which were purely gastronomic.

Ben, our Zulu driver, having previously warned him of his fate if he misled us, thereupon with the utmost solemnity began to prepare for his execution. He selected a suitable branch of the tree beneath which we had outspanned, got a long rein (or raw hide rope) from the waggon, and adjusted it. We were supposed to be occupied with our own affairs, but we watched this pantomime with some amusement, as the old man's attempts at levity grew feebler in proportion as the preparations advanced. Fate must, however, have intervened in his favour, as, on our return to camp in the evening, he was sitting at the boys' fire gnawing large lumps of meat with great satisfaction to himself.

(*To be continued*).

## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers)

(*Continued from page 137*).

Our stay at the Curragh was but a halt on our march to India, just to give us time to furbish up a little by means of field days and reviews. The days spent there, from my point of view, were very pleasant. As we had little band practice, we used to indulge in various occupations in our leisure hours, either bathing in the River Liffey or paying a visit to Donnelly's Hollow. Being a boy, I could not forego the pleasure of putting my feet into the deep holes supposed to have been made by the two great fighters, Donnelly and Cooper, who had fought there in days gone by. I don't suppose there was a hole or corner at the Curragh that I did not know, though there were places, of course, to which we were forbidden to go. I can remember it was a never-ending source of delight to me to be allowed to watch a field day in progress. In those days all field days were real spectacular displays. Skirmishers, whether friend or foe, used to do their work in a leisurely kind of way, without any hurry in their advancing or retiring. They would kneel to fire, and as long as the position was correct they paid little heed as to whether they were under cover or not. But to me, whatever they did, one and all looked splendid, especially the infantry, on whom all my interest was fixed. The march past was supposed to prove what a regiment was worth; if they could march past well all other failings might be overlooked. The amount of military knowledge possessed by the spectators surprised me, as they had all been connected with the Army some time or other. In this way one heard the history of most of the corps discussed, and what one did not know the other did. The colours of the different regiments was the chief topic of their conversation:—"Here comes the old ——! They shape well, only for the bulge in No. 1!" "Just look at their colours, they want

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new ones badly; there are only a few rags on the staffs!" "Yes! "It does look like it; they could have new colours a dozen times "over if they wished, but they had those all through the Crimea. "It was Russian bullets at the Alma tore them so badly. Naturally "they are very proud of their colours, or what's left of them. No "fear! They won't change them!" "Who's this coming?" "The FIFTH, of course, I should know them by their red and white "plumes; they arrived a short time ago and go to India in a month "or two's time!" "But they only came home about five years ago!" "Well, that's the new order, five at home and ten abroad." Such-like were the remarks made about every corps as it passed.

One day two companies were ordered to be formed into Depôt companies, which were to be stationed at Shorncliffe. This day was a very sad one for me, as my step-father, McHale, and my mother left with them, and it was fifteen years before I saw my mother again. McHale, who was the last Victoria Cross man in the Regiment, died of heart failure within six months, and was buried at Shorncliffe.

I noticed one morning a fatigue party very busy over by the Quartermaster's stores. Box after box was being brought out, each bearing a strange word, "Karachi," painted on them in large letters, I was informed that that place was where we were to land in India. We were then to go on to Ferozepore as our new station.

About this time the fire alarm sounded one night. Everyone was out in a moment, and—I think it needless to say—myself among them. Major Bigge's hut was in a blaze of fire. Nothing could be done to extinguish it and hardly anything was saved.

The men were being hurried through their musketry about this time, and accordingly all the talk was about musketry and the chances of not being a 3rd class shot, or of becoming marksmen. At this time, and for years after, marksmen received 1d. per diem, best shots of the company 2d., and best shots of the Regiment 3d., till the next musketry course, while 3rd class shots had everlasting drill as their reward. I remember one of my Mutiny friends saying that if he was as good a shot as "Jack the Nailer," there would be few in the Regiment to beat him. "Who was 'Jack the Nailer'?" was my natural question. In those days we were told not to ask questions, whereas nowadays the school board encourages questions, so school boards must have been after my time. The answer I got was, "Oh, 'Jack the Nailer' or the 'Devil's Sharpshooter' was an old "friend of ours at Delhi. There would be a great many men living "now but for him. He was one of the rebels, a dead shot, and it was "woe to any that he set eyes on! He used to perch himself high up "in a tower that overlooked the Residency, and was on duty from "early morning till night. The best shots among the men tried to "circumvent him. Officers made up small parties to try what their "best rifles could do, and needless to say, he was killed several times. "The casualties to his opponents became so great, and he such a "menace to the garrison, that one night they did him the honour "of sending a large party to visit his tower, but he was not at home. "As the casualty list still increased they blew up his tower, and on "this occasion it was reported that he was at home. Anyhow he "didn't trouble us again!" I would have liked more, but just then the word was passed that the colour-sergeant was in his room, and I had heard all this talk whilst waiting for him. So I had to go into his room and get my accounts signed and retire.

Our brush up being finished, and the big ships in readiness, we had to be thinking of moving. The day before we left everything was hurry and skurry. As we had handed in our bedding we had a cold sleep that night—I slept on a barrack form with my knapsack for a pillow and my great-coat as a cover. There wasn't much room to turn over, and I was afraid I might do so in my sleep; consequently I slept very lightly and heard all the wonderful and strange noises of the night. Towards morning, but while it was still dark, I fancied I heard the door open, but I paid no attention to that as it seemed that everyone was more or less awake and moving. Presently I felt a soft kiss on my face. Instantly I was very wide awake and made an exclamation, when I heard a feminine voice say "That's not him; it's a boy!" followed by some light steps going hurriedly towards the door through which two indistinct forms disappeared. Then a sleepy voice called out "What's the matter, youngster? —You're dreaming, go to sleep!" It was a long night, but it came to an end after a time by the bugles ringing out the dress. What sensations and meanings that call conveys to the mind at such times! The same long line of bands was ready to play us away in the morning. I was with the Right Wing, which consisted of Headquarters, the Band and five Companies, with Colonel Roberts in command. The Left Wing followed a few days after with Major Bigge in command. After playing the "Fall in," the Band played an old favourite march for such occasions called "The good-bye at the door." The command "Quick March" was given, a faint sound as if a band was playing came from the distance, and away we went on our long trip. The same crying, hand-shaking and good wishes accompanied us as at Athlone. We were to rail to Dublin and then march to the docks where our ship, the *Essex*, was awaiting us. The Left Wing went out in the *Sussex*, both sailing ships belonging to the Greener Line. Our train moved off slowly amid cheers and bands playing "Auld Lang Syne," and putting on speed, we were soon out of sight and hearing. At Dublin the Band of our old friends the 85th Light Infantry, whom we had relieved at Athlone, was waiting and played us to the quay. One march they played—"Every land my home"—was, I thought, very appropriate. I was glad when we ultimately reached the water-side, as my pack, full of all my belongings, nearly broke my back. But boys soon recover from their fatigues, and I was no exception to the rule and was soon as lively as a cricket. We had to wait a long time before being allowed on board; so the Band played at intervals and we talked with the sightseers to pass the time. One of the "wags" of the Band, Hollywood, started chaffing, remarking to an out-of-elbow, loaferish looking individual, "Now Pat, wouldn't you like to come?"—"Sure, I wouldn't," he answered, "you yourself will never come back." Everyone laughed, as if they thought it funny, but nevertheless it was not forgotten and was called to mind when Hollywood died at Delhi five years later. At last it came the turn of the Band to go aboard. We were told off to our messes, and served out with sea-kit, no distinction being made—men and boys were all treated the same. My canvas suit would have fitted a big man, and all the boys were in the same pickle. However, there were handy men with us who, for a consideration, made our ship clothing to fit somehow. Owing to the way that mine had been altered, I was hardly able to wear it towards the end of the voyage as our amateur tailor had made no allowance for growing. I was allowed 3lbs. of tobacco, which was a consideration. I also received a pint of porter each day which was consideration No. 2, and for consideration No. 2 I managed to get my washing done.

Meanwhile the Band was not allowed to idle, and played selections for another hour. After that we got to our messes and had our first meal—tea—I think it was. Hammocks were then served out and with assistance I managed to get mine on the right hook. I didn't fall out of my hammock, but was even more frightened than when sleeping on the form.

We were towed out from the mass of shipping and anchored for the night, continuing our journey next day. The Band played every afternoon on the poop; in the evenings the men used to congregate together and sing their favourite song "Her bright smile haunts me still." They used to occupy their days by gambling for plugs of tobacco, and it was wonderful how the plugs diminished in size as the voyage went on. The men who were in want of a smoke used to share them.

When we got into a storm off the Cape de Verde Islands, I thought our voyage had ended as I saw the water pouring down the hatchways. All our sails were torn to shreds. However, in a few days new sails were up and we continued our way. Our next excitement was catching a shark, and we cooked a part just to see what it tasted like. We saw icebergs and big whales which lay on the water spouting. Our time in the doldrums seemed as if it would never end. It was roasting hot, the tar bubbling up between the deck planks and not a breath of air. About this time I understood that we were losing, that is going backwards; however, the trade winds came to our assistance and we sailed along at about twelve knots an hour. At last people began talking about Karachi and our landing there. Small vessels soon made their appearance and land began to come in sight until one fine evening, after a voyage of 119 days, we came to anchor amidst a mass of shipping. The same night that we landed I heard an awful howling just as if thousands of mad dogs had been let loose. It was the noise of the jackals who were to be our companions during our stay in India. The next day we landed and were at last on the soil that I used to dream about. After landing we were marched to our camp which was pitched about two miles away, and we were glad enough to get there. Next morning I paid a visit to the native cooks who were preparing our meals and watched them making the famous curry. It wasn't a very appetizing performance, and the way they cut up the meat wasn't very nice according to my ideas, as the knife was held by the toes, whilst the two hands were used to hold the meat in position. Nevertheless I did full justice to my dinner. We stayed at Karachi fourteen days. The day we left, the *Sussex* arrived with the Left Wing on board. There had been a race between the two vessels and it was supposed that the *Sussex*, although starting a few days after us, would win easily as it was a new vessel. While it was being towed into harbour, the Band of the 51st Light Infantry, who were leaving for England, struck up

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"Home, sweet home," but this was hardly appreciated by our people who were feeling home sick. We railed to some station on the river Indus, where steamers and flats were awaiting to convey us up river. That journey took twenty-five days, travelling only by day and anchoring at night. Eventually we arrived at Multan and boarded train at once, going on to Mian Mir. We then did a seven days' march to Ferozepore, passing one of the old battle grounds of the Sikh war which was still covered with bones of animals. Ferozepore was to be our station for three years.

*(To be continued.)*

## PEGGY AT THE DRAMA.

By GEORDIE WHAATHOE, in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

"HEV ye enjoyed yorsel, Geordie?" wes the greetin' aa got when aa arrived at wor hoose eftor the fyutbaal match.

"Varry canny," sed aa; "it wes a tight match, an' wor team oney manag'd te get hyem by the odd goal."

"Weel, it's ma torn noo, an' aa wad like a bit o' enjoyment, for a change, so eftor tea ye can tyek me ti yen ov the theators."

"Aa'll reet Peggy," sed aa.

Noo aa hed promised some o' ma pals aa wad see them at the club, but ov course that wes oot o' the question noo, 'cas aa knaa if Peggy once myeks up hor mind, it's domino. Then, ageyn, it's oney reet that our women folk shud hev thor share o' enjoyment.

Peggy hed a "finny haddy" for ma tea te sort o' put us iv a good humour. She knaas my failin's. Eftor we hed duen full justice te aall the gud things aa towld hor te get ready.

"Aa think we'll gan te the Pallis an' see 'Who is She?' It lueks a good drama, accordin' te the pictors. Whaat de ye think, Peggy?"

"Onnyway ye like, Geordie, but ne gallery, mind; ye'll hev te tyek us intiv the pit."

"Aall reet," sed aa, "but divvent put yor Sunday hat on, 'cas it will stop the peopel's view and thor'll be ruckshons."

Peggy tuek ma advice an' put on hor motor hat—as she caal'd it. Ov course we hed ne motor, an' hed te walk te the Pallis, whar we tuek up wor posishons iv the line.

We syun gat on the move, an' aall went weel until a bloke tried te shuv hissel iv front o' Peggy. She towld him he hed ne reet thor, an' he stairted te set up his jar.

Afore aa knew whaat hed happen'd wor lass hed gien him one ower the heed wiv hor umborella. He heddent time te reply afore the bobby tuen him reet doon te the last plyece in the line.

When we gat inside thor wes aalready a lot of people thor, but we managed te get a good seat iv the middle.

"Whaat if a fire shud break oot, Geordie?" sed Peggy.

"Oh, shut up, lass, thor's plenty ov exits, nowt te feor when aa'm heor."

We hed not been lang in afore the curtain went up, an' we had a scene ov an old inn near the frontier, an' thor wes a rebellion gannin' on ootside.

"Whaat's aall the row aboot ootside the scene, Geordie?" sed Peggy.

"Thor's fightin' gannin' on," sed aa.

"That's not fair. They shud cum te the front an' let us see the fun."

The poor aad king wes killed iv the battle, so it wes supposed, an' his son had te tyek his plyece. He wes now the hero, but he wes not happy. When he sed he wad raathor hev his liberty than rule ower a lot o' rebels an' spies, Peggy wes aall sympathy for the poor chep.

"Hev nowt te de wiv them," shooted Peggy; "gan tiv anothor country."

"Keep quiet, lass," aa sed; "he's oney acktin'."

Then in cums a woman te seek shelter frae the mob. She wes in varry greet distress, an' wes promised protection by the king.

"Whe is she?" axed Peggy.

"Aa divvent knaa," sed aa; "but she is the heroine, an' the play tyeks its nyem frae hor."

The poor lass had been follord by one ov the spies, an' when she wes left biv horsel he appeored on the scene. The spy tried to open her trunk, when oot jumps a little lad. This wes the little king, an' "Who is She?" hed sworn te protect him.

The spy wes tyekin' aback, but he swore vengeance. Hooivvor, in order te save the young 'un, the heroine stabbed him steyn deed.

"Sarves him reet," cries Peggy.

"Shut up," yells oot the crood.

Then thor wes silence, for the little king hed flew te his protecktor's airms, an' the scene wes pityful.

When aa luek'd at Peggy, she wes bubblin', the teors runnin' like wettor doon hor cheeks.

"Divvent give way, lass," sed aa; "de ye not undorstand its not reel?"

The king noo cum on the scene, an' myed love to the heroine, while an aad sowljer sed he wad luik eftor the little king. Aall luik'd serene noo, but thor wes a traitor iv the camp, Prince Bora they caal'd him. When he clambered intiv the bedroom through the winder it wes seen thor wes ne gud iv him.

"Geordie," ses Peggy, "aa wad give owt for ye te hev a go wiv that man."

"Ne doot; but this isn't a boxing saloon. Onnyway, that man's the villain, an' will separate the lovers."

An' so he did, but the aad sowljer hed disguised the little king an' myed him a drummer boy, so he wes safe.

At this stage a younster began te cry, an' thor wor cries ov "Tyek the kid oot." "They shuddent be allowed heor when they are not allowed iv publick-hooses," etc.

"Ye are myekin' mair row than fifty kids yorsel," sed Peggy tiv a chep iv front ov us, whe waddent haad his gob or sit doon until cumpell'd biv the weight ov wor lass's umborella.

Thor wes ne need for me te intorfere. Peggy can tyek hor part when hor monkey's up.

In Act III. we saa a gud deal ov a Chinaman. Peggy diddent like him at forst, but when he stairted workin' ageyn the villain, an' bornt his papors iv the safe, she tuen tiv him.

Then we saa two lovers. Peggy thow't the bloke was a proper soft 'un. Ye cud see the lass wanted him' but he wes owor shy.

"Tyek haad ov hor iv yor airms, ye fyul, an' giv hor a kiss," cried Peggy.

It wes a good job the scene finished at this time or thor might hev been a row. Before the last act Peggy an' me had sum peors, an' then discussed the wind up.

"De ye think aal will cum reet atween the lovers?" Peggy sed.

"Aye, an' they will live happy ivvor eftorwairds," said aa.

When the poor aad sowljer wes shot doon deed by the orders ov the scoondrel it myed wor lass wild; but when the latter wes towld whaat a traiter he wes biv a wench, she egg'd hor on te give him "fits." He stabbed hor, hooivvor; but before she deed, she managed te put his aan deeth warant iv his pocket.

This wes the sequel te the final. The lovers got reconciled, an' when the papors whor fund on the villain, an' the Chinee hed cum slyly behind him an' put a rope roond his neck, the curtain dropped, while Peggy wes shootin':

"Pull tight as ye can. Show him ne marcy. He desarves aall he gets—the traitor."

Ov course Peggy wes delighted wiv the finish, an' cud taak aboot nowt else on wor road hyem.

## NORTH COUNTRY YARNS.

### HIS GREATEST WORRY.

A miner was imprisoned by a heavy fall of stone in the place where he worked. After three days' incessant labour to effect a rescue the rescuers got near enough for him to hear their voices. "Hoo is thoo, Jack?" shouted one of his mates. "Oh, aa'm aal reet. How lang will ye be noo in clearing hor away?" "Aboot three hoors? Keep your heart up." "Whaat day is it?" "Friday." "Nee mair? Thank goodness. Aa'll git to the boolin' match on the Moor on Setterday yit!"

### HARD ON THE CURATE.

A minister from the country on entering a local railway station the other day noticed a man rolling about the platform a little the worse for liquor. The minister asked the porter if drunken people were allowed to enter the station. "Weel, sir," replied the porter, "if ye gang an' stan' in below the stair ower there where it is kin of dark, naebody will see ye!"

### A NEW BREED.

Twe workmen were discussing their respective hobbies, and one of them remarked:—"Ye mind yon bonny fan-tail pigeon aa had? Well, aa set hor away a week since, an' she's nivor cum back. Aa doot she's lost this time." "Ah"! said the other, "ye shud de as aa did. Aa crossed mine wiv a parrot, an' when the beggors gets lost noo, they ask the road hyem!"

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 334.]** **Monday, 31st October, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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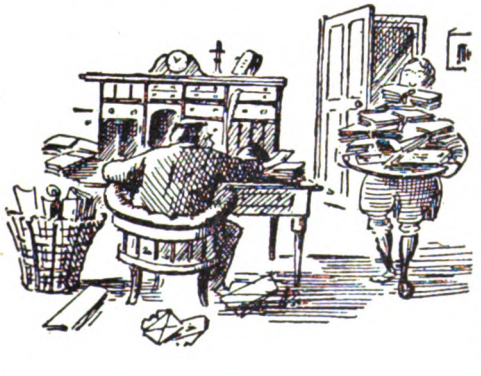
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*

*31st October, 1910.*



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We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

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"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
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## BIRTHS.

LUKE.—On the 11th July, at Gharial, India, the wife of No. 6000 Sergeant S. Luke, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

WILD.—On the 6th inst., at the Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W., the wife of Captain W. H. Wild, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

## DEATHS.

BARLOW.—On the 19th inst., at 124, Ernest Road, Buckland, Portsmouth, John, eldest son of the late Sergeant-Major J. Barlow, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 27 years.

MYLIUS.—On the 28th inst., Mary, widow of Captain Fredk. James Mylius, late 5th Fusiliers, second daughter of the late Geo. Clark, Esq., of Mahebourg, Mauritius. (Seychelles and Mauritius papers please copy).

RENNY.—On the 20th inst., at Bracknell, Berks, Major George Renny, late 5th Fusiliers and 73rd Regiment, aged 86 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Major S. H. Enderby to be Lieutenant-Colonel, *vice* E. S. Heard, removed from the Regiment on appointment to the Staff of the Defence Forces of the Dominion of New Zealand (dated 14th October, 1910), and to rank for seniority without pay or allowances from the 23rd November, 1909. Captain C. M. A. Wood to be Major, *vice* S. H. Enderby (dated 14th October, 1910). Supernumerary-Captain W. C. Wright is restored to the Establishment, *vice* C. M. A. Wood (dated 14th October, 1910).

COMMANDS AND STAFF.—Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Heard, from the Northumberland Fusiliers (Director of Military Training), to be a General Staff Officer, second grade, while employed with the Defence Forces in the Dominion of New Zealand (dated 14th October, 1910).

MEMORANDA.—Major-General R. Auld, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor and Commanding the Troops Guernsey and Alderney, is retained on the active list, under the provisions of Articles 42, 92 and 473, Royal Warrant for Pay and Promotion (dated 1st October, 1910).

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3RD (RESERVE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant G. E. D. Waddilove resigns his commission (dated 19th October, 1910).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Hon. Major E. Dixon to be Major (dated 15th September, 1910).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The undermentioned Officers to be Captains:—T. J. Carlisle, W. E. Warle. The undermentioned Officers to be Lieutenants:—Second-Lieutenants Hindmarsh, G. T. Forrest and V. K. Thornton (dated 19th July, 1910).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. F. Burnand, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 2nd September, 1910).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain (Honorary-Lieutenant in the Army) E. A. Leather resigns his commission (dated 19th October, 1910).

## 1st Battalion Notes.

GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS, INDIA,
5th October, 1910.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL Sir James Willcocks, K.C.M.G., succeeds Lieutenant-General Sir Josceline Wodehouse, K.C.B., in command of the Northern Army. In reply to a message of congratulation to the former the Colonel received the following wire:—

"Many thanks to the 'Fighting Fifth.'—WILLCOCKS."

The dispelling of the rains was the signal for a burst of gaiety in Murree and Gharial. The Murree Amateur Dramatic Club has after several years (during which no one could be found to run it) taken a new lease of life, and on the 5th and 6th September produced "The Cabinet Minister," at the Depôt Theatre, Murree.

Lieutenant Milne-Home is responsible for the revival of the Club and the staging of "The Cabinet Minister." The caste was a strong one, and the play was well acted throughout. Lieutenant Milne-Home scored a distinct success as "Valentine White," but as a contemporary remarked, "We "could wish that he had looked a little more cheerful, when "he eventually obtained the object of his affections." Much latent power has been brought to light among the Officers of the Battalion, and several "Attaches" may hope to join their Regiments with at least a reputation for "mumming."

There have been two gymkhanas during the month of September, both of which were well attended, and produced large entries. A new feature of the gymkhanas this year, has been to introduce on each occasion two events for non-commissioned officers and men. These events are always keenly contested, and draw large crowds from the several regiments stationed in the Murree Hills. The Gharial Derby is open to all licensed bazaar ponies, ridden by non-commissioned officers and men without whips or spurs. The race, run at the gymkhana on the 10th September, produced seventeen starters, and was won by No. 1947 Private Smith, 5th Fusiliers, Private Jefferies, 5th Fusiliers, being 2nd, and Private Porter, 14th Regiment, 3rd. The prizes—Rs. 20, 1st; Rs. 10, 2nd; and Rs. 5, 3rd—were presented by Lieutenant-General Sir A. R. Martin, K.C.B.

The Dog Show was also held on the 10th, and produced very large entries for seven classes, six of which were open to non-commissioned officers and men only.

The elephant race, in which twenty-one officers took part, caused considerable amusement. After riding a short course bare-backed, the competitors were confronted by a large white paper screen on which was painted a life-sized elephant. Through this they had to ride—the first through winning. One gallant officer led the field throughout, but was disqualified, as his horse, not liking the look of things, shot him over his head through the screen, and decamped in the opposite direction. This made an opening, through which Captain Barge eventually won the race.

The Murree Horse Show took place on the Gharial Flats on the 14th September. Everything combined to make it an enormous success. The weather was perfect; the entries were numerous (nearly 200) and there was a large attendance. It is the first Horse Show that has been held here, but we hope it will become an annual event. The Regiment was well represented in all the ten classes, and took the following prizes:—

*Chargers.*—1st, Major Enderby's "Golconda"; 2nd, Captain Sandiland's "Dairymaid."

*Arabs.*—2nd, Major Enderby's "Golconda"; 3rd, Lieutenant Sloper's "Rustler."

*English and Colonial Ponies.*—1st, Captain Sandiland's "Dairymaid."

*Jumping for Ponies.*—1st, Major Enderby's "Molly"; 2nd, Major Fishbourne's "Bess."

*Arab Polo Ponies.*—1st, Lieutenant Lamb's "Jack"; 3rd, Lieutenant Sloper's "Rustler."

*Polo Ponies other than Arabs.*—1st, Captain Sandiland's "Dairymaid."

*Best Pony in the Show.*—Captain Sandiland's "Dairymaid."

A Cup presented by the Officers of the Battalion for ladies' hacks was won by a smart grey English gelding, "Corky," the property of Mrs. Nutting; "Kainon," late the property of Colonel James, taking second, and Mrs. Cruddas' "Grey Arab Eclipse," third prize.

The Murree Hockey Tournament opened on the 16th ult. In the first round the Regiment was drawn against, and beat the Royal Garrison Artillery from Khanspur fairly easily. In the second round our team defeated another Royal Garrison Artillery team from Barian. In the third semi-final round, against the North Western Railway Volunteers, we were completely outclassed, and suffered a defeat to the tune of six goals to one. The North Western Railway brought a really fine team to Murree, and in the finals for the Cup on the 27th, playing one man short after half-time, were only beaten by the Royal Munster Fusiliers by one goal to *nil*, after playing extra time.

The second gymkhana took place on the 23rd August. A Maxim gun competition, open to all regiments stationed in the Murree Hills, was won by Sergeant Law's team. Six teams competed. A chatty race for non-commissioned officers and men produced such an enormous entry, that when the finals came off it was pitch dark. The judges were unable to see, and did not hear until the prize had been awarded, that the winner had "one of the bhoys" from Ghora Dhaka placing chatties on his stick for him. Another injustice to Ireland!

The programme on this occasion included tent pegging, won by Captain Clifford, and a Lloyd Lindsay race, won by Majors Enderby and Fishbourne. A horde of Dervishes for the V.C. race was splendidly organised and led by Private O'Hara.

On the 25th ult. we played a tennis match against the 1st Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment, and were well beaten.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sapte has returned from England after sixty days' leave, and Lieutenant Sloper from Kashmir. Included in the latter's good bag is a snow leopard.

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SERGT: SUB: CAPT: MAJ: COL: GEN
PIPER
DRM:
PTE:
TOOTLE 'OOTLE OOT!
DR.RRN T,RRM!
"WHERE THE DIVILS MY BEER"
"FORM TO THE RIGHT"
"ALL THE WORK"
"I WANT PER- "MAN- 'ENT LEAVE"
"D---N AND!! THE ½" WORD OF COMMAND"
"WHATS
"I THINK ITS GOING TO BE WET"
"ME PLENTY WELLY GOOT TINGS SA'IB"
"MOONLIGHT EVERY NIGHT IN LONDON"
"TH' BHOYS FROM CO: KILDARE"
TAMBO SAMBO
MR JOHNSING DRUM MAJOR
"I'VE GOT IT IN THE OLD BLACK BAG"
JONES GROANS ABOUT THE "PRAIRIE"
"I'VE BEEN OUT WITH CHARLIE BROWN"
THE SKIPPER OF THE GIDDY KIPPER
"MOLLY" DUGGAN
"MAN WITH THE BATON"
"SHUT UP"
BONES JONES

WITH ST. GEORGE'S MINSTRELS AND CONCERT PARTY, GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS.
*(From sketches by our Special Artist with the 1st Battalion.)*

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We congratulate Lieutenant Lamb on defeating his "C" Board of Examiners.

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Chikor shooting (and in connection with the Gharial Flats extension, "grousing") opened on the 1st September. Extraordinary energy has this year been displayed by several officers, and some good bags have been made. Birds are plentiful and strong, and when well driven, afford some very excellent shooting.

---

The dry weather has seriously interfered with golf, as it is impossible to play the latter whilst football is in progress. The ladies' singles (match play) was won by one hole, after a most exciting finish, by Mrs. Clifford, who was playing Miss Baird level. The gentlemen's singles are still unfinished. The course is now dry and hard and the game is somewhat different to the days of the rains, when it was quite common to find snippets on the links.

---

The St. George's Minstrels gave a performance to a crowded house at the Depôt Theatre, Murree, on the 13th September. The programme was much the same as that produced in the Regimental Theatre during August. All the items were well received—especially the four clog dancers—Lance-Corporal Banks, and Privates Firminger, Smith and Miller, who gave a really first-class turn.

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The Inter-Company 2nd XI. League Football Competition was brought to a finish last month, G Company winning the Cup on goal average (hard lines B!). Mrs. Gordon kindly presented the Cup to the winners. The 1st XI. League continues to jog merrily along. D Company, although holding that unenviable position at the bottom of the chart, proved that the weakest team can sometimes upset calculations by beating E Company by 3 goals to 1. Another very interesting League match was A Company v. H Company, which the former won by 2 goals to 1, the winners being first favourites for the championship this season.

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No. 9279 Lance-Corporal C. W. Warner and No. 9122 Private A. Williams have extended their service with the Colours.

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No. 8176 Lance-Corporal J. Whittaker has been promoted Corporal, from the 29th June, and No. 1591 Lance-Corporal G. Iles appointed paid Lance-Corporal.

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Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1525 | Private | A. Povey | 1 from | 2/11/09 |
| ,, | 1004 | ,, | W. Torrington | 1 ,, | 22/11/09 |
| ,, | 916 | ,, | W. Chesser | 2 ,, | 27/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 2192 | ,, | M. Morley | 1 ,, | 28/ 2/10 |
| ,, | 1200 | Lance-Corporal | W. Lowe | 1 ,, | 5/ 5/10 |
| ,, | 1451 | Private | R. Hayes | 2 ,, | 11/ 7/10 |
| ,, | 2275 | ,, | R. Robson | 1 ,, | 13/ 7/10 |
| ,, | 8217 | ,, | T. Sutton | 2 ,, | 20/ 7/10 |
| ,, | 1481 | ,, | J. P. Hellwig | 2 ,, | 21/ 7/10 |
| ,, | 1278 | ,, | G. E. Collins | 2 ,, | 31/ 7/10 |
| ,, | 1219 | ,, | A. E. Fleet | 2 ,, | 6/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2349 | ,, | C. J. Dennett | 1 ,, | 10/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2365 | ,, | W. G. Munt | 1 ,, | 13/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1474 | ,, | G. Chase | 2 ,, | 14/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 8514 | ,, | J. S. Carver | 1 ,, | 14/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1604 | ,, | G. E. Piff | 2 ,, | 16/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2377 | ,, | J. Young | 1 ,, | 17/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1611 | ,, | H. Brown | 2 ,, | 18/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2388 | ,, | J. White | 1 ,, | 18/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2387 | ,, | G. Simmons | 1 ,, | 18/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1615 | ,, | L. Howe | 2 ,, | 19/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1083 | ,, | F. Wilcox | 2 ,, | 20/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1199 | ,, | R. Bennett | 2 ,, | 20/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 819 | ,, | T. Priestley | 2 ,, | 21/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2395 | ,, | F. Barnes | 1 ,, | 21/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2403 | ,, | D. P. Brown | 1 ,, | 22/ 8/10 |
| No. | 2412 | Private | T. White | 1 from | 27/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 936 | ,, | F. Frame | 2 ,, | 31/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 1090 | ,, | G. R. Mayle | 2 ,, | 4/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 1637 | ,, | D. Potter | 2 ,, | 7/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 1641 | ,, | L. Farrar | 2 ,, | 8/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 9820 | ,, | P. Burne | 2 ,, | 8/ 9/10 |

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Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—

*2nd Class :—*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1200 | Lce.-Corpl. | W. Lowe | No. | 1606 | Private | H. Wheeler |
| ,, | 1591 | ,, | G. Iles | ,, | 645 | ,, | S. Porter |
| ,, | 814 | Private | W. Blackburn | ,, | 2349 | ,, | C. Dennett |
| ,, | 9134 | ,, | T. Watson | ,, | 1334 | ,, | A. Moat |
| ,, | 1104 | ,, | E. Honey | ,, | 1413 | ,, | D. Jukes |
| ,, | 2025 | ,, | J. White | ,, | 1003 | ,, | A. Sawyer |
| ,, | 1440 | ,, | C. Ellis | ,, | 1711 | ,, | G. Mould |
| ,, | 1270 | ,, | J. Chilton | ,, | 1333 | ,, | J. Walker |
| ,, | 2104 | ,, | T. Simpson | ,, | 2296 | ,, | W. Day |
| ,, | 2488 | ,, | P. Welsh | ,, | 1042 | ,, | P. Hills |

*3rd Class :—*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 2072 | Private | E. Johnston | No. | 7724 | Private | C. Taylor |
| ,, | 695 | ,, | W. Perry | ,, | 1028 | ,, | T. Pursley |
| ,, | 2237 | ,, | R. Harber | ,, | 2400 | ,, | V. Warwick |
| ,, | 766 | ,, | J. Holmes | ,, | 1396 | ,, | F. Axtell |
| ,, | 2464 | ,, | S. Dowson | ,, | 463 | ,, | G. Havercroft |
| ,, | 2503 | ,, | T. Dougherty | ,, | 2041 | ,, | A. Deeks |
| ,, | 1284 | ,, | W. Leatham | ,, | 9759 | ,, | R. Parmenter |
| ,, | 1139 | ,, | R. Humphreys | ,, | 871 | ,, | G. Gundy |

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## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

On the 2nd September we had a dance and whist drive, in honour of Omdurman Day. This proved such a popular form of entertainment that our married people demand that it should become a monthly institution. The 1st and 2nd prizes were won by Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Hill.

---

At last our Mess has settled down to a period of calm, the great football match is over, and our 1st team has beaten the 2nd string by eight goals to one.

Our 1st team played the Lancashire Fusiliers at football, and won by two goals to one. We showed still greater form when we played the Royal Sussex Regiment, for we won easily by six goals to one.

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The Billiard Handicap caused a deal of interest, as all our crack players were knocked out in the 1st heat. The winner was Sergeant Edmondson, while Sergeant Gilborn and Quartermaster-Sergeant Lendon were 2nd and 3rd respectively.

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The Royal Sussex Regiment challenged our Mess at tennis. This proved a most enjoyable day, in spite of our losing by four games. We next engaged the Northern Army Club in a shooting match, held on our range at Gharial, and won by 35 points.

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We have been accustomed to look upon the Gharial Derby as our own, and it came as a shock to most of our members when Colour-Sergeant Smith was beaten by Private Smith, "D" Company, in this classic event.

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The skating rink is still going merrily, and our married people are busy practising for the competition which will be held shortly, when prizes will be given for the best lady skater. This will be a very close thing, for most of our married people have long since passed the novice stage.

---

A very successful "Fancy Dress" Skating Carnival was held in the schoolroom on the 28th ult. Owing to other engagements on the same evening, the school was not as full as we expected. Sergeant Truscott and his committee should be congratulated on the excellent arrangements they made. Band-Sergeant Ball, with half the Band of the Regiment played during the evening.

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The following are the results of the events:—

*Potato Race.*—1st, Private Field; 2nd, Sergeant Hills.

*Egg and Spoon Race.*—1st, Private Thornton; 2nd, Sergeant Walton.

*Boxing Contest (3 rounds).*—Private Mulligan.

*Handicap Race.*—1st, Private Thornton; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Paterson.

*Hockey Match.*—Right-Half beat Left-Half by three goals to *nil.*

*Fancy Dress Costumes.*—1st prize, "The Nappy," Private O'Hara; 2nd prize, "Miss Le Neve," Private Smith, Royal Sussex Regiment.

*Sergeants' Race.*—1st, Sergeant Hills; 2nd, Colour-Sergeant Lewis.

*Gharial Championship Race.*—1st, Private Wheeler; 2nd, Colour-Sergeant Lewis; 3rd, Private Smith, Royal Sussex Regiment.

*Most Improved Lady Skater.*—1st. Mrs. Casey; 2nd, Miss Down.

The Rink Committee were not allowed to enter for any of the events.

## 2nd Battalion Notes.

SHEFFIELD,
26th October, 1910.

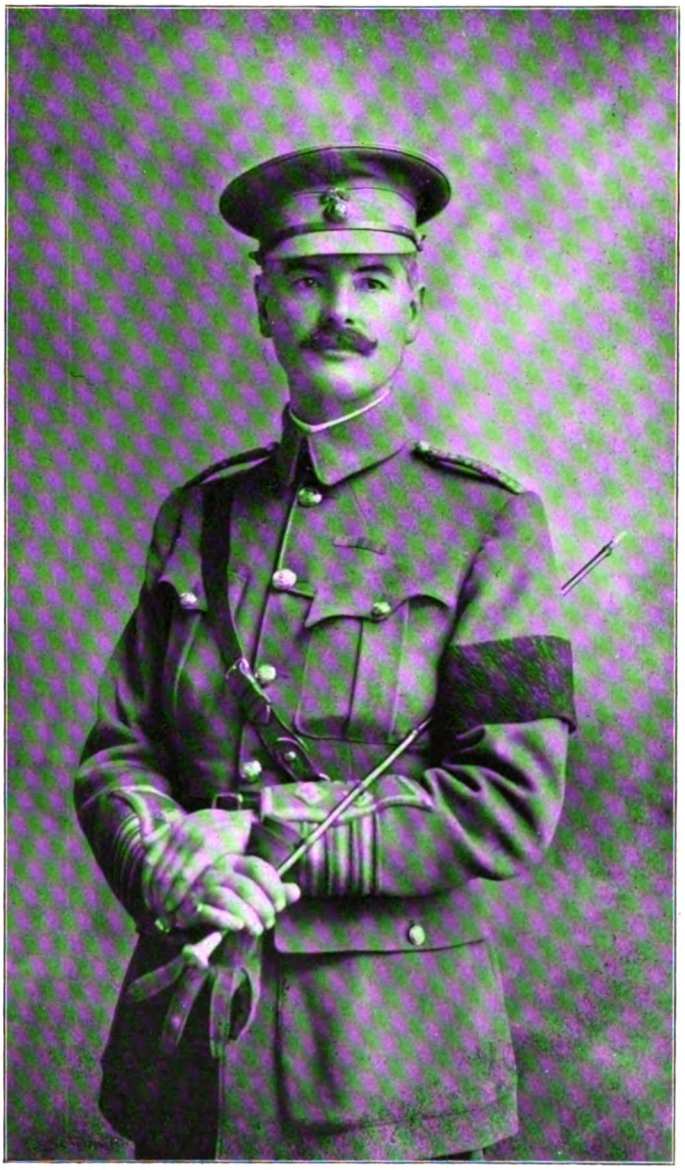
THE left Bulford on the 3rd of this month at 10.40 a.m. and arrived at Wadsley Bridge Station at about 5.45 in the evening. From there we marched to our Barracks, accompanied by the usual motley crowd, augmented, on this occasion, by recent spectators of a football match. The 22nd Brigade Royal Field Artillery hospitably entertained us to dinner the same evening.

On the 10th some Artillery sports were held at the Niagara ground. Events, both mounted and dismounted, were successfully carried out, and our Band played a selection of music.

General Oliphant, accompanied by Major-General Altham, inspected the Battalion on the 17th.

The hockey season opened on the 22nd with a match against the Hallamshire Rifles who gave us a decisive drubbing by 8 goals to *nil.* In fact we were quite outplayed.

Several of us have been out cub-hunting with Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds, and also with the Barlow hounds. The ground at first was very hard, but has since been softened by the rain which has fallen during the past week. Sport has not been extraordinarily good so far with either of these packs. The stables are now full, several of us having secured horses. Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds begin their regular season on the 1st of next month.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDWARD SEVERIN HEARD.
*(From a photograph by Martin Jacolette, Dover.)*

A few details concerning our departure from Dover may be of interest. The "married families" left Dover on the 3rd, after having been kindly entertained by our friends of the Worcestershire Regiment, and they were further refreshed at the Royal Naval Club in Snargate Street, our hosts being the Royal Irish Rifles, after which they were treated to an entertainment at the Picture Hall close by, on the invitation of the Manager. Dover was finally left at a quarter-past ten and Pontefract reached shortly after eight the following morning. There we were welcomed to a breakfast kindly provided by the combined Depôt Sergeants' Mess of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and the York and Lancaster Regiment

The town itself seems quiet and old-fashioned and the Barracks roomy and very much after the pattern of those at Newcastle.

B, D and H Companies and the Drums arrived on the 3rd, after an eight hours' journey from Bulford. They were met on arrival by Major Bond, D.S.O., Commanding the Depôt and the Depôt Band, and found everything ready for their arrival. In fact, our welcome was hospitality itself.

As for the present time we are fully occupied with repairing the wear and tear of manœuvres, beginning our old friend, winter training, and getting the football ground into shape. When this last is finished we shall have some football news for *St. George's Gazette.*

A Company football league has already been started, and soon we hope to have a hockey league as well.

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Against "Pontefract Thursday" the detachment played its first match of the season and won by the comfortable margin of 11 goals to *nil*.

From Fleetwood there is little to chronicle. Blackpool is within easy reach by tram or railway, where amusement of many kinds is to be found, and many are the nimble sixpences that find new homes in the dancing saloons, music halls and theatres there. Next door is a rifle range, and part of the work of our detachment is to furnish markers and range fatigues for parties of reservists who come twice a week to fire their course. G Company rather expects to head the list of companies in the Battalion figure of merit return next year.

Our correspondent at Longmoor, under date 24th October, writes as follows:—

The Mounted Infantry contingent which, this time, includes a Maxim gun detachment, under Second-Lieutenant Brownlow, as well as the usual section under Lieutenant Leslie, arrived here on the 4th inst. From the 30th September to the 4th we were attached to our old Dover friends, the Queen's Own, at Bordon, as the Battalion was leaving Bulford for Sheffield.

To those who have been here before, the routine of a new course will be familiar enough, and to them we would refer the uninitiated for details of what the first few days are like. Space will not permit of a detailed account of all the rude awakenings, the hair-breadth escapes, the painful experiences, and dearly bought knowledge, which by the end of the first week appear as things of a far-distant past.

The old "seed" story is still alive, and wears wonderfully considering what a veteran it is. We know of one man who had some difficulty in reaching the "canticle" of his saddle when mounting, and another who was anxious to meet a too generous nature half way by having his stirrups stretched to fit his feet, but wild horses will not drag their names from us.

The weather was all that could be desired for the first week, but the week which succeeded it was almost reminiscent of Crapnell camp at its wettest.

On the 13th, we were, for the first time, emancipated from the "rings" and took to the high road. On this occasion we beat the bounds of Longmoor camp in solemn procession, in order that we might learn where we may and where we may not go when still further emancipated. We had to thank the rain for three or four heather rides which came as a pleasant change when the rings were too wet for use. During one of these it went so far as to provide a set piece for our edification in the form of a burst water main, which gave a very passable imitation of an American oil geyser.

We have at last realized the full subtlety of the expression *ventre à terre*. We have seen the movement carried out, both metaphorically and literally, since our arrival here, and on more than one occasion, the two performances were given in quick succession by the same man.

The Drag met on Wednesday, the 19th, at Boxhead Common, and ran a heather line. On Saturday it met at Longmoor Green. The first line of the day was over heather, and a certain amount of grief was caused by rabbit holes and blind drains. The second was a short one over a bit of grass country. There were four or five jumps, and one formidable looking bank showed that the Mounted Infantry cob "knows his book" as far as such obstacles are concerned.

It will be of interest to members of the late 3rd Battalion who were in Antigua, to hear that the Commandant of the Defence Force of that island was attached to the Mounted Infantry here for instruction. I say "was," as, after five strenuous days in rain and slush, he passed away, and to its deep regret, the Mounted Infantry school knew him no more. Second-Lieutenants Loyd and the Earl of Leven and Melville, both of Lovat's Scouts, are also doing a part of the course. The latter is attached to our section for instruction.

No. 1034 Lance-Sergeant Pease and No. 2342 Private Shenton have been selected to go through a course of training to fit them for employment as grooms in civilian life. This course has recently been started with a view to giving a more thorough training to a limited number of specially selected men.

## ARRIVAL OF THE SECOND BATTALION AT SHEFFIELD.

THE extracts that follow are from the pages of *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of the 3rd and 4th inst. The first is from that paper of the 3rd:—

"'THE FIGHTING FIFTH.'

"A FAMOUS REGIMENT'S RECORD.

"SHEFFIELD'S NEW-COMERS.

"The 'Fighting Fifth,' who take up their quarters in Sheffield "to-day, have left a track behind them in the history of the British "Army dyed a deeper red even than that of most of our distinguished "regiments. It seems almost superfluous to recall how the North-"umberland Fusiliers earned their famous sobriquet through a "favourite saying of the Duke of Wellington, 'The ever fighting, "never failing Fifth.' Never was a saying more apt and literally "true. The Regiment, indeed, has a brilliant record that it would "take too much space adequately to write about. On their colours "are Wilhelmstahl, St. Lucia, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Ciudad "Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Lucknow, Afghan-"istan, 1878-1880, Khartoum, South Africa, 1899-1902, Modder "River. But these are only a tithe of the occasions on which the "FIFTH have followed the flag in the desperate field, for in over a "hundred frays in various parts of the world they have maintained "the high name of the British Army. They have a big array of "special honours. They are the only Regiment in the Army with "the privilege of wearing the red and white plume. Their valour in "defeating a force of 9,000 French at the battle of St. Lucia in "1778 gave them the distinction of wearing a white plume instead "of the red and white tuft worn by other regiments, but when in "1829 the white feather was adopted for the whole infantry of the "line, the King directed that the FIFTH should have a feather half "red and half white, the red uppermost in order that their former "services might still have a special distinction.

"The Regiment opened their great career in 1674, as an Irish "regiment in a British legion, in the pay of the Dutch Government. "In 1675, the title of Irish was dropped, and the 5th Regiment of "Foot with the badge of St. George and the Dragon adopted. At "the siege of Maestricht in 1676, the FIFTH, as a part of the English "Brigade, won the compliments of the Prince of Orange for their "bravery. When the trouble between James II. and his subjects "came, the FIFTH took the side of the Prince of Orange, and helped

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"to frighten the King from his throne, and on June 5th, 1685, were "placed on the British establishment. This was the first day "they received pay from the British Crown, and obtained rank as "the Fifth Regiment of Foot of the British Line. Then came the "Irish war, and at the battle of the Boyne, and the sieges of Athlone "and Limerick, the FIFTH did good service for the new King. The "FIFTH fought triumphantly in Flanders and Portugal, and helped "to hurl back the Spaniards when they flung themselves against "the Gibraltar Rock in 1727. Their next affray was not until "1758, when the Grenadier Company of the FIFTH were the first "English troops to effect the landing at St. Malo in face of the fire "of the French troops. Having destroyed the harbour, the FIFTH "returned to England. Shortly after, the Regiment took part in "the capture of Cherbourg.

"Following their motto, 'Quo fata vocant' (whither the Fates "call), the FIFTH in 1760 proceeded to Germany and joined the "Allied Army under the Duke of Brunswick. In the woods of "Wilhelmstahl the FIFTH covered themselves with glory, putting "the French to rout and taking over twice their own numbers in "prisoners, as well as six pairs of colours and one standard. A "tragic incident marred the moment of victory. When an officer "of the FIFTH went to receive the standard from the standard-"bearer, he was shot dead by a French sergeant standing near. "The sergeant was immediately put to death. The standard was "carried at the head of the Regiment, between the band and drums, "until 1833, when it was lost in a fire in the officers' mess.

"When the American Colonies revolted, the FIFTH bore their "part. At Bunker's Hill they were with the attacking party, and "for a moment were staggered by the resolute tenacity of the "defence and superior numbers of the enemy. Recovering, how-"ever, they went forward with a cheer, and drove the Americans "out of the works at the point of the bayonet. General Burgoyne "wrote, 'The FIFTH have behaved the best and suffered the most.' "The Regiment continued in active service in America until 1778, "when they were sent to fight the French in St. Lucia. There, "attacked by seven times their number, they won a brilliant "victory, actually killing more of the enemy than they had soldiers. "They had in them the spirit which animated their gallant com-"mander, General Medows, who, standing in front of the colours, "cried, 'Soldiers, as long as you have a bayonet to point against an "enemy's breast, defend these colours.' It was in compliment to "Earl Percy, who had commanded the Regiment for sixteen years, "that it received the denomination of the Northumberland Regi-"ment. After service in Canada for ten years, the FIFTH were again "fighting their old enemies, the French, this time in Holland, "where they won the praise of Prince William of Gloucester for "their gallant conduct in the field. The next experience the Regi-"ment had of the Dutch was an unpleasant one, half the Battalion "being wrecked off the island of Helder in 1805, and made prisoners "by their former friends, soon to be exchanged, however. In the "war with Napoleon the FIFTH added to their laurels. They were "at Corunna, made memorable not only by the bravery of the "English troops, but by the death of the gallant Sir John Moore. "For years now they were in the constant blaze of fight, winning "high praise everywhere. At El Bodon they furnished the first "instance of cavalry being charged by infantry with fixed bayonets. "One regiment of French dragoons had captured two cannon, but, "splendidly led, the FIFTH defied the traditions of war, charged and "re-captured the guns, a magnificent tribute to their superb "discipline.

"The FIFTH shared in the brilliant storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. "Moving from its position behind the Convent Santa Cruz, the "FIFTH entered the ditch at the extremity of the counterscarp, "then, after escalading the wall, and scouring the *fausse braie* to "the great breach, rushed forward in the face of a thundering dis-"charge of shells, grape, and musketry, which greatly thinned the "ranks, yet, continuing their course, drove the French at the point "of the bayonet behind the entrenchments.

"When the FIFTH rushed through the gate they met with a most "determined resistance. The killed and wounded lying in heaps "choked up the passage, which was raked with grape from two guns "flanking the top of the breach at the distance of a few yards. "Striving, and trampling on dead and wounded alike, the men "maintained the unequal combat. 'Rush!' was the word, and "with this the breach was carried by the FIFTH and the 94th, with "very great loss.

"Then came the horror of Badajos. The attack began about 10 "o'clock on April 6th, 1812. The first to enter the enemy's works "was Major Wilson. Colonel Ridge, leading the FIFTH, scaled the "ramparts. Napier wrote:—'Ridge fell, and no man died that "night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much "'glory.' The scaling of the ramparts that night was terrible "work, the French and English fighting desperately. In one part "the storming party leapt into the ditch, which was mined—"the fuse kindled—the ditch crowded with men, became a sort of "flaming crater, and the storming party, 500 strong, were dashed "to pieces. Hundreds had fallen, hundreds were still falling, but "British pluck and endurance prevailed. The FIFTH pressing for-"ward captured mules carrying ammunition to the breaches, and "the French, startled by the column, and finding themselves taken "in the rear, fled, and Badajos was won! The British had 1,838 "killed and 6,647 wounded, while the French had 1,300 killed and "4,200 prisoners. This carnage took place in a space less than 100 "yards square.

"The two Battalions of the FIFTH took part in the battle of "Salamanca, which was the greatest victory Wellington had "achieved, the 2nd Battalion receiving his thanks. At Vittoria, "Nivelle, Orthes and Toulouse the FIFTH also covered themselves "with honours. In the Peninsula five years' war, the FIFTH "altogether took part in nineteen pitched battles and ten sieges, "besides many minor actions.

"The Regiment went through the desperate days of the Indian "Mutiny. Under Havelock they marched to the relief of Lucknow, "cutting their way through to the Residency. Later on they "themselves had to be relieved, and, curiously enough, two com-"panies of the Regiment were with Sir Colin Campbell when he "marched to the second relief. Both in Afghanistan, 1879-1880, "and at Khartoum, the Regiment did credit to its traditions.

"The two Battalions of the FIFTH took part in the South African "war. At Nooitgetdacht the FIFTH suffered severely. General "Beyers, the Boer general, told General Clements, 'The FIFTH "'fought like lions, and would not surrender, though outnumbered "'by six to one.' Though much has been said in criticism of the "marching powers of the British soldier, the record of the FIFTH in "this respect does not indicate any inferiority. In thirteen con-"secutive days the Battalion marched 201 miles under most trying "circumstances.

"The FIFTH have the honour of having had in their ranks a "modern Amazon. She was Phœbe Hessel, a Stepney girl, who at "the age of fifteen fell in love with a private named Golding in "'Kirke's Lambs.' When the Regiment was ordered to the West "Indies in 1728 she disguised herself as a boy and enlisted in the "5th Foot, which was also *en route* to the Colony. She served for "many years in different parts of Europe, and received a bayonet "wound in the arm at the battle of Fontenoy. Then she confided "her story to General Pearce's wife, who obtained her discharge, "and so enabled her to return to England and nurse her lover, who "had been invalided home and lay in Plymouth Hospital. The "lover was retired from the Army on account of his wounds and "given a pension, and the couple married. Subsequently, on her "husband's death, the Prince of Wales settled an annuity on her. "Strange to say, she married again. She died at Brighton at the "mellow age of 108."

[*The list of battle honours as given above is an incomplete one. The Peninsular war lasted nearer six years than five years.—Ed., "St. G.G.*"]

On the 4th inst. our contemporary had more to say on the subject of the arrival of the 2nd Battalion at Sheffield, as follows:—

"THE OLD AND THE NEW.

"SHEFFIELD MILITARY CHANGES.

"'FIGHTING FIFTH' ARRIVE.

"There were two interesting military scenes in Sheffield yesterday, "when the tenancy of the Hillsborough Barracks changed hands "in the course of a few hours. In the morning the 2nd Border "Regiment left for Bordon, and early in the evening the Northum-"berland Fusiliers arrived to take their places.

"The reputation of the 'Fighting Fifth' naturally brought out "a considerable number of people along the route, and at Wadsley "Bridge long before five o'clock, the hour at which the famous "Northerners were due to arrive. It was, however, an hour later "when the special train in which the men had travelled from "Bulford, near Aldershot, steamed into the station. There had, "it appears, been some waiting at Sheffield Station, where con-"tingents who were proceeding to Fleetwood and Pontefract were "divided from the main body.

"The 2nd Battalion have been stationed at Dover, but latterly "have been engaged in manœuvres at Bulford, and it was from

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"here that the men travelled yesterday. In all they numbered "nearly 700, including twenty-two officers. With them came "eighty tons of baggage. The companies who are to make their "new home at Hillsborough totalled 360 men, and the officers in- "cluded Major F. C. Turner, Major E. M. Moulton-Barrett, Captains "C. M. A. Wood and H. W. Archer, Adjutant and Second-Lieu- "tenant G. R. F. Leverson, Lieutenants W. P. H. Rushbrooke, "G. K. Molineux, H. M. Heyder, D. E. S. Mahon, and J. F. "Chevenix-Trench. Another detachment—mostly the married "men—are travelling during the night from Dover, and were ex- "pected to arrive at Wadsley Bridge at about 6.30 this morning. "They numbered one officer, 93 men, 53 women, and 97 children.

"Bronzed by the recent field work they have undergone, the "men of the 'Fighting Fifth' who jumped from the train as it "came to a standstill, to the cheering welcome of the assembled "crowd, looked a fine set of fellows, well able to maintain the proud "traditions of their Regiment should the occasion arise. They "made their acquaintance with Sheffield just as the rays of the "setting sun shot athwart the valley, and illumined the sky in a "blaze of lurid glory, as though from the fires of a thousand "furnaces. It was one of the most magnificent of the autumn "sunsets that can so often be seen in the city's suburbs, and it did "not escape the notice of the soldiers, who had heard only of "Sheffield's less enviable reputation. With a wondering glance at "the blood-red sky, one was heard to remark, 'Why, this isn't "Sheffield; where's the smoke?'

"They were soon in marching order, and, headed by their band, "set off at a swinging step to their new home. They were, of "course, in service dress, and khaki does not perhaps make so "strong an appeal to the admiration of the civilian as the smart "scarlet uniform with gosling green facings and busby that are more "popularly associated with the Fusiliers. The crowds that lined "the approach to the station and along Penistone Road to the "barracks, however, found no slight satisfaction in greeting the "men of so famous a regiment. No little pleasure, too, was afforded "by the performance of the band, though, of course, the marches "played afforded but limited opportunity for the display of the skill "for which this band is noted. Most of the performers, too, have "not yet arrived. The full strength of the band is 60, and Band- "master W. F. Cooper will, no doubt, have opportunities of giving "Sheffielders the chance of exercising their critical judgment.

"The arrival at Hillsborough was not marked by any noteworthy "happenings. Battalions come and go without disturbing the "routine of barrack life. The men were at once dispatched to their "quarters, and after the welcome evening meal were able to "acquaint themselves with the attractions of their new surround- "ings. Their quarters had recently undergone a thorough cleaning "and re-decoration, and presented a very spick and span appearance, "to the evident delight of the new arrivals. They expressed them- "selves pleased with the change from Dover, for Sheffield has a "good name 'in the ranks' for the hospitality its citizens extend "to their soldier visitors, and, moreover, the city is, for the great "majority of the men, a far more convenient centre from which to "reach their kith and kin, and at furlough time this is a very "important consideration.

"Certainly they come to Sheffield with a splendid reputation; "Sheffield has given them a worthy welcome, and may be depended "on to make their stay as pleasant as possible."

## *Depôt Notes.*

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th October, 1910.

WE were very glad to receive a visit from Colonel Lonsdale Hale during the course of the month. He has been lecturing at various centres in the North of England, Newcastle among the number. We were, therefore, doubly fortunate in being able to attend his very interesting lecture, as well as to greet him in the Mess.

Captain Montagu also paid us a very welcome visit for a few days. We are glad to be able to tell his numerous friends that he was looking wonderfully well, and hopes to be quite fit again in about six months' time.

We have broken out into a Naval and Military Roller Skating Club, which meets every Tuesday at the local White City. It promises to be a great success and to supply a long felt want in the way of a social meeting place, though so far not many of our officers have joined the whirling throng.

Captain Kershaw has been the first of us to visit Sheffield. He seems more impressed with the size of the barrack square than with anything else. The station does not sound wildly exciting.

Captain Kershaw is now lost to us for a month, being engaged in teaching the young gentlemen of the Durham University Officers Training Corps how to pass in certificates A and B. We believe they can only turn up in small batches at odd hours of the day and night. We have not heard of anyone volunteering to relieve him!

No. 5610 Sergeant F. Bettany qualified to instruct in the Maxim Gun at the School of Musketry, Hythe, on the 9th ult.

No. 3195 Sergeant J. Backhouse has been awarded the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct, with gratuity —Army Order 254, October, 1910.

No. 3861 Lance-Sergeant T. Eltringham has been taken on the married establishment of the 2nd Battalion, from the 5th inst.

No. 9512 Lance-Sergeant O. Spaxman, No. 9762 Corporal H. Moody, No. 1376 Corporal D. Crockford, No. 605 Drummer A. Boniface and thirty-four recruits were posted to the 2nd Battalion on the 19th inst.

No. 9386 Drummer J. Saunders has been taken on the married establishment of the 3rd Battalion, from the 1st inst.

No. 8760 Drummer W. Burnett was discharged on the 10th inst. with 21 years' service towards pension.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as follows:—

*2nd Class:—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2882 | Private | L. Harrison | No. 7855 | Private | W. Ennis |
| ,, 2883 | ,, | W. Norman | ,, 2894 | ,, | E. Abbott |
| No. 2903 | Private | T. Parr | | | |

*3rd Class:—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2892 | Private | A. Pollard | No. 2874 | Private | J. Allen |
| ,, 2885 | ,, | J. Haley | ,, 2849 | ,, | A. Nash |
| ,, 2842 | ,, | H. Louth | ,, 2887 | ,, | F. Goffee |
| ,, 2854 | ,, | E. Smithies | ,, 2900 | ,, | R. Forrest |
| ,, 2847 | ,, | J. Walker | ,, 2908 | ,, | J. White |
| ,, 2817 | ,, | G. Hornby | ,, 2910 | ,, | R. Jewsbury |
| ,, 2877 | ,, | R. Mitchell | ,, 2917 | ,, | R. Johnson |
| ,, 2899 | ,, | F. Upson | ,, 2843 | ,, | W. Fearnley |
| ,, 2905 | ,, | J. Hamilton | ,, 7854 | ,, | R. Reddy |
| ,, 2883 | ,, | W. Norman | ,, 7863 | ,, | T. Nugent |
| ,, 2825 | ,, | C. Daykin | ,, 2914 | ,, | H. Ingram |
| ,, 2859 | ,, | V. Griffin | ,, 2814 | ,, | H. Wiles |
| ,, 2860 | ,, | C. Atkinson | ,, 2871 | ,, | J. Gray |
| No. 7858 | Private | J. Outerson | | | |

Fourteen recruits joined during the month.

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## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
24th October, 1910.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. Gibson, V.D., has been selected to attend an eight days' Divisional Instructional Course to commence at Richmond, on the 12th of next month.

Our Corbridge Company held a most successful Smoking Concert on the 14th inst., at the Tynedale Hotel, Corbridge. Major Hedley presided over a large attendance, and the recruiting results have been very satisfactory.

Congratulations to Major Dixon on attaining his promotion.

Two officers and ten non-commissioned officers attended a lecture given in St. George's Drill Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 12th inst., by Colonel Lonsdale Hale. We are sorry to learn that, owing to the divisional training grant being exhausted, railway fares to the subsequent lectures cannot be paid. Considerable interest had been aroused by the opening lecture of Colonel Hale, and a large attendance at the succeeding lectures was ensured, but we are afraid the costly railway journeys to Newcastle will debar most of our non-commissioned officers from attending.

## 6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th October, 1910.

THE number of recruits coming in is fairly satisfactory, but the Battalion is 200 below establishment. Fifty recruits are waiting to be finally approved.

Sergeant J. J. Brown, Coldstream Guards, has arrived from Egypt, and has been posted to the Battalion.

Major H. W. Worsley-Gough has been selected to take part in a Staff ride in the neighbourhood of York.

The Annual Dinner of the Sergeants' Mess will take place on the 15th December next. The members of this Mess did well at the Annual Rifle Meeting at Whitley Bay Range, taking sixteen prizes in all. Among the prize-winners the following may be mentioned:—Colour-Sergeant Cable, Sergeant-Major Partington, Sergeant Williams, Sergeant Wake and Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Stott. Unfortunately great delay was caused by the constant use of the right of way by pedestrians.

The Officers' Shooting Competition was arranged to take place at Prudhoe on the 8th inst., but as there were a number of men who had to complete their standard test, the competition was postponed and took place at Corbridge on the following Saturday. Second-Lieutenant O. G. Blayney won the prize.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
31st October, 1910.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Milburn and to Mr. Mallet on their weddings. Under the Mosaic law a bridegroom was excused military duty for twelve months; in the twentieth century we are more exacting, and expect to see both officers at the training in 1911.

Captain E. A. Leather's retirement is a distinct loss to the Regiment. His successor in E Company is fortunate in having so thorough and painstaking an officer to precede him in the formation of a new Company.

The winter work and staff rides have commenced. The Commanding Officer has attended a course at Boroughbridge, and will be accompanied by two senior officers at Richmond.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
29th October, 1910.

LAST month it was our duty and pleasure to offer congratulations to, and give particulars of, the wedding of an old 5th Fusilier, Major-General P. S. Wilkinson, who was married at St. George's Church, Benenden, on the 31st ult. This month a similar duty is to offer the warmest congratulations to another old 5th Fusilier, Major J. C. Somerville, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, but now serving on the Headquarter Staff at the War Office. This Officer is to marry Miss Vera Aston Key on Thursday, the 3rd of November, and he, like General Wilkinson, has selected a church dedicated to the Patron Saint of his old Regiment, St. George's, Hanover Square, to wit. It is with the sincerest good wishes, as the mouth-piece of the Regiment, that the writer of these Notes tenders his congratulations to the bridegroom and bride elect; with good luck, we hope to get full particulars concerning the happy event for our next issue, meanwhile we can only wish our old comrade and his bride all the happiness which they both so thoroughly deserve.

This month *St. George's Gazette* notifies the retention on the active list of Major-General Auld; our contemporary, *The Army and Navy Gazette* of the 8th inst., commenting on the announcement in *The London Gazette*, writes as follows:—

"Major-General R. Auld, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of "Guernsey, who reached the age limit on Saturday last, has been "retained on the active list in the same manner as was Major-"General H. S. Gough, C.B., C.M.G., the late Lieutenant-"Governor of Jersey. General Auld obtained his commission in "the 5th Fusiliers in January, 1869, and eight years later passed "the Staff College. In 1878 he obtained his first Staff appointment "as Aide-de-Camp to General Sir Arthur Borton, Governor of "Malta, and since that time, with the exception of about two "years' regimental duty, he has been almost continuously in Staff "employment. He was Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quarter-"master-General, Southern District, 1882-87; Deputy-Assistant-

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" Adjutant-General, Ireland, 1889-92 ; Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-
" General, Aldershot, 1892-94 ; Assistant-Adjutant-General, North-
" Western District, 1894-97 ; Assistant-Adjutant-General, Southern
" District, 1897-99 ; Assistant-Quartermaster-General, Army Head-
" quarters, 1899—1902 ; Deputy-Quartermaster-General, 1902-04 ;
" Director of Supplies and Clothing, 1904-05 ; in command of the
" Infantry Brigade at Gibraltar, 1905-08 ; and since April, 1908,
" Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey. Major-General Auld was
" awarded the C.B. (civil) in 1902, and promoted to Major-General
" in April, 1904."

We offer our best congratulations to the General on his retention on the active list, his creditable record of service having proved him worthy of the honour thus conferred on him, an honour in which his Regiment, as well as himself, rejoices.

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The extract from *The Manchester Evening News* sent us by our correspondent "J.B.," in his letter to the Editor on the next page, is good reading ; the Manchester paper heads its short paragraph, "A Postal Servant's Bravery." Another correspondent sends us a copy of the paper itself. Sapper Aitken, as "J.B." tells us, is the son of Mr. J. Aitken, formerly Quartermaster-Sergeant of the 3rd Battalion, which he left some seven years ago. We wrote to the Editor of our Manchester contemporary for the loan of his block ; this he has kindly sent us, and we make use of it to illustrate this page. We congratulate Sapper Aitken on his gallant behaviour, and have much pleasure in chronicling the fact in the pages of *St. George's Gazette*. We hope soon to hear this young soldier's gallant act has been duly recognised by the Royal Humane Society, and take this opportunity of thanking our brother Editor for his ready compliance with our request in lending us the illustration. Many of Sapper Aitken's old playmates are now serving in the ranks of the "Old and Bold," and will, we are sure, be glad to see the picture. It is also interesting to note that his uncle, Colour-Sergeant Corbett, who was awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life when serving with the 2nd Battalion at Singapore, is still serving with the Regiment. We note a paragraph concerning young Aitken's gallantry in the pages of *The Sapper*, but no illustration appears in that paper.

SAPPER AITKEN RECEIVING THE GOLD WATCH FROM MR. GARDINER, POSTMASTER OF MANCHESTER, ON THE 26TH ULT.

*(Block kindly supplied by The Editor, "Manchester Evening News.")*

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We have heard from Colonel Heard since he left England on Friday, the 14th inst., for New Zealand, to take up his Staff appointment in that Colony. The Colonel writes from the R.M.S. *Otway* on the 19th inst. He tells us he had up to the time of writing a very pleasant voyage, with the exception of the usual trouble in the Bay, and that it was pleasant to feel warm again and to get lots of sun. The ship, he says, was very crowded, and he appears to have very much appreciated two telegrams bidding him "farewell" from the 2nd Battalion and the Depôt respectively, which he tells us he thought it most kind of them to send.

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Will all our correspondents serving in India and elsewhere abroad kindly remember that our next number but one will be the Christmas one, and be so good as to send on copy for that issue earlier than usual, so as to reach the office somewhere about the middle of December, if possible, and any illustrations for that number should be with us *before* that date. Besides the ordinary 1st Battalion Notes, Letters to the Editor, etc., it is to be hoped that some articles, suitable for the festive season, will be forthcoming so as to make our Christmas effort as attractive as it can be, and thus end up our twenty-eighth year of existence in a manner worthy of the occasion.

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A valued subscriber and occasional correspondent sends us, as we go to press, a sketch depicting what may happen when the now fast approaching winter is on us, at the offices of *St. George's Gazette*, should the road traffic be stopped, and the letter box in the front door inaccessible owing to snow. To quote from our festive contributor, this picture illustrates what may happen before we go to press for December, when he himself, and possibly others, may be sending on their copy

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for our Christmas number. Time will not allow us to reproduce the picture with this issue, but if space allows next month, it will, of course, appear; this sketch, by the bye, shows our correspondent in a new light. His contributions under various *noms de plume* used to frequently amuse, and not infrequently instruct, our readers, and we hope, now he has commenced sending drawings, he will continue the process and send us illustrated contributions, assuring him of the delight he is sure to give his old comrades and many others should he be kind enough to do so.

We reproduce with 1st Battalion Notes, as promised in our last number, a set of pen and ink sketches, illustrating various turns given by St. George's Minstrels, who seem to be still going strong in the 1st Battalion. Many will remember the previous sketches on the same subject, supplied by Major Crispin, when St. George's Minstrels were started in Gibraltar close on fourteen years ago. We do not, however, notice in the present sketches any of the original "stars," of whom certainly two are still serving with the 1st Battalion.

We would call attention to a letter from Mr. Wallace, on this page, pointing out a mistake that cropped up in his article in our last issue. How this mistake occurred we are unable to explain; we queried our printers, who assured us the mistake in question was not theirs—it is apparently one of those things which, as a certain distinguished writer once said, "no feller can understand."

Another "Letter to the Editor" which deserves special attention is the one from Major Ainslie, which also appears on this page. The subject is an interesting one to all concerned, and we hope that any of our readers who may be able to help Major Ainslie will do so.

## *Letters to the Editor.*

121, HARTINGTON ROAD, BRIGHTON,
19th October, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—Would you kindly correct an error that appeared in my last month's contribution? I find that the word "Delhi" was substituted for "Lucknow." I can't understand how the slip occurred, my manuscript shews clearly "Lucknow."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
L. WALLACE.

KNELLER HALL, HOUNSLOW,
21st October, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—The following cutting from the pages of the *Manchester Evening News*, of the 12th inst., is interesting:—

"Mr. M. J. Gardiner, Postmaster of Manchester, yesterday presented "Sapper Aitken, Royal Engineers, attached to the Manchester Post Office "as a telegraphist, with a gold watch in commemoration of his gallant "conduct on the 26th September last. Sapper Aitken was passing along "Canal Street, Ancoats, on his way to the Postal Telegraph Clerks' "Swimming Gala, when he was arrested by a shout that a woman was in "the canal. Without waiting to remove his clothes he jumped over the "wall and plunged into the water, which is several feet below the road. "He succeeded in finding the woman, although it was quite dark, and "with assistance got her out of the water. His colleagues were quick to "show their admiration of his action, and besides their own tribute have "taken steps to bring the matter before the Royal Humane Society."

Sapper Aitken is the worthy son of Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Aitken, late of the 1st FIFTH, and was born in the Regiment. Evidently his early training has been of "brands, Fusilier, Fifth. Mark I. (One)."

Yours truly,
J.B.
Q.M.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
27th October, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been asked by Colonel Sir James Gildea to assist him in collecting material with a view to publishing an illustrated record of public and private memorials erected both at home and in the Colonies, to the memory of those who lost their lives in the South African war.

I have endeavoured to do so by searching through the pages of *St. George's Gazette* for reproductions of any of the above. The result of my search has been as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (1) | Tablet | Captain Casson, page 107, June, 1902. |
| (2) | Panel | Captain Eagar and Lieutenant Brine, page 163, September, 1902. |
| (3) | Window | Lieutenant Brine, on same page as above. |
| (4) | Window | Major Ray, page 116, July, 1900. |
| (5) | Memorial | R.C. Cathedral, Newcastle, page 32, February, 1903. |
| (6) | Memorial Cross | Belmont, pages 197 & 198, November, 1902. |
| (7) | Grave | Stormberg, page 191, November, 1902. |
| (8) | Temporary Wooden Memorial | Magersfontein, page 62, April, 1903. |
| (9) | Cairn | Major Booth, Sanna's Post, page 211, December, 1902. |
| (10) | Izerspruit Cross | Page 52, March, 1903. |
| (11) | Stone | Reddersburg, page 177, November, 1900. |
| (12) | Grave | Lieutenant Graham, page 9, January, 1902. |
| (13) | Monument | Lichtenberg, page 86, May, 1902. |
| (14) | War Memorial | Newcastle-on-Tyne. |
| (15) | Tablet | Lieutenant Hull, page 87, May, 1902. |

I do not think this can be a complete list, but I believe it to be a complete one of those reproduced in the *Gazette*. If anyone can add to this list and at the same time send me photographs of any that have been omitted I should be very grateful. As regards those reproduced in the *Gazette*, the blocks have unfortunately been destroyed owing to the lapse of time.

Colonel Gildea is in possession of photographs of numbers (1), (2), (4), (6) and (14), but would be very glad to receive photographs of the remainder. As regards (7) and (8), it is possible, or probable, that they have been replaced by more permanent structures. I should be glad if any of your readers would send any of the photographs asked for to me, so that I can acknowledge their receipt in the pages of the *Gazette*, and thus avoid getting too many duplicates.

You will, I hope, excuse the length of this letter in view of the desirability of making this record as complete as possible.

I remain, yours very truly,
H. S. AINSLIE, Major.
Commanding Depôt 5th Fusiliers.

WHITE LODGE, MELTON, SUFFOLK,
28th October, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I beg to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions to the late Major-General St. G. C. Henry's memorial fund:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Amount previously acknowledged ... ... ... | 76 | 0 | 0 |
| Colonel Heard ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| ,, Pagan ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Captain Wreford-Brown ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Colonel Money ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Major Turner ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Moulton-Barrett ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Armstrong ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Captain Toppin ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Wild ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Total ... | £85 | 14 | 6 |

Yours truly,
E. W. DASHWOOD.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. W."—*Your idea of 'Some chestnuts from the Regimental Tree' does not appeal to us.* "NEMO."—*Yours of the 25th is noted; it will be filed, and should the occasion demand, the hint may be adopted later on.* "SERGEANT P."—*We are glad you appreciate our remarks in our last issue; we hope the illustration we give with Editorial Notes this month will also meet with approval.* "B."—*There could be no possible objection, as far as we can see.*

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## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31st OCTOBER, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 24th October, 1885.—We are all comfortably settled down in our new quarters at Beggars' Bush. Colonel FitzRoy has arrived, and is giving us "five per cent. all round."

* * * * * * * *

The Regimental Rifle Meeting, which began on the 10th of this month, at Pigeon House Fort, was a great success, and the thanks of all concerned are due to the untiring energy of Lieutenant Dashwood who worked hard to ensure this end. Mr. Garnett took the Officers' Prize, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Pickford won the Championship.

We had our last big day in the Park on Monday, the 12th inst., when all the Dublin Garrison turned out in Field Day Order, for the inspection by our new chief, H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar. Colonel Macdonald was in command of the Second Brigade, with Captain Lambton as his Brigade-Major and Lieutenant Sitwell as galloper.

Lieutenant J. H. L. White and Sergeants O'Toole and Martin left Headquarters on the 8th inst. for Hythe, for instruction at the School of Musketry.

* * * * * * * * * * *

DEPÔT NOTES.—Newcastle on-Tyne, 31st October, 1885.—We sent away forty-two recruits to join the 1st Battalion on the 6th inst., in charge of Lieutenant Aylmer, 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, who is attached to the 68th Regimental District.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Scots Greys passed through Newcastle by Detachments early in the month, having been relieved at Edinburgh by the 4th Hussars.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We are glad to see that there are signs of a large clock for the Infantry Barracks being shortly fixed up over the Canteen Buildings. This will be a great improvement.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Newcastle and High Gosforth Park Autumn Meeting commenced on the 20th inst. The chief event on that day was the Newcastle Handicap, won by "Over the Border."

NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, Alnwick, October 25th, 1885.—Colonel Philip FitzRoy has kindly presented this Battalion with a handsome leopard skin apron for the use of the big drummer.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Quartermaster J. S. Cartwright has been granted leave of absence from the 16th to 31st inst.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Colour-Sergeant Andrew Connors has been permitted to be retained on the Permanent Staff of this Battalion until he reaches the age of fifty-seven years. Under Authority dated Horse Guards, 25th September, 1885.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Annual Sessions Ball was held in the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday, by the kind permission of His Grace, the Duke of Northumberland. There was a good attendance notwithstanding the unfavourable weather that prevailed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The marriage of Sir Edward Grey, Bart., of Falloden, to Dorothy, eldest daughter of Major S. F. Widdrington, of Newton Hall, Northumberland, and late of this Battalion, was solemnised in the new church at Shilbottle, which is a short distance from Alnwick. The bride was given away by her father; the Hon. Rev. Francis R. Grey, uncle to the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. E. Golightly, M.A., Vicar of Shilbottle. In the afternoon Sir Edward and his bride left Newton Hall for Falloden, Chathill, Northumberland, for the honeymoon.

* * * * * * * *

NOTES FROM INDIA, Mian Mir, 20th September, 1885.—Dear Mr. Editor,—The Sergeants gave a Mess Room Quadrille Party on Wednesday, 16th September. Invitations were sent out for 125, the majority of whom accepted. Despite the heat, dancing was kept up with great spirit till the "sma' wee hours before the dawn," and then all regretted breaking up. "Parting was such sweet sorrow." There were many pretty dresses and still prettier faces amongst the ladies. The arrangements, which were admirable, reflected great credit upon Sergeant J. F. Hutchinson, who was President of the Committee of Management. Colour-Sergeant Rowsell made a courteous and efficient "Master of Ceremonies."

## BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND.

(BY C. G. L.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER AND "S."

(*Continued from page 154.*)

We sent two boys back from this camp to Kalomo for a further supply of things which seemed likely to run short—or had already done so.

Next day we came to a country which was full of Eland spoor. It crossed and re-crossed in every direction, and we hunted diligently for them all the morning without success. We frequently came to places where they had recently been feeding, as the freshly nipped off leaves showed, but, after tracking them for a short time, the spoor always became hopelessly mixed up. A big herd had evidently been wandering about there all night, feeding, and had only been gone a short time before we arrived. The problem which remained unsolved was which way they had finally gone.

In the evening, just as the sun was setting and we were homeward bound, I saw, silhouetted against the red of the sunset, a fine old Eland bull out in the open by himself. He was walking across towards the bush we had just left. I turned back, and, riding down the edge of the bush, tried to cut him off. He beat me by a short head, however, and got into the bush before I was near enough for a shot in the failing light. The result of this delay was that we had to find our way home about six or seven miles in the dark, and got in very late. I had Kameel and my two gun boys with me, and I think we were all glad to see the camp fires, as there are a good many lions in these parts, and they are awkward customers to meet in the dark. We got to bed very late for us—about eleven o'clock.

The two dogs—Lonely and Tiger—had, most nights lately, been holding high carnival with the hyenas and other animals who were attracted by the smell of our heads and skins. To-night, as we were all tired and had got to bed late, they barked incessantly.

S—— and I always slept in the open outside our tent, and Hooper used to sleep at the wagon, so as to be near his oxen in case of emergency. I was lying half asleep cursing the dogs as the jackdaw of Rheims was never cursed, and imagining that everybody else in camp was asleep, and S——, as it turned out, was occupied in precisely the same way. The camp fires had gone out, and now the barking of Lonely and Tiger was reinforced by the dismal howls of a local pie-dog who had come to dine and sleep.

Suddenly, as if it had been a rehearsed effect, both dogs stopped barking, and there were two grunts, the unmistakable grunts of an angry lion about to charge. Almost simultaneously two shots followed each other in quick succession, something came rushing past the tent, and the sixteen oxen stampeded amidst weird yells from Ben of Bosma-a-an, Genelma-a-an, Zwartla-a-and, and other blandishments, ranging from a deep base to a high falsetto, which are supposed to be soothing to shattered bovine nerves.

We tumbled out of bed and ran to Hooper, who was trying to follow the lion's tracks by the light of matches, our first impression being that a lion had got in among the oxen who were tied up to the yokes for the night. It appeared that Hooper, too, had been lying awake, and noticed that the oxen were getting very uneasy. Then his old horse got up and began to snuff and snort. He thought he would try to see what the dogs were barking at, as they were now almost in camp, and accordingly got up and started to walk over to them, picking up as he went an old service rifle which was always kept on the wagon in case of emergency. He stopped on a native path which ran through the camp between the wagon and our tent, and squatted down to try and see, against the sky, what the trouble was. At this moment the dogs came rushing back one on each side of him as the lion charged.

Being an old hand he stood fast and let off two shots with a rapidity which would certainly, if maintained for fifteen rounds, place him in a class of his own in a certain musketry practice. As he loaded for a third shot his magazine jammed, having, as usual,

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selected the most critical moment. He jumped aside and got his rifle by the barrel, with the intention, as he put it, of "knocking him out of all proportion," but this operation proved unnecessary, as the shots had turned the animal. Whether either of them hit him or not he alone knows.

We examined the ground in the morning. About fifteen paces from where Hooper had been standing it was all clawed up. This was the spot where the lion had stood at bay, and from which he had charged. About five paces from Hooper he had turned as was clearly shown by the semi-circular tracks made by his claws as he swung round. It was a near thing, as, if Hooper had turned to run, or been less prompt in firing, he would most certainly have been killed.

There was an old lion about, who was in process of becoming a man-eater, and had already taken some cattle and goats from a kraal near by. He had probably been passing on his way to the kraal when he got wind of our oxen, and decided to sample one of them, which intention he would no doubt have carried out but for the interference of the dogs.

We resumed our interrupted slumbers about 1.30 a.m., but the dogs continued to bark hysterically for the rest of the night, under the impression, no doubt, that they were protecting us from legions of wild beasts.

After our disturbed night we all awoke rather late, and didn't breakfast till the unusually late hour of half-past six.

Getting away as soon as possible after breakfast, I hadn't been out very long when I spotted a solitary blue Wildebeest bull. He was feeding in an open valley, and I got to the nearest point I could by moving along just inside the bush which fringed it. After this, the only cover consisted of a few stunted bushes at wide intervals. The only way to get up to him was to stalk from bush to bush, moving as quickly as possible while he was feeding, and stopping whenever he looked up. After a really good stalk I got to the last available bit of cover, and sat down to get steady before firing. Some movement must have caught his eye, for he looked up suddenly, and, with a snort and a whisk of his tail, prepared to decamp. Then I had my shot, aiming behind the shoulder for his heart. I heard the bullet hit and he gave a jump and went off at full gallop. He evidently didn't know whence the shot had come, for after going a short distance, he wheeled round and made for the bush we had just left. A second shot, aimed a good four feet in front of his shoulder, hit him with a loud "plop," and he turned about three somersaults in a cloud of dust just like a shot rabbit.

*"Valleys which remind one irresistibly of low-lying park land in England."*

Not very long after this we came on two zebra. Their skins, when well dressed, are beautifully soft, and I wanted to get one. It is rather like shooting a horse, but I thought I might as well harden my heart now and get it over. The one I shot was an old stallion, and showed signs of having had a rough and tumble with a lion or leopard, as he had several claw marks on his body and one very big hock.

S—— was late getting back to camp, and eventually marched in triumphantly with the mortal remains of a fine old lioness he had shot. He quite unexpectedly put up three out of some grass and had got in a shot in time to stop the hindmost. He couldn't see what the sex of the other two was as they kept low and soon got into some bush, and he only just had time to get a shot in before the last one vanished. She got into the bush, and he had to follow her up—always a ticklish job with a wounded lion. Eventually he finished her off, and got the body out of the bush. The other lions then came back to the edge of the bush, and keeping out of sight themselves, roared for all they were worth to try and frighten S—— and his boys away.

The arrival of the trophy was greeted with loud exclamations of admiration and applause by the other boys, which were received by S——'s with responsive grins. His boy, Milk, had a particularly attractive smile, which a far-seeing Providence had headed off at each end by an enormous pair of ears, or else, on occasions such as this, the upper part of his head would have been completely severed.

The nerves of our valiant waiter, George, had been much shaken by the events of the previous night, and he viewed this latest addition to S——'s bag with profound suspicion. Possibly he imagined that the bereaved relatives would make an avenging raid on the camp and abstract him as our most cherished possession. Anyhow, nothing would induce him to leave the firelight that evening, and as soon as dinner was over he established himself in a strong position at the boys' fire.

We called him up and said he was to keep up our fire and sleep by it himself. This was indeed "a bolt from the blue." When pressed to show just cause why he shouldn't do so, his limited supply of English, of which he thought a good deal, deserted him, and, in a mixture of his own language and that of his country he whimpered, "*Ikona bwana maninge skellum lapa.*" ("No no master, plenty of skellums there.")

To anybody who has ever been in South Africa it is needless to interpret the word "skellum." For the benefit of those who have not, it means anything harmful, hostile or generally objectionable—from a white ant to his Satanic majesty.

At dinner Hooper was quite communicative, and told us some strange scientific facts. One of these was that if a man ate a hard boiled egg the first thing every morning he would be dead in three days. This having caused a sensation, he went on to say that if a man who neither smoked nor drank were to spit into a cat's mouth when he got up in the morning he would be dead by breakfast time.

The "he" referred to the cat, but S—— took it to mean the man, and politely accepted the statement.

Not having since met a man with the necessary qualifications, who also kept a cat, we have been unable to put this theory to proof. If the reader should number such a one among his acquaintances we shall be glad to hear the result of the experiment.

Next morning, George having been mercifully spared by the skellums, we had breakfast at our usual time, and were off by daylight. About three hundred yards from camp we came on some quite fresh lion spoor on the native path we were on, but after leaving the path it became impossible to follow it.

Lions, with all their weight, have the faculty when, like Agag, they walk delicately, of leaving no perceptible spoor except on sandy or other specially favourable ground. When frightened they will dash off, leaving distinct tracks, but as soon as they settle down to a quieter pace they leave practically none at all on ordinary ground. Hence, in bush and grass countries, it is impossible to hunt them systematically as is done on the sandy plains of Somaliland, where they can be tracked for miles. There is always a great element of luck as to whether you happen to run across them or not. The most usual ways of getting them are either to flush them out of the cover where they are lying up for the day, or, having found an animal killed by them, to wait there till they come back.

Much has been said and written as to their behaviour under given conditions, but the only safe rule seems to be that you can never tell what they are going to do until afterwards. It is well known that in daylight they will generally get away if they can when unwounded. When a lioness has cubs, however, she will, even in daylight, attack at sight, and if there is a lion with her he will often do so as well. At night they appear to be aware of their superiority, and lose all their fear of man, and the same is some-

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times the case when they have killed. In this country the natives avoid using paths in the dark, as the lions walk on them when out hunting, and a meeting under these conditions is more desirable from the point of view of the latter than the former.

A wounded lion is a very dangerous beast and the majority of casualties occur when walking up a wounded one in bush or other cover, when all the advantage is on his side.

*"Head of the Eland in question."*
*(Horns:—Length on straight line, 29ins; circumference at base, 12ins.; tip to tip, 20½ins.)*

Soon after losing the tracks of this one I came out into one of the big green valleys dotted with scattered bush and trees, which remind one irresistibly of low-lying park land in England. There had been some rhino feeding there during the night, and the ground was covered with their tracks. We were not hunting rhino—as for them and elephant a fifty pound licence is necessary, and we had decided that we would not take out this licence unless we came on fresh elephant spoor.

I came to the end of this valley in about an hour, and began skirting along the edge of a big belt of scattered bush, keeping just inside it out of sight of anything which might be in the open. Before very long I came on a place where the surrounding trees were full of vultures all looking the same way. Vultures are always a sure sign of the proximity of a dead animal, and when they sit in the trees watching it, it usually means that there are lions or leopards at the carcase, and that, not daring to go up to it, they are waiting in a safe place for their turn.

There was scarcely any wind, but a pinch of dust soon decided the direction of what there was, and a considerable détour was necessary to enable me to approach the kill up wind. When I had got round to the necessary point, and crept up very quietly I found that it was the remains of the lioness shot by S——, so I was overlapping a bit of the ground he had been on the day before. Most of the flesh had been eaten off the bones, and the ground was padded all round with the tracks of a lion and a lioness, which goes to confirm the view held by many people that lions are sometimes cannibals.

I got on to the departing tracks of these two, which, judging by the vultures, cannot have been gone long. They led through scattered bush at first, and for about a mile the ground was soft and sandy, and we were able to follow them without much difficulty. After this they went into thicker bush. * Kameel, who was a first-rate tracker, managed to work it out slowly for about another mile. Here a leaf had been turned over, there a twig broken, then a lucky cast forward would show a faint track, invisible to ordinary eyes, and so we slowly advanced, until, as usual, all traces vanished completely, and I had to give it up.

In the afternoon I went out over a different piece of country intending to come back, up wind, to the carcase late in the evening, in the hope of finding the bereaved relations there again. I had got close to the remains, when, looking back along the adjoining valley, I saw a fine Eland bull with a smaller bull and two cows, walking quietly along about a mile away.

The light was failing fast, so I hurried back along the edge of the bush to the nearest point I could reach under cover. There was a long stalk in the open before I could get to a safe range in that light, but luckily there was a long strip of unburnt grass running down about half way to a small ant hill, for which I decided to make. The last fifty yards or so I was quite in the open, and had to crawl along very cautiously. There was then no time to be lost, and after a short pause to get steady I had my shot.

I think with Eland one is inclined to aim too far forward when they are standing broadside on. They have such a big heavy forehand and their shoulder lies so far back. This at least was my own experience last time; this time I aimed much further back and the old bull collapsed where he stood, having got it in the heart.

Kameel and the gun boys now came up and we got to work at once with our knives. The Eland is the only antelope that has any fat worth mentioning, and we were anxious to save this and the head, even if we couldn't get the meat in that night. In the end, however, the fat had to be left, and we only saved the head. This, in the case of an Eland, is no light load, and, slung on a pole between two stalwart natives, is as much as they can carry.

I got in about an hour after dark, but S—— and Hooper had not yet turned up. After twice repeating our usual signal of one shot at intervals of a quarter of an hour, an answering shot came from some way off, and soon afterwards they arrived.

They had had a turn up with a lion in the dark, from which the nerves of their horses, particularly those of the steady and philosophical Mac, did not recover for a long time.

Hooper was riding in front, S—— was next leading the faithful Jacob, and the boys were behind him. Suddenly Hooper's horse stopped dead, and with a snort of terror jumped off the path, and at the same moment a lion crashed away into the bush on the opposite side a few yards further on.

He had evidently been on the path, and, hearing them coming, was lying up for them in the bush beside it. Old Mac's sudden demonstration, or the unexpected presence of four or five people, must have made him change his mind.

Hooper was bad with fever and went to bed as soon as he got in. Next morning he was better, but feeling "so mild as anything," as he put it, mildness being with him, as with tobacco, a condition the reverse of strong.

He and I started at daybreak to visit the Eland's carcase on the chance of lions being at it, but there was nothing there, nor were there any lions' tracks. Eland are usually covered with a kind of horse-fly common in South Africa. They are red, round in shape, and so hard that it is impossible to do them any harm by hitting them when on a horse. They don't seem to bite, but have hooks with which they hang on and which drive some horses mad with irritation. This Eland was no exception, and, although we left our horses about a quarter of a mile away, the flies followed us back to them and caused them a good deal of annoyance during the morning.

Boys from the nearest kraal who were on the look out for meat had followed us out, and we made them cut up as much as we wanted and carry it into camp, in consideration of which they were allowed to feast on the remains.

*"He had a beautiful coat."*

* Through a printer's error he appeared in our last issue as Kamul.

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In the bush, which we went through on the way back to camp, we saw a lot more fresh rhino spoor, which showed that there were plenty about.

In the afternoon I got a Sable bull. I came on him suddenly standing half hidden under a tree not more than fifty yards away, where, in the manner of an ostrich, he seemed to think he was invisible. He had a beautiful glossy black coat, and was a fairly old bull. His horns, though nothing out of the way in length, were very thick in proportion. They were just under forty-one inches in length on the front curve, and ten inches in circumference at the base.

*(To be continued).*

## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers)

*(Continued from page 156).*

Ferozepore being our first station in India requires more than a passing notice. It was there we got our notions of what India was like, and for many years after, the place stood out in our memories. We soon commenced to settle down, and bedding was issued. This consisted of a quilt well padded with cotton, called a guthrie, two coarse black blankets, two sheets and a rug. Soon afterwards we received our summer clothing—three suits of white drill, a helmet, white covers and turban. The helmet was a harbour for bugs which we could never find but always feel, for they used to hide in the cane work. Ferozepore wasn't a bad place as stations go in India, and I've been in worse; but it contained all the torments of the insect kingdom, was sandy and very hot, but there were some fine trees and fair gardens. During the hot weather we used to be visited by sand storms, not of the ordinary but of the extraordinary kind. To see one approaching was a sight to be remembered, and as grand as the imagination could picture. One black mass blotted out the sky, flanked by massive rolling pillars, which appeared to move very slowly and could be seen for fully an hour before it reached one. It was preceded by screaming hawks and crows and a moaning sound as if old Atlas was getting tired. Then came a few scouts in the shape of sand devils, and with a roar the storm would be on us and would last three or four hours at least. Precautions had to be taken to keep as much of the sand out of the barrack rooms as possible, and all the windows and doors were closed. While the fury howled round we were in utter darkness, but after a time where the windows were, a faint line would make its appearance, and after the storm we might get a little rain. Rain or no, the weather remained for a short time pleasant, but the elements always tried to impress us and make us remember our first station. If it rained, it rained till the surrounding country appeared like a sea and remained so for days. We made our own amusements. Cricket was the great and only outdoor game, so all interest used to be centred on Thursday's great Company matches. The individual merits of each player would be discussed with reference to his abilities with bat and ball, or in the field. What football is now, cricket was then. The captain of an eleven was a little tin god; yet the voice of the Company had to be considered in selecting a team, so his lot wasn't exactly a happy one. Perhaps one of his best players would have a grievance and wouldn't play, in which case he had to be talked to nicely, and with tact, and his advice, perhaps, asked as to who could fill up his place. Of course every one suggested would be pooh-poohed at by the diplomatic captain as not to be considered a patch on the grievous one, until at last a compromise would take place, and he would agree to play. If he played well, it was well, but if badly he got the black looks of the remainder of the team and of others as well. E Company might be considered the champion Company during our Indian service, but it used to get some frights from D, who possessed a demon bowler named Barton, who was a side in himself. When Barton got started the batsman would rejoice at being out and safe. He would put a side out and then himself beat their score at batting. He came out, I think, with the first draft and played thenceforward in the Regimental team till time expired. There was no difficulty about a pitch. The ground was very hard and smooth, like baked clay, so fast bowling came off, though under-hand bowling was the favourite with the men, and a few bowled round-arm. There used to be a doubt among the critics whether over-arm was fair, and it wasn't looked on with great favour.

We were nothing if not sportsmen in those days, and there had to be an escape for superfluous energies. Shooting was one outlet for them. Parties were organised and fowling pieces procured from somewhere, whether good, bad or indifferent. They were guns, generally of the indifferent type, to be used with caution, and it was nothing for the sportsman to come back with thrilling stories of accidents or escapes, guns bursting, muzzles blown off, the breech sometimes going the same way, with fingers and hands following suit; in fact, cases of this kind became so frequent among other corps as well as our own, that a general order was issued that all sporting guns were to be examined and passed by the armourer-sergeant before being used by the men, and shooting passes would only be issued to those who complied with the order. After making full preparations, the party, consisting of a half dozen or more, would start at about ten or eleven on Wednesday night. Thursday being always a holiday, this gave them the whole of that day, and the early start allowed for their getting to the selected shooting ground, generally about ten or twelve miles away, by early morning. They often returned about nine or ten at night, tired out, but happy, with bags laden with game—that is, game as we understood it then—and full of excitement we would gather round to see the bags emptied on to the tables. It can easily be guessed that the bag was an assorted one; pigeons, doves, parrots, jays, paddybirds—all was grist that came to the mill. They went out to shoot and kill, and shoot and kill they did. We would sit round next day and listen to their adventures, and so listening I determined myself to become a shikaree some day. Horses could be hired cheaply, so quite a number learned to ride. The Band alone could turn out at least fifteen riders. It was very nice for them to be able to ride out to places of interest which were not easy to be got at on foot, and they took full advantage of it when their pockets permitted. One of the last outings I remember taking place reduced the popularity of horsemanship. A considerable number of men decided to pay a visit to some castle of which they had heard, situated about fifteen miles away. It was thought a big undertaking, so every preparation was made and refreshments were provided as usual on a liberal scale. The party should have started in the early morning, but really didn't get off till breakfast time, except one, whose horse, a lean long-necked animal, kept reaching round and nibbling the rider's leg. It was done in a playful manner, but it hurt, and the resultant position of the horseman was anything but comfortable, so he gave up the expedition. We pictured the return that they would make, riding into cantonments like a whirlwind of Wild West riders, but the real thing was very different. They came back by two's and three's, very tame and quiet, some without their mounts, some riding them, some leading them. Those who had to walk hardly found the road wide enough for their legs. The castle was further than had been expected, the day had been very hot and only a few got there at all. The friendly and supposed hospitable owner wasn't at home, the commissariat only got about half-way, and in fact everything had gone wrong. It was an experience they were glad to forget and didn't care talking about. After this, riding died an easy death in the Band. The Regimental authorities had to take the remainder in hand, as parties used to use the Mall occasionally in the evening, and certain restrictions lessened the number of our mounted infantry.

The clarinet was the instrument on which I practised a good deal, and Sergeant Answer, our solo clarinet, was my instructor. I did what few boys would do nowadays, for in addition to the usual routine of daily practice, I would get up before reveille and do an hour or so out in the jungle, and again in the afternoon do a couple of hours more over at the wash-house, where I should be safe from disturbing the men who were having their afternoon nap. I did this kind of thing for years, my dear old comrade Tommy Ouzman giving me assistance occasionally, not only with my instrument, but also in the way of becoming a good soldier. Some now serving would remember him as drum-major. His son Tommy also became drum-major. We had a very good cornet player in a bandsman who volunteered to us from the 33rd Duke of Wellington's. His name was William Reid. He was noted as a composer and arranger of tunes, and his marches were played by a great many bands, but unfortunately were not published. "Bright smile," "Far away," "After many roving years," "The Old and Bold," were among his most successful efforts. Had he done justice to himself, he would have made an excellent bandmaster, for he was a good scholar and of fine, gentlemanly appearance. Just as he arrived I was, to my surprise, made full drummer, which gave me man's pay with a penny a day extra. This was a great boon, for I

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was in debt everywhere, and my accounts were in a bad condition. I owed the jam-tart wallah five rupees, and in addition the copra wallah and ginger-beer or "pop" wallah were clamouring for their money. But here was the way to freedom, and I was soon able to pay each a little on account, by which means they were pleased and so was I. I retained that drummership for over three years.

Some of the Companies had dance clubs. Their dances were a great attraction, and afforded many the way of spending a pleasant evening. A Company dance took place about once a month in their spacious dining rooms, and friends from other Companies were invited, but in limited numbers. The dance dress, as a rule, consisted of white drill trousers, serge tunic, red cummerbund and white shoes, with, of course, other necessaries to match, and the dancers looked very smart. All took a hand in the decorations to make the room look like a fairy palace, and dancing would be kept up till 2 a.m., and at big functions, such as balls, till 4 a.m., with a sit-down supper midway. Hospitality was provided for in a lavish manner, and the dance committee and its president took a great pride in their work. If the officers looked in and stayed to dance, that would put the hall mark of success on everything. Theatricals and entertainments were always being got up, or something to drive away dull care and give an hour or two's amusement. All ranks worked to that end. The officers did farces and extravaganzas in which they excelled, while the sergeants and men did dramas or farces. We had also our Minstrel Troup, which gave us many a cheery hour. They all bring back remembrances. Who, having seen Captain Gall in his characters as a Frenchman, could forget him? Tom Revell, again, as hero or villain was always thrilling. Dear Bob Ball, of the minstrels, with his evergreen "Sweet Evelina"—I really believe he sings it now. In the dramas the female parts were taken by men, and the boys used to take the parts of girls if there was any dancing to be done, in which I did my share. A few days after a performance, a supper would be given in the theatre, followed by a "free and easy" in which hot punch figured prominently. The first time we boys were told not to drink any, as it wasn't good for us, but we were allowed to suck the lemons. This I did, with the result that that night and all the following day I wanted to die, and it was years after before I overcame my dislike for punch.

We had a deer, which became a Regimental pet. The Band boys were very fond of catching it by the horns and having a game with it. We thought it also entered into the fun judging by its pranks, but seemingly it didn't, but instead remembered the past, for when it grew up it became very aggressive, and whenever it caught sight of any one of us we had to run for our lives. It would follow the men on parade and occasionally inspect the staff parade, following the adjutant and sergeant-major. We were naturally nervous and restless on such occasions, and a sharp word from the sergeant-major turned us nearly into statues, I said nearly, for the deer made us feel human. After the adjutant had passed, the deer would horn us from behind, which I think amused everybody except the victims. It made a mistake, however, one day, and horned someone in authority, after which it was not allowed on parade again, and had its horns tipped with brass balls. It was a fine handsome animal, and we were all really fond of it. A big yellow pariah of a dog that belonged to the Band was eventually supposed to have run it down and killed it, and indeed it had nearly done so once before. As for the dog, it died—the victim of circumstantial evidence.

We had our share of excitement in cholera scares or cholera dodging, which would see us miles away—generally out by Jope jungle. They were called scares, but I never saw anyone scared, and our losses were very small, thanks to the immediate precautions taken.

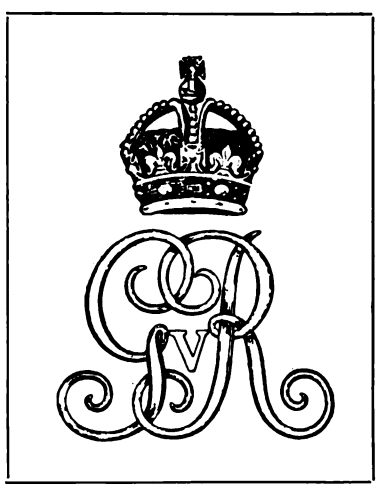
Time rolled on and we found our three years up and another regiment, the 39th Dorsets, on its way to relieve us. One morning the band was ordered to meet them and play them in. We had arranged, as soon as they came in sight, to play a march called "Distant Greeting," which was intended as a surprise. By and bye we saw a small cloud of dust in the distance making its way towards us, so we formed up in case it might be the regiment. Then we saw midst the dust a twinkling flash as if from a brass instrument, and somebody said "Why, their band is playing!" And so it was. We could just hear them, playing *our* surprise march! The surprisers were themselves surprised. We then played them in, and went into camp for about a month. Soon afterwards, one very cold morning, about the 31st December, we were on our way to our new station—Peshawar.

*(To be continued.)*

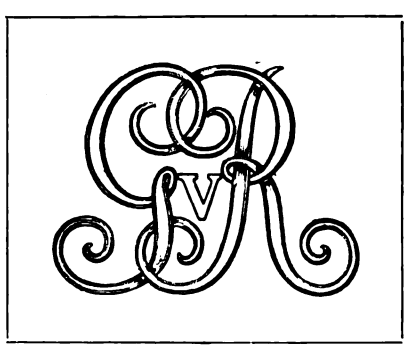
## PATTERNS OF NEW CYPHERS.

OUR contemporary, *Military Mail*, has kindly lent us the blocks which we reproduce below, and informs its readers that they are the approved official designs of the new cyphers which will be used in future on official documents issued by the Government:—

IMPERIAL CYPHER AND CROWN.



ROYAL CYPHER AND CROWN.



ROYAL CYPHER.

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 335.]** **Wednesday, 30th November, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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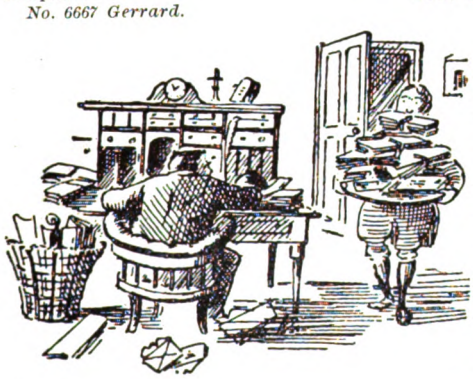
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*


111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*


*30th November, 1910.*



*Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.*

*Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.*

*Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.*

*It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor* NOT LATER *than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on* ONE SIDE *only of the paper.*

*Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.*

*All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.*

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The Naval and Military Record"
"The XXX."
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Antelope"
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Lion and the Rose"
"The Snapper"
"The Essex Regiment Gazette"
"The Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The Household Brigade Magazine"
"H.L.I. Chronicle"
"The Sapper"
"The Journal of the Royal Artillery"
"The China Dragon"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger" [ment"
"The Journal of the Leinster Regi-

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, the Depôt, per Quarter-master-Sergt. Purcell | to 31/ 9/10 | Major J. J. Gillespie ... | to 31/ 5/11 |
| | | Mr. J. Newton ... ... | ,, 30/ 6/11 |
| | | Colonel Lonsdale-Hale ... | ,, 31/ 8/11 |
| | | Miss D. M. Gunner ... | ,, 31/ 8/11 |
| Mrs. J. L. Vincent ... | ,, 31/12/10 | C. Kelly, Esq. ... ... | ,, 31/12/11 |

## BIRTHS.

BELCHEM.—On the 5th ult., at Dover, the wife of No. 4884 Quarter-master-Sergeant H. Belchem, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

ELTRINGHAM.—On the 12th September, at The Barracks, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Lance-Sergeant T. Eltringham, The Depôt, Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

NICHOLLS.—On the 23rd inst., at Argyle Lodge, Surrey Road, Bournemouth, the wife of Second-Lieutenant H. L. F. Nicholls, Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

SOMERVILLE—ASTON KEY.—On the 3rd inst., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Prebendary Anderson, Major John A. C. Somerville, Royal Sussex Regiment, late Northumberland Fusiliers, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville, of Drishane, County Cork, to Miss Vera Cooper Aston Key, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aston Key, of 15, Southwick Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W.

## DEATHS.

ABDY.—On the 16th inst., at Tunbridge Wells, Charles Abdy, infant son of Walter E. Abdy, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 3 months.

MCKENZIE.—On the 5th inst., at the "Tanners' Arms," Alnwick, Mr. Michael Hammond McKenzie, late Colour-Sergeant 3rd (Reserve) Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 43 years.

## IN MEMORIAM.

COCHRANE.—In loving memory of Sergeant Robert Cochrane, who died of enteric fever at Crete on the 29th November, 1898, in his 20th year, having served 10 years in the 1st Battalion.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain St. J. E. Montagu is placed temporarily on the half-pay list on account of ill-health (dated 12th November, 1910).

3RD (RESERVE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Hon. Major R. F. Roundell to be Major (dated 7th October, 1910).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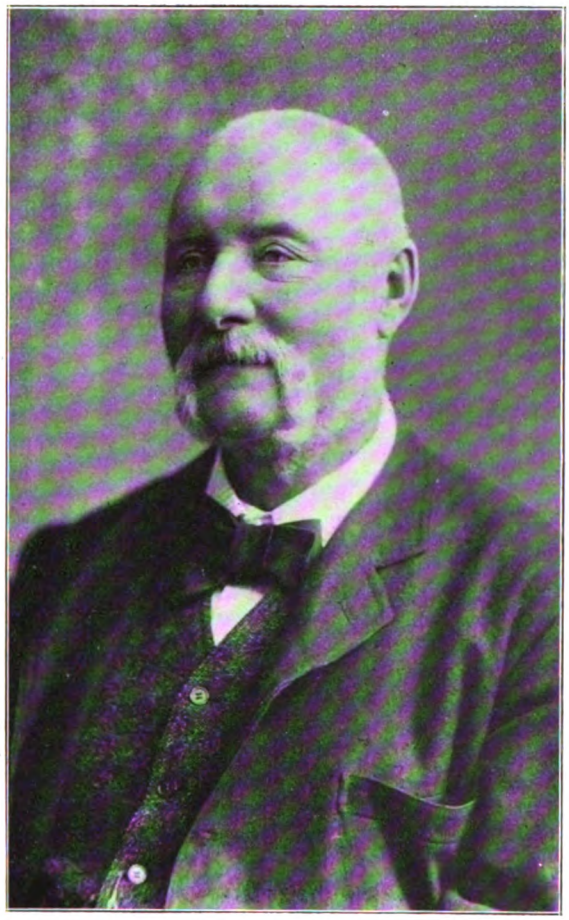

THE LATE MAJOR GEORGE RENNY.
BORN: 6th July, 1824. DIED: 20th October, 1910.
*(From a photograph by E. C. Porter, Ealing).*

MAJOR George Renny, who died at Bracknell, on the 20th October last, was born on the 6th July, 1824, and was the eldest son of the Rev. Patrick Renny, of Dunkitt, Co. Waterford, and grandson of Doctor George Renny, Director-General of the Irish Medical Department. He was educated at a private school near Waterford, and upon leaving, a commission without purchase was procured for him by the Duke of Wellington, in recognition of his grandfather's services. He was gazetted to the 5th Fusiliers in November, 1842, joining the Depôt at Spike Island (then a convict station) in February, 1843. The headquarters were constantly being changed at that time, and in 1845, he was sent from Belfast on detachment to Omagh, Arvagh, and Cashel, the Regiment having moved in that year from Belfast to Enniskillen, Templemore, Fermoy, and Cork. In 1846 the Regiment went to Plymouth, and in the following year Major Renny was sent to Falmouth, from thence, in July, embarking for the Isle of France, whither the FIFTH—who at this time had a Reserve Battalion—had proceeded. When the Regiment, who had embarked in the *Resistance* troopship, arrived at Port Louis, they were placed in quarantine, small-pox having broken out on board, but were released owing to an impending hurricane. The late officer, who was promoted lieutenant on the 1st May, 1844, was appointed to command No. 1 Company of the 1st Battalion as a subaltern, the captain being with the Depôt at Parkhurst. In 1850, the Reserve Battalion was reduced, and Renny, who had been promoted captain in 1849, was seconded, and acted as supernumerary captain until December, 1860, when he was transferred to the 73rd Regiment, joining that Regiment at King Williams Town in 1851. He served with the 73rd during the Kaffir War and the Trans-Kei expedition, and was three times mentioned in despatches. He left Cape Town in April, 1855, and in July, joined the Depôt Battalion in Jersey, and was afterwards quartered in Portsmouth, Colchester, Jersey, Plymouth, Chatham, Calcutta, Falmouth, Bristol and Aldershot, receiving brevet rank of major in December, 1861. In 1863 he sold out of the Service, and was appointed adjutant of the Berwickshire Rifle Volunteers, and afterwards, in 1880, became adjutant of the 3rd Durham Rifle Volunteers. On the 21st February, 1880, he retired with a total service of thirty-seven-and-a-half years. He married in 1858 Mary Ellen Wilson, only child of Mr. William Wilson, of Preston, by whom he had two daughters and one son—Captain G. M. Renny, late of the 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment; to this officer we are indebted for most of the facts related above, and to him we tender grateful appreciation.

## *1st Battalion Notes.*

GHARIAL, MURREE HILLS, INDIA,
25th October, 1910.

MURREE has once more assumed its inspiriting rôle of "The City of the Dead." Consequently, life at Gharial has lost that feeling of suppressed excitement which the ancient dweller in the Murree Hills knows so well. The "season" ended with a gymkhana on Gharial Flats on Saturday, the 8th inst. As will be seen by the programme, officers of the FIFTH and their better halves carried off most of the prizes.

All our "shikaris" have now returned from their various hunting grounds, but the "bag" is somewhat disappointing. From information acquired from reliable sources, it would appear that this year has been a bad one for sport.

Mr. Selby, who returned from Chunchen-mo at the beginning of the month, only paid us a flying visit. He disappeared the following morning in the direction of Amballa, where he is now learning the gentle art of Swedish drill. My word if we catch him doing No. (B) 6 exercise, when he comes back!

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Those who were acquainted with William Rufus may be sorry to hear that he was "snaffled" by a leopard, and, as was the case with his illustrious namesake—

"  .  .  .  .  *William, called the 'Red,'*
*Death won the race by a narrow head.*"

Mr. Stephen has returned from his visit to Australia, but so far, we have not heard of any sweeping changes to be made in Lord Kitchener's Defence Scheme.

Captain Sandilands has deserted us to become a native cavalry soldier for a season.

A reminder that we have not much longer to dwell in this salubrious spot (till next April) is furnished by the Trek Rest Camp party, who proceed to take up their appointed duties on Friday next. It is to be hoped that the officer in charge will have better luck with the trek tiger than those who profess to have seen it so far, and that, if he bags it, he will return the collar to the owner.

The Officers played the Officers of the 14th Regiment at football on the 14th inst., and defeated them by 2 goals to *nil*. On the 23rd inst. they played the Sergeants, but were defeated by 2 goals to 1.

Programme of Gymkhana held on the 8th inst.:—

*Bending and Polo Ball Dribbling* (*bareback*).—Won by Captain Cruddas.

*Tennis Ball Race* (*Ladies*).—Won by Miss Clifford.

*Ball and Bucket Race.*—Won by Lieutenant Lamb.

*Ladies' Chatty Race.*—Won by Mrs. Clifford.

*Affinity Lloyd Lindsay.*—Won by Captain and Mrs. Cruddas.

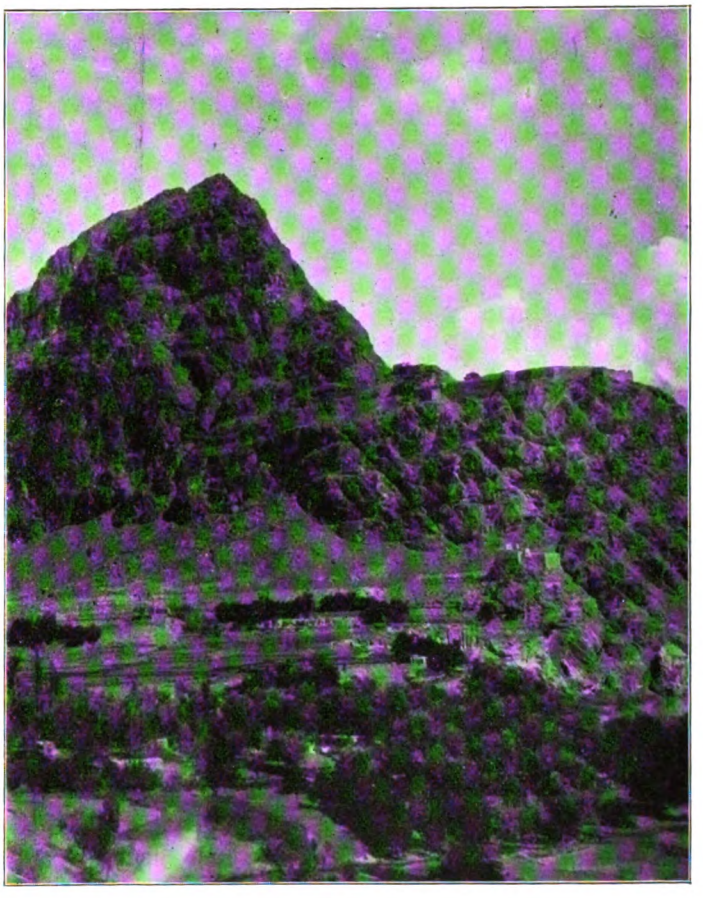
*Kuldana Plate* (*Open to Non-Commissioned Officers and Men on licensed bazaar ponies*).—Won by Private Crompton, 20th Fusiliers.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 2151 | Private | W. Slater | 1 | from 31 7/10 |
| ,, | 940 | ,, | T. Dexter | 2 | ,, 2/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2400 | ,, | V. Warwick | 1 | ,, 19/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2156 | ,, | J. Adams | 1 | ,, 21/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2404 | ,, | T. Partridge | 1 | ,, 22/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 2409 | ,, | E. Johnson | 1 | ,, 24/ 8/10 |
| ,, | 9263 | ,, | J. Hawdon | 2 | ,, 6/ 9/10 |
| No. | 1639 | Lance-Corporal | J. Colton | 2 | from 7/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 1643 | Private | C. R. Edwards | 2 | ,, 11/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 1209 | Lance-Corporal | A. Saunders | 2 | ,, 21/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 769 | Private | F. Morris | 2 | ,, 24/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 2149 | ,, | C. Brown | 1 | ,, 26/ 9/10 |
| ,, | 1256 | ,, | J. Allen | 2 | ,, 6/10/10 |
| ,, | 2435 | ,, | M. Woolley | 1 | ,, 6/10/10 |
| ,, | 1673 | ,, | J. McCullock | 2 | ,, 11/10/10 |
| ,, | 1676 | ,, | C. Nicholson | 2 | ,, 12/10/10 |
| ,, | 2114 | ,, | M. King | 1 | ,, 13/10/10 |
| ,, | 2116 | ,, | E. Scott | 1 | ,, 13/10/10 |
| ,, | 1677 | ,, | T. Dawson | 2 | ,, 13/10/10 |
| ,, | 2437 | ,, | J. Brough | 1 | ,, 14/10/10 |
| ,, | 2443 | ,, | A. Fraser | 1 | ,, 16/10/10 |
| ,, | 1357 | ,, | A. F. Grace | 2 | ,, 16/10/10 |

The undermentioned have extended their service:—

No. 9299 Lance-Sergeant B. J. Edmonson.
No. 8867 Lance-Corporal C. Westoby.
No. 9103 Private A. E. Marsden.
,, 9641 ,, G. Hunter.



SHARDU FORT.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.)*

No. 5583 Private F. Quigley, who was discharged on completion of twelve years' service, elected to proceed to Australia, and has been allotted passage on s.s. *Gracchus*, sailing from Calcutta on the 28th inst.

Company football is coming to a close for this season. A Company will very likely be the winners of the Paget's Horse Cup by the time that these notes are in the press. So successful has the 2nd league been that in the near future a 3rd league will be on the boards, and at some distant date, when football fields are more numerous than in Gharial, probably a section league. Many of our old footballers are leaving us this season for home. Let us hope that some new blood will be forthcoming to replace them.

Paget's Horse Cup, 1st XI. League Table, up to date:—

| Coy. | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Goals For. | Goals Ag'st. | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A ... ... | 10 | 7 | 0 | 3 | 23 | 10 | 17 |
| H ... ... | 11 | 6 | 1 | 4 | 20 | 7 | 16 |
| B ... ... | 10 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 27 | 17 | 13 |
| C ... ... | 10 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 14 | 13 | 10 |
| F ... ... | 11 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 16 | 22 | 9 |
| E ... ... | 11 | 1 | 4 | 6 | 11 | 18 | 8 |
| G ... ... | 10 | 3 | 6 | 1 | 11 | 23 | 7 |
| D ... ... | 11 | 1 | 8 | 2 | 10 | 22 | 4 |

## CRICKET.

The following match, the final for the Regimental Cup, which was played at Gharial, was commenced on the 16th July, but, owing to the monsoon setting in, it could not be concluded before the 15th September.

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### D Company v. H Company.

This match resulted in a win for H Company by 6 wickets.

D COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sergeant Wilkinson, c Wadsworth, b Gould | 12 | c Lowe, b Gould | 1 |
| Private Harbourne, b Gould | 1 | b Lowe | 13 |
| ,, Money, b Lowe | 17 | b Gould | 11 |
| ,, Bestwick, lbw, b Lowe | 1 | c Lees, b Gould | 1 |
| ,, Addams, b Gould | 5 | c Betts, b Gould | 4 |
| ,, Havercroft, c Wadsworth, b Gould | 2 | c Wadsworth, b Gould | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Wood, c Lowe, b Gould | 0 | b Lowe | 1 |
| Private Sherratt, b Lowe | 5 | b Lowe | 0 |
| ,, Smith, b Lowe | 0 | b Lowe | 6 |
| Corporal Bradford, b Lowe | 4 | b Gould | 3 |
| Lance-Corporal Warner, not out | 4 | not out | 2 |
| Extras | 4 | Extras | 6 |
| Total | 55 | Total | 50 |

H COMPANY.

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Corporal Wadsworth, not out | 29 | b Harbourne | 7 |
| Lance-Corporal Lowe, b Harbourne | 4 | c Wilkinson, b Smith | 24 |
| Private Lees, b Harbourne | 0 | b Smith | 5 |
| ,, Gould, c Havercroft, b Money | 15 | not out | 11 |
| Lance-Corporal Colton, c Addams, b Money | 5 | not out | 1 |
| Private Betts, b Money | 2 | did not bat | |
| ,, Baserga, c Wilkinson, b Money | 0 | c Smith, b Harbourne | 0 |
| ,, Forebanks, b Harbourne | 0 | did not bat | |
| ,, Grindle, b Harbourne | 0 | | |
| ,, Madden, c Addams, b Money | 1 | | |
| ,, Pridmore, c Wood, b Money | 0 | | |
| Extras | 1 | Extras | 1 |
| Total | 57 | Total (4 wkts.) | 49 |

The following are the best averages of the two finalists throughout the competition :—

BATTING AVERAGES.

H COMPANY.

| | Inns. | Total Runs. | Most in Inns. | Times not out. | Av'ge. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lance-Corporal Lowe | 6 | 219 | 89 | 0 | 36·5 |
| Corporal Wadsworth | 4 | 75 | *29 | 1 | 25 |
| Private Gould | 6 | 58 | 15 | 3 | 19·3 |
| Lance-Corporal Colton | 6 | 51 | 25 | 1 | 10·2 |

D COMPANY.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Private Bestwick | 6 | 139 | *61 | 1 | 27·8 |
| Sergeant Wilkinson | 6 | 90 | 32 | 0 | 15 |
| Private Harbourne | 6 | 81 | 31 | 0 | 13·5 |
| ,, Money | 6 | 78 | 19 | 0 | 13 |

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

H COMPANY.

| | Overs. | Wickets. | Runs. | Av'ge. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Private Gould | 58 | 31 | 183 | 5·9 |
| Lance-Corporal Lowe | 44 | 16 | 145 | 9·06 |
| Private Lees | 10 | 7 | 35 | 5 |

D COMPANY.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Private Money | 36 | 17 | 127 | 7·4 |
| ,, Harbourne | 54 | 23 | 199 | 8·6 |
| Lance-Corporal Warner | 22 | 6 | 80 | 13·3 |

### Right Half Battalion v. Left Half Battalion.

This match was played at Gharial on the 29th September, and resulted in a win for the Right Half Battalion by 63 runs, with 4 wickets in hand.

LEFT HALF BATTALION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Private Kitchen, b Harbourne | 10 |
| Lance-Corporal Eatson, c Colton, b Lowe | 1 |
| ,, ,, Parrant, c Colton, b Money | 28 |
| Private Priestley, lbw, b Harbourne | 6 |
| Lieutenant Banks, c Knox, b Money | 59 |
| Private Gould, b Money | 4 |
| ,, Locker, c Colton, b Money | 1 |
| ,, Forebanks, b Money | 0 |
| ,, Rix, c Bestwick, b Money | 14 |
| ,, Loftus, c Lowe, b Wilkinson | 0 |
| Lance-Corporal Grundy, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 10 |
| Total | 133 |

RIGHT HALF BATTALION.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergeant Wilkinson, c Parrant, b Rix | 122 |
| Lance-Corporal Lowe, c Locker, b Banks | 19 |
| Private Russell, c Eatson, b Parrant | 10 |
| Private Knox, retired hurt | 4 |
| ,, Money, c Grundy, b Loftus | 5 |
| ,, Harbourne, b Parrant | 7 |
| Lance-Corporal Maden, not out | 5 |
| Lieutenant Ovans, did not bat | |
| Private Bestwick, not out | 1 |
| Lance-Corporal Harris, ,, Colton } did not bat | |
| Extras | 23 |
| Total | 196 |

### "Old Uns" (over 8 years' service) v. "Young Uns" (under 8 years' service).

Played at Gharial, on the 6th October. This match was the means of proving that the old saying does not always work out, viz., "Youth will tell," as the "Old Uns" beat the "Young Uns" by 47 runs. When the "Young Uns," went in for their 2nd innings, the "Old Uns," emboldened by their success, tried the experiment of finding fresh blood in the bowling line, but without success.

"YOUNG UNS."

| 1st innings. | | 2nd innings. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Private Money, b Parrant | 18 | did not bat | |
| Lieutenant Banks, c Parrant, b W. Seavers | 4 | not out | 70 |
| Lance-Corporal Godfrey, run out | 25 | c W. Seavers, b Wilkinson | 0 |
| Lieutenant Crew, c W. Seavers, b Parrant | 15 | did not bat | |
| Private Locker, b Parrant | 19 | b Price | 1 |
| Lieutenant Balfour, lbw, b Gould | 10 | did not bat | |
| ,, Bruce, c Eatson, b Gould | 8 | | |
| Private Carr, lbw, b Parrant | 0 | | |
| ,, White, c Eatson, b Gould | 1 | | |
| ,, Williams, b Parrant | 0 | | |
| ,, Harbourne, b Parrant | 1 | | |
| Lance-Corporal Maden, not out | 5 | not out | 64 |
| Extras | 10 | Extras | 6 |
| Total | 116 | Total (2 wkts.) | 141 |

"OLD UNS."

| | |
|---|---|
| Colour-Sergeant Price, b Harbourne | 15 |
| Private Russell, b Maden | 11 |
| Lance-Corporal Eatson, c Maden, b Banks | 33 |
| Private Gould, c Maden, b Money | 14 |
| ,, W. Seavers, c Balfour, b Banks | 3 |
| Bandsman Stone, b Money | 7 |
| ,, Peatling, c Godfrey, b Money | 4 |
| ,, H. Seavers, b Money | 10 |
| Sergeant Casey, b Locker | 4 |
| Private Parrant, b Locker | 22 |
| Sergeant Wilkinson, run out | 9 |
| Lieutenant Ovans, not out | 1 |
| Extras | 30 |
| Total | 163 |

### Corporals v. A Company.

This match was played at Gharial, on the 13th October, and resulted in a win for A Company by 7 wickets.

CORPORALS.

1st innings 63
Lance-Corporal Maden, 15; Lance-Corporal Wood, 10

2nd innings 110
Lance-Corporal Eatson, 21; Lance-Corporal Maden, 16
Lance-Corporal Harris, not out, 10.

A COMPANY.

1st innings 44
Lance-Corporal Butler, 15

2nd innings 134 for 3 wkts.
Private Saunders, not out, 56; Private Fairbanks, not out, 35; Private Russell, 18.

## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

This month we have had plenty of exercise playing the final football and hockey matches with our rivals stationed in the vicinity of Gharial. Our hockey team beat the Royal Sussex by 3—2 after a very hard game, and followed this up by beating the Lancashire Fusiliers by 4—3.

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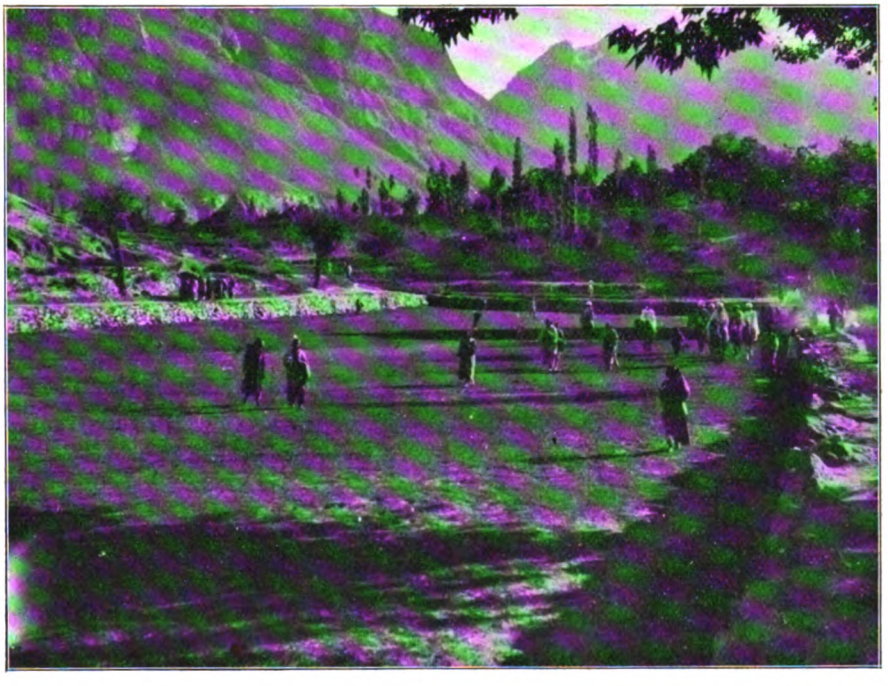
We were equally fortunate at football, for we defeated the Royal Sussex by 6 goals to 1, and the Lancashire Fusiliers by 2—1.

The West Yorkshire Regiment were to be our next victims but they failed to turn up, and a scratch team formed on the Gharial Flats brought us back to our proper sphere in life by defeating us 3—1. Our next match with the officers raised our spirits once more for we won by 2—1.

We held our last dance in Gharial on the 12th. It was largely attended by members of other Messes stationed in Gharial.

This month all our members have caught a craze for Snooker Pool. Many of us had never played before, but if anyone wants to know our novices at this fascinating game, we will send them a copy of our billiard book.

We are waiting anxiously for the detail to come out for the packing up of the mess, which will begin at the end of the month. Many a wish is expressed that this will be the last of Gharial, for we have it on the authority of two thirds of the mess members, that the Khuds are getting steeper, and that the authorities have some hold over the clerk of the weather, for he provides suitable weather for any kind of work every day in the week, except on Thursday, which is our holiday.



POLO GROUND AT SHARDU.
(*From a photograph by Lieutenant G. O. Sloper.*)

## 2nd Battalion Notes.

HILLSBOROUGH BARRACKS,
SHEFFIELD,
21st November, 1910.

ON Saturday, the 5th inst., a combined hockey team composed of 5th Fusiliers and the 22nd Brigade Royal Field Artillery played the Hallamshire Rifles and lost by six goals to nothing. On Thursday, 10th inst., the Regimental football team played the Scots Greys in the first round of the Army Cup on the Niagara Ground, Sheffield. The match resulted in a win for us by 7—0. After the first twenty-five minutes we began to score continuously, though the ground was very slippery from the rain.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from Colonel Whitaker whose home at Retford is only about seventeen miles from here. He very kindly asked some of us to stay a night and hunt next day with the Badsworth hounds.

On Saturday morning, the 19th inst., at 1.30, the draft for India numbering 112 men and one N.C.O. under Captain Colquhoun, of the Leicestershire Regiment, left barracks. The draft embarked at Southampton at about 8 o'clock the same morning.

On Wednesday, the 16th inst., General Gorringe, commanding the 18th Brigade, accompanied by Major Percival, came here to inspect the draft on parade.

Wintry weather has already set in, and the frost of the last few days seems likely to stop hunting for a bit.

On Saturday, the 5th inst., Captain Toppin paid us a farewell visit before his departure to Peru. We all wish him a prosperous time, and trust that the very rapid promotion that distinguishes the government services of certain of the South American States will not altogether pass him by. He is to be one of an English survey party entrusted with the task of delimitating the boundary between Peru and Bolivia.

The following are particulars of the services of men who have left the Colours during the month:—

No. 3544 Lance-Sergeant H. LEWIS, B Company, medically unfit.—Service, 18 years 4 months; served in 1st and 2nd Battalions. Served in India and South Africa. In possession of Queen's South African medal.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

Dated Dover, 30/9/10

*2nd Class:—*

No. 2646 Boy J. Davison — No. 2567 Boy G. Wood
No. 2764 Boy D. Fisk

*3rd Class:—*

No. 2851 Private H. Spencer — No. 2776 Private J. Moore

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Dated Sheffield, October, 1910

*1st Class :—*

No. 9943 Lance-Corporal O'Hara — No. 2808 Private Byrne

*Group I :—*

No. 7155 Private T. Bird — No. 2009 Private F. Willson

---

A draft of 1 non-commissioned officer and 112 men proceeded to join the 1st Battalion on the 19th inst.

---

No. 9785 Lance-Sergeant H. Poole has extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours, from the 6th October; and No. 5781 Sergeant F. B. Lee, H Company, and No. 5792 Lance-Sergeant Cochran have re-engaged to complete 21 years with the Colours, from the 19th inst.

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The following men joined from the 1st Battalion on the 10th inst. :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 5843 Private J. Straker | | No. 8217 Private J. Sutton | |
| ,, 6051 ,, J. Moxon | | ,, 8132 ,, H. Chambers | |
| ,, 7732 ,, W. Barron | | ,, 2642 ,, T. Allen | |

---

The following have enlisted during the month :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 2136 Private S. Braithwaite | from | 4/10/10 |
| ,, 2930 ,, A. Watson | ,, | 4/10/10 |
| ,, 2936 ,, J. Upton | ,, | 19/10/10 |
| ,, 2937 ,, W. Webster | ,, | 21/10/10 |
| ,, 2938 ,, D. Scott | ,, | 25/10/10 |
| ,, 2940 ,, Maxwell | ,, | 27/10/10 |
| ,, 2941 ,, Wheeler | ,, | 31/10/10 |
| ,, 2944 ,, Williams | ,, | 5/11/10 |
| ,, 2946 ,, W. Ironside | ,, | 7/11/10 |
| ,, 2947 ,, Calvert | ,, | 9/11/10 |
| ,, 2948 ,, W. Ennis | ,, | 10/11/10 |
| ,, 2952 ,, E. Trott | ,, | 11/11/10 |
| ,, 2955 ,, Tudberry | ,, | 16/11/10 |
| ,, 2956 ,, J. Wilson | ,, | 16/11/10 |

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

*To be Sergeant :—*

No. 8022 Lance-Sergeant J. Brooke — from 15/ 9/10

*To be paid Lance-Sergeant :—*

No. 9369 Corporal J. McGuire

*To be unpaid Lance-Sergeants :—*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 4589 Corporal C. Smith | from | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 9494 ,, A. Duke | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 9536 ,, Alderman | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 899 ,, G. Graves | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 5301 ,, H. Slater | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 9762 ,, H. Moody | ,, | 20/10/10 |

*To be Corporals :—*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 8024 Lance-Corporal G. Draper | from | 31/ 8/10 |
| ,, 9360 ,, Redhead | ,, | 15/ 9/10 |
| ,, 810 ,, E. Pawsey | ,, | 25/ 9/10 |

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 2302 Lance-Corporal Earle | from | 31/ 8/10 |
| ,, 2264 ,, James | ,, | 12/ 9/10 |
| ,, 6557 ,, C. Fiddler | ,, | 15/ 9/10 |
| ,, 2259 ,, H. Webster | ,, | 25/ 9/10 |

*To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2407 Private A. Davis | H Company | from | 14/10/10 |
| ,, 2450 ,, G. Francis | G ,, | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 2841 ,, H. Atkins | G ,, | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 2566 ,, Kirkup | G ,, | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 2786 ,, Christie | G ,, | ,, | 17/10/10 |
| ,, 2860 ,, J. Clay | F ,, | ,, | 21/10/10 |
| ,, 2278 ,, A. Taylor | F ,, | ,, | 21/10/10 |
| ,, 2785 ,, J. Johnson | F ,, | ,, | 21/10/10 |
| ,, 2282 ,, D Duff | E ,, | ,, | 29/10/10 |
| ,, 2178 ,, T. Hunnam | E ,, | ,, | 29/10/10 |
| ,, 2232 ,, C. Stacey | E ,, | ,, | 29/10/10 |
| ,, 2401 ,, A. Timbers | A ,, | ,, | 9/11/10 |
| ,, 168 ,, C. Knox | F ,, | ,, | 15/11/10 |

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Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as follows :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2295 Private F. Naylor | F | Company 1 | from | 20/ 7/10 |
| ,, 2301 ,, G. Tyson | D | ,, 1 | ,, | 22/ 7/10 |
| ,, 2371 ,, G. Saxby | D | ,, 1 | ,, | 13/ 8/10 |
| ,, 1523 Lance-Corpl. S. Lynam | F | ,, 2 | ,, | 14/ 8/10 |
| ,, 2354 Private J. Rudd | H | ,, 1 | ,, | 11/ 8/10 |
| ,, 2370 ,, G Matthews | F | ,, 1 | ,, | 17/ 8/10 |
| ,, 168 Lance-Corporal Knox | F | ,, 2 | ,, | 12/ 9/10 |
| ,, 2425 Private M. Douglas | B | ,, 1 | ,, | 21/ 9/10 |
| ,, 2442 Boy H. Farrell | F | ,, 1 | ,, | 21/10/10 |

## *2nd Battalion (Pontefract Detachment) Notes.*

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PONTEFRACT,

22nd November, 1910.

FROM Pontefract there is little to record during the past month. We have been inspected by Brigadier-General Gorringe, who was accompanied by his Brigade-Major, Major Percival, 5th Fusiliers, while Colonel Wintour, of the General Staff, York, had expressed his intention of seeing the Detachment at work in the field, but was unable to fit in a day.

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Just as we have settled down "in hibernis," as Cæsar said, come rumours of another move for this Detachment. As all the officers of the Detachment are married it is probable that the Caravan Club will have an increase of membership, as a caravan seems the only thing possible to meet the case. We have come to the conclusion that the Wandering Jew must have been a married officer of the British Army.

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Meanwhile, like everyone else, we are once more plunged into a General Election. Here in Pontefract the contest will be more even than for some years past, for the Liberal member who has held the seat for some seventeen years is retiring, and the new candidate has hardly had time to become extensively acquainted with the constituency. As the election is to be fought on the old register we still have votes in Dover.

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Our weather, latterly, has been very cold, but bright and sunny, with many sharp frosts.

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Hunting with the Badsworth hounds we have had good sport on several occasions. The opening meet was at Rogersthorpe, and although the weather was wet and windy we enjoyed a capital run from Rogersthorpe Whin. When we met at Ackworth Moor Top, on the 12th November, we had another splendid hunt of fifty minutes from the same covert; running across the river Went, the fox skirted Lower Ackworth, and then made for Hansworth; he appears to have been headed on the high road, and endeavoured to retrace his course for Rogersthorpe, but he never reached the refuge of his covert. These two runs and a fair day at Howell Wood are the chief hunts to record. We were glad to see Captain Archer, Mr. Leverson and Mr. Rushbrooke out on the 19th with their hounds, but the day was almost without incident. At the time of writing a hard frost has set in, and sport for the time being is at a standstill.

---

The following is the result on completion of the first half of the Football League :—

| Company | Played | Won | Drawn | Lost | Goals For | Goals Against | Points |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| B ... ... ... | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 6 |
| H ... ... ... | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 9 | 9 | 4 |
| Drums ... ... | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 8 | 1 |
| D ... ... ... | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 9 | 1 |

---

On the 10th inst. about 120 men and several married families travelled to Sheffield, to see the 1st round of the Army Cup. A most enjoyable day was spent, and Pontefract Detachment thank Sheffield Companies for their hospitality. A match was played in the morning between

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Pontefract v. Sheffield, in which Sheffield were victorious by 5 goals to 1.

On the 19th inst. the Detachment team met and defeated, by 2 goals to 1, Frysten Colliery Football team. This club leads the Castleford and District League.

On the 19th inst. the Detachment played a hockey match against the Sergeants of the York and Lancaster Regiment and Sergeants of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, the two Depôts finding one team. The result was a good win for us by 5 goals to 1.

B Company played the same team on the 21st inst., and beat them by 5 goals to 2.

## *2nd Battalion (Mounted Infantry Detachment) Notes.*

LONGMOOR,
22nd November, 1910.

OUR correspondent with the M.I. at Longmoor writes:—There is nothing very startling to chronicle from the Mounted Infantry this month. We have passed, with almost bewildering rapidity, through section, company and battalion drill, and, having successfully disposed of section training, are now scaling the steep ascent of company training. What we don't know of the tactical and strategic possibilities of Forest Corner, Palmer's Ball, the Dusthole and Sewage Farm, and "the vicinity of Point 452," is hardly worth knowing.

The Drag has met regularly twice a week, and has only once been stopped by frost. We have had several excellent lines and a well varied selection of country.

The opening meet of the H.H. took place at Chawton House on the 31st of last month. There was a big field, some thirty of whom hailed from Longmoor. The morning was fully occupied with woodland hunting, but the cream of the day's sport came in the afternoon after many had gone home, when they got their fox well away, and, after a fast twenty-five minutes or so, killed him in the open. Monday is our hunting day, and has not proved a very lucky one so far. The 7th and 14th were blank days, cold, raw, and of the "very windy" sort, and on the 21st the whole country was frost-bound.

Congratulations to Second-Lieutenant Brownlow on receiving the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for saving Private Maddison from drowning whilst bathing at Dover last July.

"The Royal Welch Fusiliers.—Lieutenant L. D'A Fox." The above legend, which is to be found in the roll of sections and their commanders attending this course, will be of special interest to members of the late 4th Battalion.

On the day of writing, Colonel De Lisle, who now holds a Staff appointment at Aldershot, has paid us a visit. Whilst here he inspected two Companies—one from each Battalion—in the field. Our Company was the one selected for the purpose from the 56th Battalion. We have not yet heard the result of the experiments, but we have a feeling that we have been making history.

## *Depôt Notes.*

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th November, 1910.

HIS Majesty's ship *Weymouth* was most successfully launched from the Elswick Shipyard on the 18th inst., in spite of the horrible weather. Close alongside her the huge *Monarch* is, or rather was, being built, for apparently all work on her is stopped by the boilermakers' strike. Her launch ought to be worth going a long way to see.

We have invested in a new stove for the billiard room, and it is now possible to play without having the constitution of a Peary. Owing to this, or to a desire to emulate George Gray, much fearful and wonderful billiards and "slosh" are now played. Some kind firm sends us the *Billiard Monthly*, in which there is a column for recording one's best breaks day by day. No one has yet had the hardihood to fill it in. *Best break seven, with two flukes in the column of remarks* looks even worse than a row of double figures on a golf score card.

Our C.R.E. is trying hard to get leave to build us a squash court in Barracks. We fear the warrant officer will want the money for some far less useful purpose.

The beagles have lately been meeting at more or less inaccessible places on the North Tyne. To judge from the accounts of the lucky ones who managed to get there, they must keep a particularly stout-hearted brand of hare in those parts. "Three-quarters of an hour without a check," and "ten miles in a bee-line" speak well for the ahem! staying power of the field.

The first half of the Garrison football league is now completed. It looks as if our good friends and sturdy opponents, the 27th Battery, were going to turn the tables on us this year, but "wait and see."

At an examination held in October No. 6275 Colour-Sergeant W. Watson was awarded a 1st Class Certificate of Education, and No. 4222 Colour-Sergeant W. Smith passed in Group 1.

The following have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2213 | Private | L. Pitt | No. 2852 | Private | J. Pearson |
| ,, 2855 | ,, | H. Trueman | ,, 2873 | ,, | W. Foster |
| ,, 2904 | ,, | W. Culverhouse | ,, 2906 | ,, | J. Dunnage |
| ,, 2911 | ,, | F. Rowden | ,, 2912 | ,, | F. West |
| ,, 2916 | ,, | W. Gale | ,, 2921 | ,, | S. Male |
| ,, 2934 | ,, | J. Camamile | ,, 7865 | ,, | T. Harrison |

No. 6452 Sergeant T. Thompson and No. 6453 Sergeant W. Molyneux have re-engaged to complete twenty-one years' service.

No. 8443 Sergeant S. Hayward and No. 9273 Sergeant J. Fletcher have been posted to the 2nd Battalion.

No. 6441 Lance-Sergeant J. Brennan and No. 5201

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Corporal J. Walker have been appointed paid Lance-Sergeants.

No. 2013 Private J. Glynn and No. 9693 Private L. Sharp have been transferred to the Army Reserve.

The undermentioned are attached for a tour of duty from the 2nd Battalion :—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1910 | Corporal | J. Pierce | No. 2057 | Private | J. Wilkinson |
| ,, 1986 | ,, | M. Mellors | ,, 6938 | ,, | E. Neary |
| ,, 3444 | ,, | D. McIntosh | ,, 898 | ,, | S. Tucker |
| ,, 896 | ,, | E. Mower | ,, 3800 | ,, | P. Dryden |
| ,, 1514 | Private | J. Ball | ,, 1917 | ,, | T. Watmore |

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
26th November, 1910.

OUR strength received a considerable increase on the 1st inst., by the transfer of the Newburn Detachment of the 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers to us. The numbers transferring are one Officer (Captain W. E. Stephenson), one Sergeant-Instructor (Colour-Sergeant-Instructor W. Stewart), and eighty-six non-commissioned officers and men.

The Newburn Detachment at one time formed part of the 1st V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers, but was transferred about seventeen years ago to the 2nd V.B. (now 5th Battalion) Northumberland Fusiliers.

The transfer will give us all the Northumberland portion of the Tyne Valley west of Scotswood as a recruiting area.

We hear on good authority that our annual Camp next year will be at Haltwhistle.

Captain B. T. St. John, our new Adjutant, paid us a visit on the 22nd inst. He is to take over his duties on the 11th prox.

The Annual Ball of C Company was held in the Town Hall, Haydon Bridge, on the 25th inst. The hall had been tastefully decorated, and a large attendance graced what was one of the most successful social functions ever held in the village.

## 5th Battalion Notes.

WALKER,
16th November, 1910.

OUR Sergeants held their Thirteenth Annual Mess Clock Shoot on the new miniature range at Headquarters on the 26th October. The conditions were seven shots at twenty-five yards with one sighter. Previous winners were barred. There were twenty-three competitors and some good scores. The winner was Sergeant "Andy" Dicks, who had a bull for every shot, sighter included, and thus won a shield on the clock and a medal as a memento, with the distinction of being barred from future competitions for this trophy.

After the "serious business" of the meeting was disposed of an enjoyable "Smoker" was held under the chairmanship of Sergeant-Major Linley, when the health of the winner was drunk and some good songs were rendered, the hero of the evening, amongst others, adding further to his laurels as a "warbler." The proceedings were rendered all the more enjoyable by the welcome presence of some of the old members of the Mess and a few visitors.

## 6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
22nd November, 1910.

THE Annual Shooting Match between the Officers of the Battalion and the 8th Battalion Durham Light Infantry took place on the 26th October, at Chester-le-Street, in favourable weather. Our Battalion won by seventy-seven points, Lieutenant K. D. Barrett making the highest score.

A most interesting lecture was delivered at St. George's Hall, on the 9th inst., by Major Sir Alexander Bannerman, on "The National Spirit of Japan."

During the month the Company Shooting Competitions have taken place on the Morris Tube Range, but the results are not yet out.

On the 14th inst. Major Ainslie unveiled in the Sergeants' Mess a portrait of His Majesty King George V.

We regret to announce that Captain Morrison has resigned his commission after many years' service.

## 7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
23rd November, 1910

THE long legal delays in connection with Amble Drill Hall have at last come to an end, and the building is to be started in the turn of the year.

The programme is ready for the winter training, and an excellent course has been devised for junior officers and non-commissioned officers, to wind up with a Staff Tour, under the Brigadier, in March.

Out of a strength of 744 officers, non-commissioned officers and men 722 have been returned efficient. Satisfactory reasons have been given by the bulk of the non-efficients. But for the shortage of ranges the strength would have been even higher, and as this drawback is in some measure to be repaired, it is hoped that next season will see an increase of numbers.

The regulation, retiring Instructors who have completed twenty-one years, has been cancelled; this in several instances will be a gain.

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## *Editorial Notes.*

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
28th November, 1910.

EIGHT 5th officers, viz., Colonels Armstrong and Hart-Dyke, Majors Bett, Buckley, Malet and Somervell, Captains Sant and Toppin, were present at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., on the occasion of Major (Biddy) Somerville's wedding, and the subsequent reception at 18, Grosvenor Street. The church was crowded, and amongst others who were there we noted His Excellency, Takaaki Kato, the Japanese Ambassador, and Colonel Higashi, the Japanese Attaché, several officers of the Headquarter Staff, etc., etc. Our contemporary *The Ladies' Field*, of the 15th inst., contained the following particulars :—

"At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, recently, the marriage took place of Major J. C. Somerville, Royal Sussex Regiment, son of the late Colonel Somerville, of Drishane, County Cork, and Miss Vera C. Aston Key, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aston Key, of 15, Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park. The Rev. David Anderson, Rector of St. George's, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of soft white satin, with a tunic of chiffon, and an old lace veil. She was attended by two small pages, dressed in white, and four bridesmaids, attired alike in costumes of grey ninon over satin and large black hats; they carried bouquets of pink lilies and wore paste pendants, the gifts of the bridegroom. Colonel Somerville, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. After the reception at 18, Grosvenor Steeet, Major and Mrs. J. C. Somerville left for the Continent, where they intend spending their honeymoon. The bride travelled in a grey cloth costume, with a black hat and a set of handsome furs."

Amongst the numerous presents received by the bridegroom was a large silver salver, on which were engraved the facsimiles of the signatures of the donors, many officers who had served with him in the 5th Fusiliers, and also a silver tea kettle from the officers of the Headquarter Staff with whom he is now working at the War Office.

WHAT ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS ANTICIPATES MAY HAPPEN AT 111, JERMYN STREET, IF THE WINTER IS SEVERE.

We were too late last month to congratulate Lieutenant-Colonel Enderby on his recent promotion, and on his assuming command of the 2nd Battalion, when the announcement was published in the *London Gazette*, but we offer felicitations now; we also congratulate Major Wood on his promotion, and subsequent appointment to the Headquarter Staff. Under the head of "Regimental Intelligence," our contemporary, *The Army and Navy Gazette*, comments as follows :—

"NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS (5TH).—Lieutenant-Colonel Heard, "who recently left "for New Zealand, has "been succeeded at the "head of the 2nd Bat- "talion by Major Ender- "by, from the 1st Bat- "talion in India. Lieu- "tenant-Colonel Enderby "will only command the "Battalion for just over "three years. He is in "his forty-third year, "and obtained his com- "mission from the 4th "(Militia) Battalion "Worcestershire Regi- "ment in August, 1889. "He served with the 1st "Battalion in Egypt in "1898 and in South "Africa in 1900-01, when "he was severely wound- "ed. Captain Wood, 2nd "Battalion, has been pro- "moted to major after "nearly eleven years in "the rank of captain. "He is a Staff College "graduate, and has the "Nile expedition, 1898, "and the South African "campaign to his credit, "in both of which he "was mentioned in des- "patches."

The Editor will be grateful if contributors will kindly remember that our next issue will be our annual Christmas number, and arrange that all copy is with him as early as possible; the printers impress on us the importance of mentioning this fact, therefore all copy that can reach this office by the 20th of December should be so posted as to be delivered by first post that day.

While on the subject of Christmas, the Editor would like to tell all those whom it may concern that he has still some of the usual miniature *St. George's Gazette* Christmas cards on hand, the price of these post free is 1/- per dozen, orders can be taken now, and the cards will be sent at once on receipt of cash and instructions.

Much clerical labour and a certain amount of expense will be avoided if subscribers will kindly try to remember

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when their subscriptions are due, and send these on without being reminded. A simple way of settling subscriptions would undoubtedly be by subscribers paying them through their bankers; forms for this purpose can be had for the asking, by simply sending a post card to this office, where work this month has been particularly heavy. No bills have been sent to remind subscribers that their subcriptions were due, the result will be seen on a glance at the section headed "Subscriptions received," where only a very few names appear.

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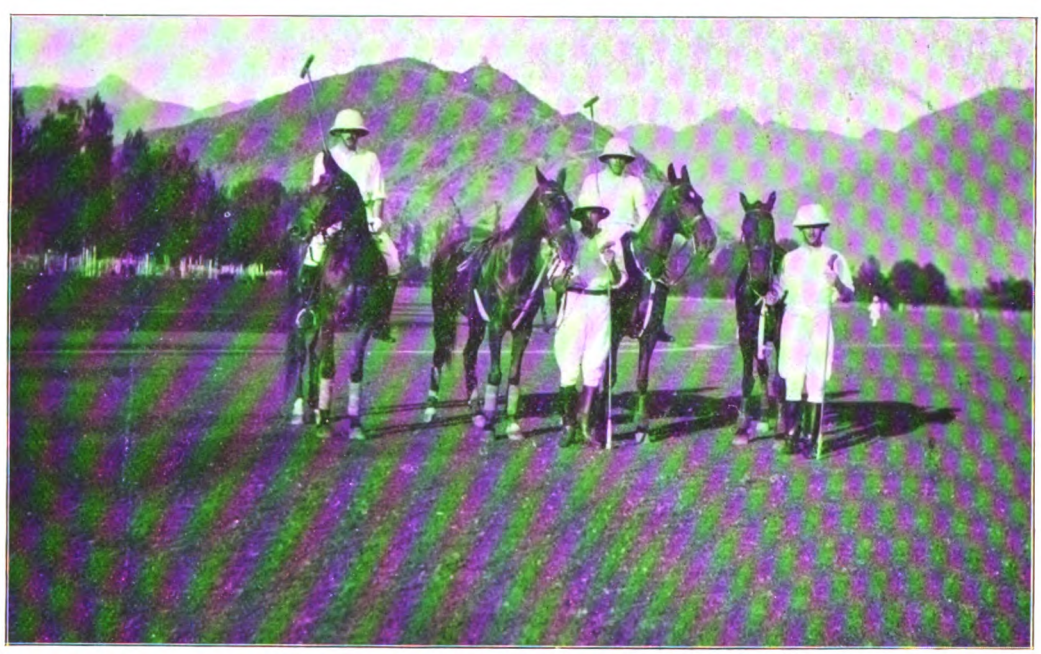
Messrs. R. Ward and Sons, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, have sent us a copy of their quarterly official Naval and Military Directory of Newcastle-on-Tyne and District, which includes information on these points not only with regard to Newcastle but Northumberland and Durham also. This booklet is very nicely produced and should prove useful and interesting not only in the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes at the Depôt and to officers and non-commissioned officers, but should also find a place on the Mess tables of the Home Battalion of the FIFTH and all institutions to do with our Special Reserve and Territorial Battalions. All officers in the district are duly entered, while those who are married have their private addresses specially given. We have much pleasure in saying a few words about this publication and bringing it to the notice of those who do not already know the work. The price of the book is 6d., and it will be sent post free for 7½d. on application to Messrs. R. Ward and Sons, 31 to 39, High Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



SRINAGAR POLO TOURNAMENT, 1910—5TH FUSILIERS' TEAM, WINNERS.
No. 3—CAPTAIN W. CLIFFORD, D.S.O. No. 1—MR. R. M. R. LAMB. No. 4—MR. A. C. HART. No. 2—MR. F. E. WATKIN.
*(From a photograph by Mrs. J. B. Benn.)*

## *Letters to the Editor.*

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LAHORE CANTONMENT, PUNJAB,
19th October, 1910.

DEAR EDITOR SAHIB,—I send (or rather have written to my better half to send you from Pindi) a photograph of the team of the 1st Battalion who won the Polo Tournament in Srinagar this year. The photograph was taken by Mrs. Benn, wife of Captain J. B. Benn, of the 37th Lancers, who kindly presented me with this copy and also with the film to hand over to the other members of the team, this film I have unfortunately put away so carefully that at the moment it is not forthcoming; I shall, therefore, be very grateful if you will preserve this photograph as if it were gold! If you can honour it with reproduction in the *Gazette* I shall love you for ever, since it will be some consolation to be able to show it to the three sturdy warriors who are howling for my blood for being such a ——! ——! sort of silly idiot, as to keep them waiting for their photograph in the winning team. I tell them that the pretty picture of Kashmir is entirely spoilt by their ugly faces in the foreground, for the old Takht-i-Suleiman and the hills, and clouds at the back are really very fine. I think the photo appeared in *The Times of India*, but the reproduction was not clear, and beyond earning for the fair photographer about five whole rupees as baksheesh was not of much use. The Resident and Mrs. Ramsay gave us each a very handsome little silver bowl, and the other players seemed genuinely delighted when we won; as "Sandy and Co." revived polo in Srinagar last year, if the Maharajah can only be kept up to the scratch, the game should go on by leaps and bounds now. I must apologise for "boring" you with such a long epistle, and with bohut salaam,

I remain, yours truly,
W. CLIFFORD, Captain,
1/5th Fusiliers.

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CASTLE LODGE, NARROWGATE, ALNWICK,
19th November, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—The extract that follows is from *The Alnwick and County Gazette*, of Saturday, the 12th inst.; it should prove interesting to your readers:—

"FUNERAL OF AN 'OLD AND BOLD.'—The remains of the late Mr. Michael Hammond McKenzie were consigned to their last resting place in the beautiful cemetery grounds at Alnwick, on Monday afternoon. His death occurred on Saturday morning, at the Tanners' Arms, Hotspur Place, where he resided. He was a native of Aberdeen, and when about nineteen years of age he enlisted in the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1886, and served with this Regiment at home and abroad for about nineteen years. For over eleven years he served in India and the Straits Settlements. While in India he was for two years librarian to the Murree Club, he saw active service during the Boxer rebellion, attached as a Sergeant-Instructor to the 1st or 2nd Chinese Regiment, for which he was awarded the Chinese medal and clasp for the relief of Pekin, 1900. He was also an instructor of the Chinese regiment. On returning to England he was attached to the Permanent Staff of the 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers at Alnwick, as a Colour-Sergeant-Instructor, in which regiment he served three years. He was discharged to pension in February, 1905. He was a good soldier, and was much respected by the officers and men of his Battalion. His funeral on Monday was of a semi-military character. From the residence of the deceased in Hotspur Place, the Town Band, in uniform, played the Dead March in 'Saul' to the Railway Station, and again on nearing the cemetery. The hearse was followed by four coaches, containing the chief mourners, and a number of personal friends and acquaintances walked behind. The passing of the *cortege* through Bondgate Without was witnessed by large crowds of the townspeople. Amongst the veterans and soldiers of the Northumberland Fusiliers who attended were Captain J. Wallace, ex-Colour-Sergeants J. Arkless and Jas. Byrnes, ex-Band-

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" Sergeant T. Moore, ex-Drummers F. Walsh (bandmaster of the Alnwick " Town Band) and S. Smith, Drummers Saunders and Bastand. The " underbearers were Sergeant-Major Neville, Sergeant-Instructor Casey, " Armourer-Sergeant G. Patton, 7th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, " and Colour-Sergeant Ahronson, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. " The burial service was read by the Rev. J. Reavley, minister of St. " James's Presbyterian Church, and at the grave the band played very " effectively the hymn 'Days and moments quickly flying.' Several " beautiful wreaths were laid upon the mound. The deceased was only " forty-three years of age, and has left a widow and young family."

Hoping you will find space in *St. George's Gazette* for the above,

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

J. BYRNES.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th November, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—With reference to my letter that appeared in your columns last month, I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following photographs :—From Mrs. Harkness, a photo of No. 13, Lichtenberg monument; from Mr. C. J. Anderson, two photos of a memorial erected at Ladybrand by the 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers and 2nd Battalion Black Watch; from Sergeant Offord, 5th Fusiliers, a photo of a stone erected at Kleinfontein; from Quartermaster-Sergeant Terrill, late 5th Fusiliers, a photo of grave of Colour-Sergeant Neville, at Zeerust; and a photo of grave of Colour-Sergeant Staples, at Kroonstad.

I remain, yours truly,

H. S. AINSLIE, Major,
Commanding Depôt, 5th Fusiliers.

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WHITE LODGE, MELTON, SUFFOLK,
28th November, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions to the late Major-General St. G. C. Henry's memorial fund :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Amount already acknowledged ... ... ... | 85 | 14 | 6 |
| Officers, 1st Battalion ... ... ... ... ... | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel Sapte ... ... ... ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Major Enderby ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Yatman ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Fishbourne ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Captain Festing ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Sandilands ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Wood ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Wilson ... ... ... ... .. ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Lieutenant-General Bigge ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Colonel Dashwood ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Total ... | £112 | 15 | 6 |

The above amount is now sufficient for the purpose. The bedroom at the Union Jack Club has been dedicated to the memory of General Henry and the brass for Newcastle Cathedral will be completed during December.

Yours truly,

E. W. DASHWOOD.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X.Y.Z."—*Space, this month at any rate, will not allow us to print your long effusion, particularly as you say it must all go in this month or never; wont you change your mind and let it stand over and go in two numbers if necessary later on?* "AJAX."—*You were quite right when you said that none but the brave deserve the fair, but under the circumstances do you consider it wise to get married off the strength?* "NEMO."—*It is possible, but not probable.* "SERGEANT X."—*Our best advice is to look before you leap.* "SILENUS."—*Most certainly not.*

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 30TH NOVEMBER, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 25th November, 1885.—Route marching commenced here on the 20th of last month. Time marches, and an occasional day at outpost duty, are now the order of the day in the Dublin Garrison.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and Staff dined at our Mess on the 5th inst.

We had another temperance meeting here on the 13th, the lecturer on this occasion being a Miss Surtees. The meeting was particularly well attended.

Mrs. Langtry has been performing at the Gaiety Theatre here before crowded houses during the past week, while at the Queen's Theatre O'Grady's Company has been most successful.

Major Biddulph paid us a flying visit on the 25th, on his way to the North countrie. We were all glad to see him, and congratulate him on his recent promotion.

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On Saturday, 28th inst., the Band of the Regiment attended at the Vice Regal Lodge, on the occasion of the investure of General Viscount Wolseley, G.C.B., and the Marquis of Headfort, as Knight Companions of the Order of St. Patrick. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room and was presided over by the Lord Lieutenant.

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DEPÔT NOTES.—Newcastle-on-Tyne, 30th November, 1885.—We hear a rumour throughout the Depôt to the effect that Colonel Rowland, C.B., will succeed Colonel Collingwood, C.M.G., in the command of the 5th and 68th Regimental District in January next.

The troops in this Garrison were confined to their quarters (except those who had votes to give) on Saturday, 28th inst.—Election Day.

To make their temporary confinement as little irksome as possible, we got up some sports for the Depôt 5th and 68th in the Barracks, as well as some shooting with Morris tubes.

After three desperate struggles for the tug-of-war, the Durham Light Infantry won it.

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NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, Alnwick, 25th November, 1885.—Drummer James White has been transferred to the 1st Battalion from the 13th inst., at his own request.

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Major H. Kilgour was granted leave of absence from the 3rd to the 10th inst.

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The first annual meeting of the Alnwick Rifle Club was held on Tuesday, the 4th inst., in the Percy Artillery Armoury. Colour-Sergeant Forster, 1st Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, occupied the chair. After reading the report and balance sheet and transacting other business connected with the Club, a vote of thanks was passed to the committee and other officials for their past services. The new committee were then elected and the meeting ended with the usual vote of thanks to the chairman.

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## BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND.

(BY C. G. L.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER AND "S."

(*Continued from page 171.*)

Next day my side of the country consisted of big open flats, bounded on each side by bush. I had a rather unprofitable day, which was chiefly occupied in trying to get the better of the herds of Blue Wildebeest, which keep well out in the open and are very hard to get near.

They are most annoying animals and seem to know exactly how close it is safe to let one come. I found it very hard to pick out bulls with good heads, and often what had appeared a very good one would turn out to be quite a poor one. They are grotesque-looking creatures, with their heavy forehand, light quarters, upright bristly mane and buffalo-like horns, and at close quarters this grotesqueness is accentuated by a heavy wisp of dark hair in front of the face, which gives them a Roman-nosed appearance. Standing facing one against the sky-line, with their heads held high, they are fine-looking beasts, not unlike Highland cattle in general shape. When disturbed they generally indulge in a series of absurd pig-jumps, throwing their heads about and swishing their tails. They then go off at a sort of three-legged canter, which is very much

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faster than it seems to be. When on the move, broadside on, they appear, except for their horns, very like a herd of huge black boars.

"*Their grotesqueness is accentuated by a heavy wisp of dark hair which gives them a Roman-nosed appearance.*"

They seem to be sociable creatures, and I have often seen one running with herds of Zebra, Lechwe and Hartebeest.

I had no luck with them to-day, but S— on his side did better and got a good bull.

Our camp was moved a couple of miles during the day to a place called Tabando. Within a few hundred yards of the new camping ground the wagon passed the carcase of a Hartebeest calf, which had not been dead very long. It had been throttled, and part of it had been eaten, although the inside had not been removed. The method of killing clearly pointed to a leopard as the perpetrator of the deed, and this was confirmed by the way in which he had begun his meal, as a lion always starts by carefully and neatly removing the inside. The boys had, much to our annoyance, put the carcase on the wagon and brought it into camp. As soon as we got in we made them put it back where they had found it, but with little hope that so cautious an animal as a leopard would come to it again after it had once been disturbed.

We had a day off next day, which was devoted, as usual, to the clearing off of back work. We visited the leopard's kill two or three times, moving cautiously up wind to a point from which we could see it, but he never went near it again. In the afternoon two messengers came into camp from a big Induna called Sialoba, whose kraal was not very far off. He asked who we were and requested that we should send him "Inyama" (meat). We replied that he should have "Maninge Inyama" (plenty of meat) if he showed us where the Kudu were, and, at the same time, sent him a little to go on with.

The word "Inyama" also means game, as the only point of view from which the native regards the latter is as meat, without any idea of sport, for which there is no equivalent.

We had, soon after starting, learnt the Mashukulumbwi names for all the game in the country, and a number of useful words and sentences, so we now had a very fair working vocabulary, which increased daily. The names for nearly all the game animals are different to any of the native names I have seen given in such works as "The Game Animals of Africa," by Lyddeker, "Central African Game and its Spoor," by Stigand and Lyell, and "Records of Big Game," by Rowland Ward. As it may be of interest to some of my readers, I shall, in future, give the Mashukulumbwi names of new species as I come to them. Those we have already had are as follows:—Roan Antelope (Keerumperum), Oribi (Nakafuifui), Hartebeest (Kortompooi), Eland ('Nsefu), Lion (Shumba), Blue Wildebeest (Mooinumba), Zebra (Keebeecha), Sable Antelope (Rooiengu), Leopard (Seruia). The spelling is, I need hardly say, phonetic.

Next day I got a Wildebeest bull and an Oribi in the morning. The latter had a nice head, but the former was disappointing. In the afternoon I made a big detour so as to come back up wind in the evening through a good valley, but on arrival found that it had only just been burnt, so the chase was rather of the wild goose order.

The dogs again spent the whole night barking and chasing hyenas round the camp. Several times they came tearing past the place where we were sleeping and woke us up. It was a nuisance, but better than having our heads and skins eaten by the ubiquitous hyena.

We were now on the edge of the Kafue Flats, and next day, the 14th September, we moved to a place called Mafungu, about 102 miles from Kalomo, and began hunting on the Flats. They are under water during the wet season and were now covered with rank, coarse grass, which had been laid by the water, and formed a tangled mass up to one's knees. This made the going very bad, and a lying shot, and very often a sitting one, was impossible. In places there were dense masses of dry reeds ten or twelve feet high. These proved on more than one occasion our undoing, as once a hunted Lechwe got into them one might as well have looked for a needle in a haystack. The natives of the local kraals particularly avoid burning them too early, as they have big hunts later on, when they set fire to the reeds, and, getting round the leeward side, spear the Lechwe as they run out. The Flats are intersected in many places by lagoons. Some of these are connected with the river, but most of the smaller ones are left behind when the water recedes after the wet season. These lagoons are full of crocodiles, which are always on the look-out to snap up anything incautious enough to get within their reach.

Not very long after starting I caught sight of a solitary Lechwe ram, the first of the kind I had seen. The Mashukulumbwi call them Naandja. They are very handsome antelopes, of a reddish colour, and their skins, especially those of the ewes, are much prized by the natives for their softness, and are worn by the better-off women as a sort of kilt. The males have very fine lyre-shaped horns, which much resemble those of a water buck. When they first start running they hold their head low, with the nose thrust forward and their horns over their back as if trying to conceal them. If this was originally their object it has now become second nature, as the females, which are hornless, run in exactly the same way. When disturbed, their gait is at first a sort of stiff-jointed shamble, but before long they go off at a fast, springy gallop. They usually make for water when frightened and can go through fairly deep places at a great pace with big splashing bounds.

This one was standing out in the open, but had not seen me, and

"*As it turned out, he had a very nice head.*"

I thought the best way to get within shot would be to leave my boys behind and walk on quietly on my pony. Provided they can't

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get your wind, many animals will stand looking at you if you are mounted, wondering what new sort of animal this can be. Before long a lagoon appeared barring the way. Not then knowing the nature of what looked like a long, narrow water hole with good, sound sides, I tried to ride through it, but the pony was soon floundering up to his shoulders in water and mud. We were both glad to scramble out again, and I certainly should have been more so had I known at the time that it was full of crocodiles. By keeping down near the water I eventually got round to the other side under cover of the banks.

It must here be frankly stated that Esau was not a perfect shooting pony in every respect. His worst failing was his unreliable behaviour when left by himself. Sometimes he would stand like a lamb, which made his inconsistency all the more reprehensible when he chose to do otherwise. On these occasions he had a most irritating way of looking back over his shoulder with the white of one eye, while, by carefully adapting his pace to mine, he kept a safe lead. His one redeeming virtue was that sooner or later he delivered himself up by treading on the reins. To make sure of him I generally tied his head round short before leaving him, so that if he felt that he must take a walk, he could perambulate round and round himself to his heart's content. To-day, however, I weakly relied on his sense of honour (and the fact that he was tired) and trusted him to stand while I crept through some thick reeds which were hiding the Lechwe. Before I had even reached these I looked round and there he was walking off with his head in the air, looking back over first one shoulder and then the other so as not to miss the delicious moment when his movements should be observed. The joke fell rather flat, as I didn't take the least notice of him and went on after the Lechwe. By the time I had got through the reeds the latter had got into some long grass and was completely hidden.

The only thing was to return, with honeyed words and murder in my heart, for Esau who, as I expected, hadn't gone far. The inevitable performance having been gone through, he, as usual, trod on the reins and sat down abruptly with a look of injured innocence. We then proceeded with the business in hand, and riding through the high grass in circles, eventually drove the old ram out. He led us to a big herd which was split up into three clumps. Two Wildebeest were with one lot, and, on catching sight of us, tried in vain to stampede them by jumping about in their absurd way, going a short distance and then coming back. After a long look through my glasses I found that there were two good rams in one lot, which I accordingly selected. I had a great hunt after them, cutting off the corners as they ran in curves in zig-zags. Once they deliberately made me gallop into a bog by running round it in a big curve and standing at a safe distance on the other side. I didn't actually *see* them laughing, but that is obviously what they were doing. Esau was by this time very hot and so was I, and this last affront had to be wiped out at all costs.

"*Head of a Puku ram.*"

After a long hunt four rams left the herd, the two good ones among them. I made for what appeared to be their point to try and cut them off, but they suddenly disappeared. They had slipped into the dry bed of a lagoon and were going at top speed at right angles to their original course, but had reckoned without the fact, that two of them were showing the tips of their horns. I could now see their movements without their seeing me, and, by spurring Esau to a final effort, contrived to cut them off and get in a shot within 100 yards as they came up out of the lagoon. Number three from the front seemed to have the best pair of horns so I had my shot at him and, luckily, got him where I aimed, in the heart. I had by this time completely lost my boys, so, after off-saddling Esau, who was now only too pleased to stand still, I started on the job of skinning and getting the head off. The boys, having conscientiously followed in tracks, arrived in time to carry in the remains.

Next morning we sent Kortompooi on across the Kafue River to spy out the land. One of our principal reasons for selecting this route had been the probability of getting buffalo, and his mission was to find out from the natives whether there were any herds about and if so where they had last been seen or heard of.

I wanted to get a Lechwe ewe for the skin, which is very soft and much prized by the natives; and this I succeeded in doing without much difficulty as there is nothing to choose between one ewe and another. I also wanted to get a better ram which is a much more difficult matter, as there are usually only one or two good heads in a herd, and the one selected has to be singled out somehow. Stalking is almost impossible on these open flats, and the best way is to hunt them on horseback. If you can get a herd on the move and edge them away from their favourite haunt they at once get uneasy, and, headed first by one and then by another leader, will attempt to break back. They will eventually make a dash, when you should gallop as if to cut them off, but allowing them to get past by about fifty or a hundred yards. They then seem to think that the danger is over and nearly always stop and turn round to have a look. If you have kept your eye fixed on the one you are after you can then, if you are quick, jump off and have your shot. It sounds very simple, but they don't always play the game according to the rules, and it is often a hard day's work to get the one you want. It took me the whole morning to get the one I was after, but I got him in the end, and, as it turned out, he had a very nice head.

In the afternoon I surprised two big crocodiles basking in the sun on the banks of a lagoon. The surprise was mutual, and I never saw them until they slid off into the water. One of them showed his eyes above it several times in different places after the manner of his kind, but he seemed to be gifted with almost human intelligence, as every time I mounted he appeared, and as soon as I dismounted to have a shot at him down he went again. I got a nice Oribi on the way back to camp, and it was after dark when I got in. S— had also taken toll of the Lechwe, and had brought in a ram's head and a ewe's skin.

Next morning we moved up to the river, which was about eight miles away, and crossed it. As we got nearer to it the lagoons increased in number and size, and the last three or four miles lay along the bank of a beautiful sheet of water which swarmed with birds of every sort. This was one of the many occasions on which I had cause to regret an education which had not included a good working knowledge of natural history in all its branches. Among others we noticed (as they say in society papers), a number of black and white kingfishers which flitted incessantly above the water, occasionally swooping down on their prey, and innumerable white birds resembling small herons which stood about in solemn groups, and seemed lost in contemplation of their own reflection in the clear water. S— was better informed than I in this direction and named a number of others. Round the banks were dense masses of bright green reeds, strongholds no doubt of that inveterate recluse, the Situtunga. We eventually reached the river which is here about two hundred yards wide and fordable in several places. The wagon was got across accompanied by a crocodile-scaring escort of splashing, shouting natives, and we outspanned on the other side. We knew that Puku (Sikkisun in Mashukulumbwi) were fairly common on this bank, and the anticipation of making their acquaintance did not allow us to rest for long. They are of a rich rufous colour, and are rather like their cousins, the Lechwe, but their horns are shorter and thicker in proportion to their length. Their skins rank second only to those of the Lechwe with the natives, and they share with them the distinction of being extremely nasty to eat. We decided to go out at once and hunt for them, come back to the wagon for a midday meal, and then have our evening hunt towards our destined camping ground while the wagon was making its way thither.

The country consisted chiefly of scattered bush with big bush-covered ant hills at intervals, and, before I had been out very long, I saw an old Puku ram standing in the shade near one of these. As soon as he saw me he made for a big belt of unburnt grass, about seven feet high, and lay very close in it. It took a long time to get him out, and I must have passed quite close to him more than once. When he did at last go, he made a dash into the bush and was soon out of sight. In following his tracks I came suddenly on an open space where there was a water hole, near which was stand-

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ing a small and absolutely naked youngster from a local kraal. I burst suddenly upon him and shouted an inquiry as to whether he had seen the "mokando mukende sikkisun" (big Puku ram). The effect was immediate and unexpected. With a prolonged howl of terror he fled for home as fast as his lean little legs would carry him. Having, in his short existence, never seen such a thing as a horse, a white man, or a rifle, the sudden apparition of all three combined was more than his nerves could stand. I came up to the old Puku eventually, but he was no fool, and twice repeated his tactics of making for big patches of long grass and lying up there, and it was only by great luck that I got him out and succeeded in eventually shooting him. This was the best hunt after a Puku that I had. They are generally stupid brutes and keep stopping to look at you, so that no great skill is required in getting up to them, but this one being an old solitary ram, had apparently picked up some useful knowledge in his time. I got back very late for lunch and found that the wagon was already nearly packed, and would soon be ready to start. *(To be continued).*

## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers)

*(Continued from page 172).*

It was a bitter cold morning that saw us start, and as we went *via* Mian Mir it was strange to find how the different camp grounds that we had previously passed through had lost their flavour, and appeared what they were—merely barren patches of parched ground. At Shadera, outside Lahore, we had a treat, for our encampment reminded one of some English landscape, only made more interesting by the wonderful tombs there of bygone monarchs. At Wuzzerabad I was struck by the number of people who came begging, some minus one hand, some the two, all taken off neatly at the wrist. It was a sign of the times they had lived through, for the old Sikhs did not believe in prisons and never minced matters either. Thieves were dealt with summarily and effectively and a man convicted of thieving had one hand removed, and if that didn't cure him, the other as well. At this place cutlery of all description was brought round for sale, consisting chiefly of murderous-looking knives. Our next camping ground of note was Gujerat, noted for its battle ground. A mile or so away lay the scene of another battle, Chillianwallah. In the evening when out for a walk we were besieged by scholars asking us to hear them read in English. They read very well and were sharp intelligent youngsters, whose special local pride was Chillianwallah, which they claimed as a Sikh victory and proved it to their own satisfaction. Indeed, the English were not altogether certain about it themselves.

At Rawal Pindi we had some excitement, when a runner of the 6th Warwicks and our champion, Drummer Mason, tried conclusions in a runaway race, which our man lost. The man of the Warwicks —I think his name was Bacon—turned out to be the champion of India and became also well known in England.

We left Pindi—and with it a lot of our pocket money—and reached Jhanna-Ka-Singh—the Sikh way of pronouncing John Nicholson, of Mutiny fame, who was killed at the storming of Delhi. He was thought so much of by the Sikhs that one sect worshipped him in spite of all he could do to prevent them. On a high hill about five miles from the camp ground there is a monument erected to his memory. Our next camp, Hassan Abdul, has a warm place in my heart as having a nice camp ground, which is the burial place of Moore's "Lallah Rookh." Close by runs a river called the Chiblat, which has any amount of good *Mahseer* fishing. As a fisherman speaking to fishermen I found the spoon "No, 2 Scotts" the best. *Atta* with just a suspicion of *Huldi* added, is also a favourite bait, and mulberries, when in season, I found deadly. A *Mahseer*, too, can't resist *Chulwa* (young fish) at the proper season. At the junction of the Chiblat and Hurroo, and in the Hurroo itself, when I found the fish were shy, I have tried the following method:—Provide yourself with a good plaited thin silk line, about a hundred yards of it, the usual cast of salmon gut, the strongest No. 10 hook, no float, no leads, a small bag of boiled rice and a small amount of white dough mixed with a little fine cotton; get near some rough deep water where the current is strong, make no noise and keep out of sight, for *Mahseer* are the wariest of fish. Throw in a handful of rice and keep throwing in a little until you are ready; then bait your hook with just sufficient dough to make it look like a grain of rice, throw out, and let the line float down; pay the line out, hold the rod firmly to prevent it being snatched out of your hand, try a few times, and if there are fish there and you have not frightened them you'll have some experiences to remember. I have had all my line run out and have thrown the rod in when a big fish was on, have gone in myself, played my fish and got it safely out. Colonel Rowland who was a great fisher, used the spoon. On one occasion at Lawrancepore I told him my method, at which he laughed and called it poaching, but I caught fish and it was jolly good sport.

I can hardly pass by Hassan Abdul without mentioning the following episode. Among the sights there are tanks containing sacred fish. Now a certain regiment encamped there for a few days. All the sights, of course, were visited and among them the sacred fish-tanks. At breakfast time one morning the odour of frying fish pervaded the camp. At the same time a complaint was made by the priests or guardians of the tanks that nearly all the fish had been stolen during the night. Investigations at once took place as to where the men had obtained theirs, whereupon the same story came from all sides that some natives had brought them in the early morning and sold them cheaply. There was nothing to disprove it, but nobody believed it either, and this is the story of the sacred fish as I heard it. What had happened was that a few of of the bright boys had procured a cast net and had stolen off to the tanks about two o'clock in the morning. The priests being all fast asleep, a cast was made but without effect. Then one of the party got in and stirred the fish up, with the result that the next cast was so successful that they could hardly draw it out as it was full of the flopping monsters. The haul was got to camp somehow and distributed without being noticed. I suppose the priests let the matter drop as it wasn't policy to let it be known they slept at their posts.

We continued our march and in a few days reached Nowshera, where the 88th were stationed. They had a man serving in the ranks who had the reputation of being the last representative of the Royal Stuart line. Their band looked very smart and wore slung belts, but their swords which were packed away they never saw. *A propos* of bands and sling swords, I remember a general's inspection when the general, after inspecting the band, who wore slung swords complimented them on their smartness; then, turning to the colonel, he said, "I'll see the band at sword exercise in a quarter-of-an-hour's time." Punctually to the minute he returned, and a strange sight met his eye. The band were scattered about in pairs, trying to draw swords, one man holding the handle, the other the scabbard, having a tug-o'-war. The few who had got their's out put them back hurriedly for obvious reasons. The general looked on for a moment with a twinkle in his eye and then walked away smiling. It was just as well, perhaps, for the band knew less than nothing of the sword exercise.

Two days later we marched into Peshawar, headed by the bands of the 38th and 104th Regiments. We were soon dismissed to our barracks and had the opportunity of observing our new surroundings, all so different to our last station. We were now in the most famous frontier station of India. It is almost surrounded by hills, with the historical Khyber Pass shewing up faintly in the distance and Jamrud doing "sentry-go" just at its entrance. All was new to us, and our impressions were that Peshawar was not so bad as it had been represented. The 104th, whom we relieved, did not paint it in glowing colours, and not without reason, for their losses during their stay there had been very heavy. One part of the barracks, which looked quite imposing, was double storied and fortified with gun positions in between the blocks. The other part was built in the usual cantonment style. Hawkers were about in great numbers and vegetables and fruit were plentiful and cheap. The few rupees we had managed to save from the clutches of the 6th Warwicks soon commenced to dwindle, but we thought we were in clover as long as we could buy what we wanted cheap. We soon settled down, and military life went on in the usual way. Parades, field days, cricket matches and dances followed each other quickly and merrily. Summer came on but too quickly, and we soon found out it could be very hot in Peshawar; but in one way or another time was kind to us and did not hang too heavily, as there was always plenty to do and some fresh excitement to look forward to. One evening, as I made my way to the library, I saw an old friend of mine, one Louis Ackerman, a German. He was greatly excited, and on my enquiring what was the matter, pointed out a telegram in the *Pioneer*, a daily paper which had only just arrived. It announced the declaration of war between France and Germany. That and the after events, as you may imagine, gave us plenty to think and talk about. On Thursdays we would go out in the early morning to bathe, or for long walks sometimes by the River Boodni, a small stream full of turtle. They were easy things to catch. One was brought into barracks on a certain occasion and converted into soup. A few of the brave ones then tried what it was like, and when they had fully recovered they vowed they would never touch turtle soup again.

The Regiment suffered so much from malarial fever, though not of the malignant form, that it was considered at length desirable to

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give us a change of station and so reduce the numbers going sick. It was notified we were to move to Nowshera as soon as the weather would permit, but before the move took place about a hundred of us were sent to Chirat for six weeks. Chirat is only about 4,000ft. above the level of the sea, but the change did us a world of good. Before returning, Captain Fitzroy, who was in command, christened the largest and highest hill "Northumberland Hill," and had the name carved deep into a big boulder that lay at the foot. When I was again in Chirat in 1891 I found to my surprise that the hill had been re-named and was called "Rifle Hill." A road had been made above the boulder and I suppose no one had thought of climbing up there to look for a name. I made the ascent and found it just the same as when first cut — "Northumberland Hill, 1870."

Shortly after returning to Peshawar the Regiment moved to Nowshera, a station of which not much can be said. It stands on a mass of sand hills, and is extremely hot in summer. Being close to the Kabul river, rifle thieves visit it occasionally. On the first day of our arrival, in the evening while it was still broad daylight, that is to say at rum time, two of these gentlemen coolly walked into our camp, picked up a couple of rifles and got clear away.

After a brief stay in Nowshera a good many men were sent up to the Convalescent Depôt in the Murree Hills, and all the boys as well. During our last march there we halted, as was the custom, just below the Murree Brewery, and each of us was served with a pint of beer as a kind of welcome, and a very acceptable one. As we continued our march the scent of the pines became more and more noticeable, and that, with the purer air, acted as a real tonic to us all. We marched into our barracks and had a good look round and saw for the first time the snow-covered ranges of the hills, looking mysterious and grand, as it might be the extreme fringe of the world. The natives, that is the hill men, looked greasy and dirty I thought. When in Afghanistan I heard what is now a very old yarn about a Shinwari who had been taken prisoner. He was to be questioned by an officer, but gave off such an offensive odour that the officer ordered him to be taken down to the stream and washed. After waiting a long time the officer became impatient and sent to enquire why the man was not brought back. One of the escort then returned in haste with the excuse that they had scrubbed the prisoner with soap and water for about two hours and had just worked down to another suit of clothes.

We all had to do our guards, and the boys paraded with band-swords to do their sentry-go, and felt as proud as peacocks till the novelty wore off. I was on guard once, when a sentry, in striking the hour on the gong, struck one too many. One of the guard called out "you've struck one too many, strike one back, on the back of the gong." The other thereupon picked the mallet up again and did what he was told to the great amusement of all the guard.

We were still liable to a touch of our Peshawar complaint, fever and ague, when a doctor began to experiment in a treatment of quinine injections which acted like magic. In my case, although I was ailing for fully twelve months, one injection cured me, and the effect was the same with nearly all the others. In later years, when fever had hold of the 2nd Battalion at Mian Mir, I mentioned the matter to one of our doctors, who told me that they were not allowed to use the treatment as cases of tetanus had occurred in consequence of it. We left Murree in the cream of health and soon joined the Regiment on the way to Delhi for a camp of exercise.

(*To be continued.*)

A GOSHAWK.

## HAWKING PARTRIDGES ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

(By H.S.T.)

(Illustrated with Photos taken by the Writer.)

THE day after manœuvres had terminated, a friend, B—— turned up at Bulford, and enquired if anyone cared to spend a day with him, hawking.

Later in the week, four of us were pegging away on bicycles, past Stonehenge, to a quiet little Wiltshire village where B—— annually rented a small house and stretch of the Plain during the autumn.

We had no idea of what was going to happen, and, once inside B——'s gate, the scene was rather surprising.

The ordinary individual may see a peregrine, or a couple of merlins in the wild state, once during his life, if he be lucky.

Here was a lawn covered with them.

Six peregrines picketed out on small posts, four goshawks and a merlin, each sitting contentedly on its perch, waiting for master to finish breakfast and take them out to kill something, completed the sporting part of the aviary.

By incessant, ear-splitting screeches, a couple of paraquets expressed their unqualified disapproval at being caged in proximity to the natural enemies of all small birds.

B—— is a man who, apart from spending his summer hawking, shoots game in Africa during England's worst months. It was only natural, therefore, that sundry side shows of an African nature should be going on to entertain us.

Two typical native "pie" dogs, that mine host assured us were pure bred and only recently arrived from the Sudan, had just been released from their travelling boxes and were losing no time in proving that they were better fighters than any of the pack of English sporting dogs of various breeds, belonging to the same master.

Each time B——tried to explain the differences between a "tiercel" and "falcon," a "stoop" and a "pitch," or such like rudimentary terms connected with the lore of falconry, a whirling mass of infuriated dogs would hurl itself along the passages of the old house and into the study, and have to be disentangled to prevent combatants and furniture being demolished.

B——'s sojourn in the village was also a godsend to nursemaids and mothers of naughty children.

A couple of lion pups which played like kittens in the back yard were, when spoken of, quite enough to stop the howl of the most refractory infant.

At last B—— announced that the hawks to be used that day had been deposited in the motor.

After a little arrangement, B——, our four selves, the falconer, four dogs and sundry jars and baskets for lunch were also packed aboard, and all whizzed off to the Plain.

We were not the only persons out hawking. *En route* the motor overtook an old gentleman on a bicycle, with a hooded merlin perched quietly on his head. M——, the old gentleman in question was, years ago, one of the greatest exponents of this Royal and ancient sport, and now, an old man, rather than forsake it, he used to spend his leisure hours in sole company with a wonderfully trained little merlin, the smallest of all British hawks, and hardly larger than a missel thrush, hunting larks.

Let me, as an amateur, who had never been out with hawks before, expound briefly the general principles of falconry as it appeared to me during the day's operations.

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Of the hawks we used, peregrines and a goshawk, the former were to be flown at partridges and the latter at hares.

These hawks are caught wild, or taken young from the nest. By constant and careful handling they become quite tame and know exactly what is required of them.

Our peregrines before being placed in the motor were blindfolded with small leather caps over their heads, but they took it quite philosophically. A hen bird, which is the largest, is termed a "falcon." The cock, a "tiercel." The goshawk was carried free on the falconer's fist.

One does not usually loose a hawk at random on the chance of finding partridges. He might get fed up with "waiting on," play the fool by going after small birds, or soar away on his own. The plan is to flush a covey of birds, and watch where they alight. Then, having marked the field they settled in, take the hood off a peregrine—form line to walk up the birds a second time and throw the hawk into the air.

Mounting with wide sweeping circles he rises right above the line, and "waits on," floating easily overhead like a trained dog.

Directly he has achieved his "pitch" the line of beaters advance, our hawk keeping level, high above in the heavens. At the height he is up (books on falconry state he will mount to 1,000ft. before "waiting on") it is obviously often difficult, when many people are about, for him to be certain which party he belongs to. He is, therefore, trained to recognise the flick of a white handkerchief, and come back over it, or a "lure," consisting of a dead pigeon, or partridge, on the end of a string whirled round in the air will coax him to return over his own party.

HOODED PEREGRINES.

His prey once struck, he sits quietly over it until his master comes up, and retrieves both hawk and quarry, quietly blindfolding him with the hood and giving him the head of his victim to eat, as a reward. Our falconer had been a trainer of hawks from his youth up, and his father and grandfather before him.

That day the goshawk was his special care. It sat stolidly on his fist, unhooded, and taking in the situation perfectly, but not attempting to move until tossed up.

Roving yellow eyes, however, proved it was not asleep, and although never at fault when once loosed, the old bird did not get restless if there was only a half-grown leveret in front of him and he was not flown.

The usual fate of a trained hawk is that "waiting on" over his owner he, one day, strikes and carries off a small bird for the pure enjoyment of killing something instead of waiting until his legitimate quarry is flushed for him.

Now a partridge, practically his own weight, takes some carrying, but with a blackbird, thrush, or even a pigeon in his talons he can fly miles if the spirit of cussedness moves him. Then, unless he is marked down to roost, or attracted by a "lure," the chances are that, when day breaks, having digested his over-night meal, he sails out to look for his breakfast, and from thenceforth is lost until an ounce of shot from some exasperated keeper stops his career of crime, and he is sent to a local taxidermist previous to posing in a glass case, and occupying the place of honour on a cottage parlour mantelpiece.

The performance of trained hawks as we saw it may not, perhaps, appear very wonderful when reduced to writing and bare facts. To appreciate it one must realize the amount of tact and patience required to bring birds to the degree of perfection B——'s had arrived at when we witnessed their flights.

A covey of partridges rose conveniently, just as our motor was arriving at its destination, and was marked down in a large stubble field. We formed line. B——, and William, a keeper, each with a peregrine on his fist in the centre, our four selves ranged out right and left at intervals of about fifty yards, the falconer with his goshawk on the right, and beyond him again, on the flank and in advance of the line, Murphy on an over-fed carriage horse. Murphy's duty was, when birds were flushed to gallop forward and mark down any covey that disappeared over a sky line; also to retrieve any hawk taking it into his head to leave the line, or hunt the surrounding country on his own account.

We knew the partridges were close in front and a tiercel was thrown up. Getting his pitch with a few wide sweeping circles instead of waiting on in the orthodox manner he made a bee line for two men and a spaniel who, outside our boundary, were taking a morning stroll on the neighbouring shoot, half a mile distant and then, rising 300 feet above them "waited on" in the most approved fashion, as they walked along.

At that height possibly one man looks the same as another but here there was not any excuse for his misbehaviour, because as every school boy knows, a bird can always count up to three. Any way in my bird nesting days one took it for gospel that, finding a nest in which the parent bird had laid three eggs but not finished her complement, you could, leaving at least three eggs in the nest take one per diem *ad infinitum*, until winter arrived, as the parent, seeing her three but realising more ought to follow was daily spoofed into believing that there had been some mistake in her overnight effort. However, if through greediness, on finding a clutch of three or more eggs, you only left her two, she would desert, knowing someone had tampered with her treasures.

Here we were, a line of eight, all told, whereas our neighbours were only two.

William yelled, the falconer flicked his handkerchief, B—— swung a dead pigeon round his head, from a cord, but to no purpose and we foreigners wondered what was going to happen next.

Suddenly, watching through glasses, we saw the tiercel stop hovering and drop to earth like a meteor.

The strangers had flushed a covey of partridges and our hawk had killed one right under their noses!

(*To be concluded.*)

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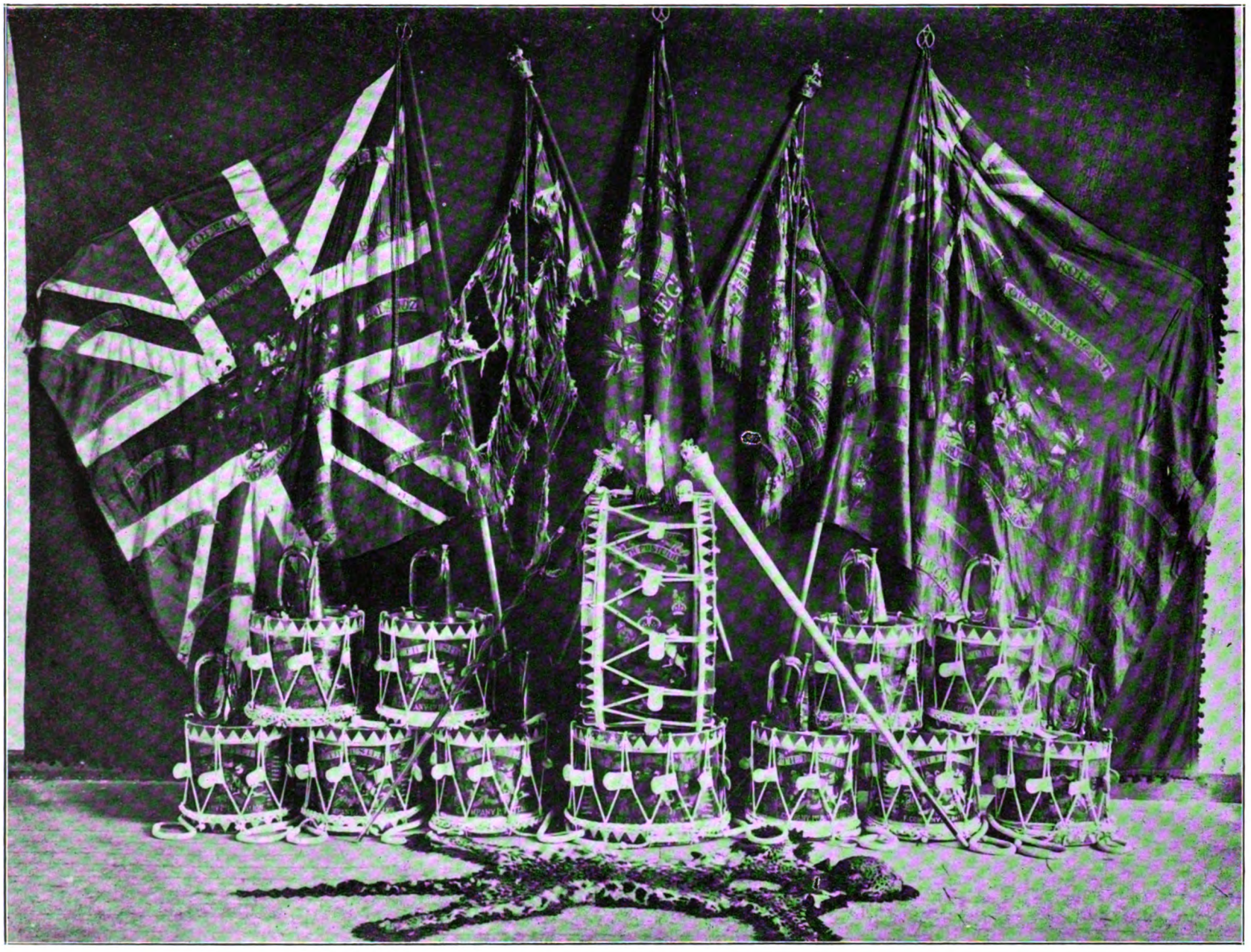

THE COLOURS.

*(From a phototype by P. G. Evrard, Paris).*

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# St. George's Gazette.

**A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."**

*"Quo fata vocant."*

**No. 336.]** **Saturday, 31st December, 1910.** **[Vol. XXVIII.**


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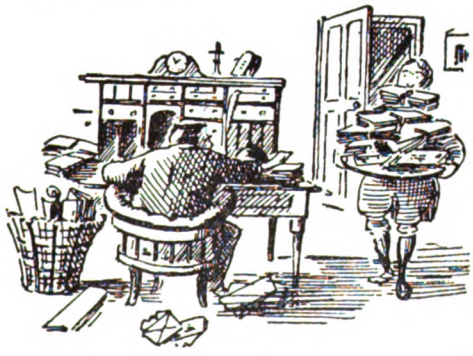
## *THE EDITOR'S CORNER.*


111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,

*Telephone: No. 6667 Gerrard.*


*31st December, 1910.*



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*It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor* NOT LATER *than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on* ONE SIDE *only of the paper.*

*Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.*

*All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.*

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

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"The Globe and Laurel"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The Naval and Military Record"
"The XXX."
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"The Antelope"
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"The China Dragon"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The 6th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers' Magazine"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"The Leinsters' Magazine"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

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| | | Mr. P. Welch... ... ... | ,, 28/ 2/12 |
| | | Captain H. S. Toppin ... | ,, 31/12/12 |

## BIRTHS.

AHRONSON.—On the 8th inst., at Alnwick, the wife of Colour-Sergeant R. Ahronson, Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

AITKEN.—On the 5th inst., at 11, Pymont Road, Ilford, Essex, the wife of Mr. James Aitken, late Quartermaster-Sergeant Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

ALLAN.—On the 15th ult., at Pontefract, the wife of No. 4904 Private R. Allan, B Company, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

BETTANY.—On the 28th October, at the Barracks, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Sergeant F. Bettany, Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

CONDON.—On the 23rd October, at Rawal Pindi, India, the wife of No. 4524 Colour-Sergeant D. Condon, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

KENNING.—On the 19th inst., at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Corporal E. Kenning, Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

POULTER.—On the 18th inst., at Blackhill, Co. Durham, the wife of Frank Poulter, late Colour-Sergeant 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.


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MARRIAGES.

MOLYNEUX—CONNELL.—On the 22nd ult., at Holy Trinity Church, Darwen, Sergeant W. Molyneux, Northumberland Fusiliers, to Miss Harriet Annie Connell, youngest daughter of Mr. Connell, late 7th Royal Fusiliers.

INGRAM—BURDETT.—On the 19th ult., at All Saints' Church, Whitstable, Kent, by the Rev. J. Martin, Frederick John Ingram, of Brixton, to Grace, eldest daughter of Yeoman-Warder Thomas Burdett, Tower of London, late Sergeant-Major 3rd Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

LE GALLAIS—CRAWSHAY.—On the 17th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore, by the Rev. H. B. Coward, Captain Albert George L'Estrange Le Gallais, Royal Scots Fusiliers, late Northumberland Fusiliers, only son of Albert Le Gallais of La Moye House, Jersey, to Irene Lisa, younger daughter of the late Herbert Crawshay and Mrs. Arthur Jones of Portelet, Jersey.

DEATHS.

FORD.—On the 13th inst., at Richmond Road, Putney, S.W., Grace, only surviving daughter of Edward Ford, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 14 years.

HAYES.—On Christmas Eve, Mabel, only daughter of Charles Horace Hayes, late 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 16 years.

MORGAN.—On the 22nd inst., at New King's Road, Fulham, Charles E. Morgan, late 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, aged 42 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette:*—

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Brevet-Major T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., from Supernumerary Captain, is restored to the Establishment (dated 1st December, 1910). Captain B. T. St. John is seconded for service as an Adjutant of Territorial Infantry. Supernumerary Captain H. C. Hall is restored to the Establishment (dated 11th December, 1910).

COMMANDS AND STAFF.—Major C. M. A. Wood, the Northumberland Fusiliers, to be a General Staff Officer, third grade, at the War Office, *vice* Captain H. Kemmis Betty, the Royal Canadian Regiment, who has vacated that appointment (dated 1st December, 1910).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain B. T. St. John to be Adjutant (dated 11th December, 1910).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The undermentioned Officers are restored to the establishment:—Supernumerary Second-Lieutenant G. Armstrong, P. P. Phillips (dated 8th October, 1910). Second-Lieutenant F. H. Lawson to be Lieutenant (dated 17th July, 1910).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—A. B. Thompson, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant, supernumerary (dated 2nd October, 1910). E. R. Bowden, gent., to be Second-Lieutenant, supernumerary (dated 8th October, 1910).

## A RETROSPECT OF 1910.

AS to the nation at large so in as great, if not a greater, degree to all regiments of His Majesty's Army, the death of King Edward came as an event which made the year 1910 memorable for a great loss. Even now, after the lapse of months it is hard to realise that his outward presence is indeed withdrawn from our sight. That and that alone stands out as the only great fact to be recorded in the life story of the 5th Fusiliers which has befallen us since the Retrospect for 1909 was written for *St. George's Gazette*.

The bound volume, of which this month's number of our Regimental paper is the last, will, however, include the description of many happy and interesting events. General Wilkinson, Major Shoubridge, Major Somerville, Captain Gathorne Hardy, Lieutenant Nicholls, Colour-Sergeant Condon and many others, past and present, have taken the plunge and joined the married estate. They have already received the good wishes of their friends, so it is unnecessary to repeat them here.

The 1st Battalion have divided the year between Rawal Pindi and Gharial. Report has said that they are to be moved to a more southerly station before long, but more than that cannot yet be stated. The 2nd Battalion, after three years at Dover, have migrated north and are now scattered, some at Sheffield, others at Pontefract, and a few at Fleetwood in Lancashire.

The presentation to the Regiment of the Regimental Point-to-Point Challenge Cup in January illustrated the affection with which the officers, transferred to other regiments, felt for their old corps. The only other additions to the Regimental collection of plate and souvenirs were the Queen Victoria chocolate boxes, one of which now belongs to each Battalion.

In the world of sport congratulations are offered to the 1st Battalion on winning the 10th Hussars' football cup, and to the 2nd Battalion for capturing both the Hallam Parr Shield and the Dover Charity Cup.

Sergeant Harris, Sergeant Gilborn, and Private Mullins have earned distinction in musketry, though musketry can hardly be classed as athletics, except, perhaps, for some of the rapid practices. The 1st Battalion polo team won the Srinigar Tournament. Lieutenant Nicholls has maintained his reputation as a first-class golf player. In lawn tennis he and Lieutenant Fletcher won a regimental tournament at Shorncliffe. Major Yatman, Lieutenant Nicholls and Lieutenant Molyneux did great things in the cricket field, and in sports properly so called we are glad to recall the exploits of Corporal Wadsworth and Privates Collier, Baxter, Webster and Pawson.

The St. George's Minstrels live and flourish in the 1st Battalion, and here we should like to congratulate ourselves on the discovery of a talented artist in the Regiment whose illustrations of the minstrels' performance inspire us with the hope that his* pen or pencil will be active for many a long day to come in the service of *St. George's Gazette*. Lastly we must mention the performance of Lieutenant Heyder and his men at the storming of Badajos in the Army Pageant in London. We should be sorry, too, if we did not recall the decorations conferred on Lieutenant-Colonel Ritson, Major Temperley, Major Reavell, and Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Balding, all of our Territorial Battalions, for long and worthy service in their respective positions.

Weather prevented the 1st Battalion from trooping the colour on St. George's Day, and it was very nearly as churlish to the 2nd Battalion on the Dover Hill. In other respects the day was observed with all the customary good feeling and jollity.

The King's death necessitated the abandonment of the Regimental Dinner.

To turn, as we must, to the more sombre side of the picture. Many old friends have been removed by death during the last twelve months. We have only to recall the names of Mrs. Landen, Major Renny, Lieutenant Gunner, Colour-Sergeant McKenzie, and Sergeant Redford to realise that gaps are ever being made in the muster roll on which we are all so proud to appear. A dozen more, some old soldiers, others while still serving, have also passed along the road from which there is no returning.

Another list which we all remember contains the names of many men good and true whom one circumstance or another has withdrawn from our band of brothers. The Regiment can no longer claim as its members Colonel Heard, Colonel Lord Algernon Percy, Captain E. A. Leather, Colour-Sergeant Lalor, Colour-Sergeant Fenton, Sergeant Nicholls, Sergeant Wilson, Sergeant Lewis or Sergeant Cunningham. Wherever they be, good luck to them!

Finally we all, do we not? wish our Editor the compliments of the season, and a full tide of contributions, both literary and pictorial, during the coming year—the twenty-ninth in the life of *St. George's Gazette*.

F. S. R.

* The artist to whom our correspondent refers, as will be seen by a letter to the Editor, on another page, is a lady. We congratulate her on the illustration here referred to: another of her clever sketches will be seen this month, partly illustrating 1st Battalion Notes. We have her assured promises of more favours to come, and thank her in anticipation, assuring her that whenever the occasion allows, we will gladly avail ourselves of her talent.—ED., "St. G.G."

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## 1st Battalion Notes.

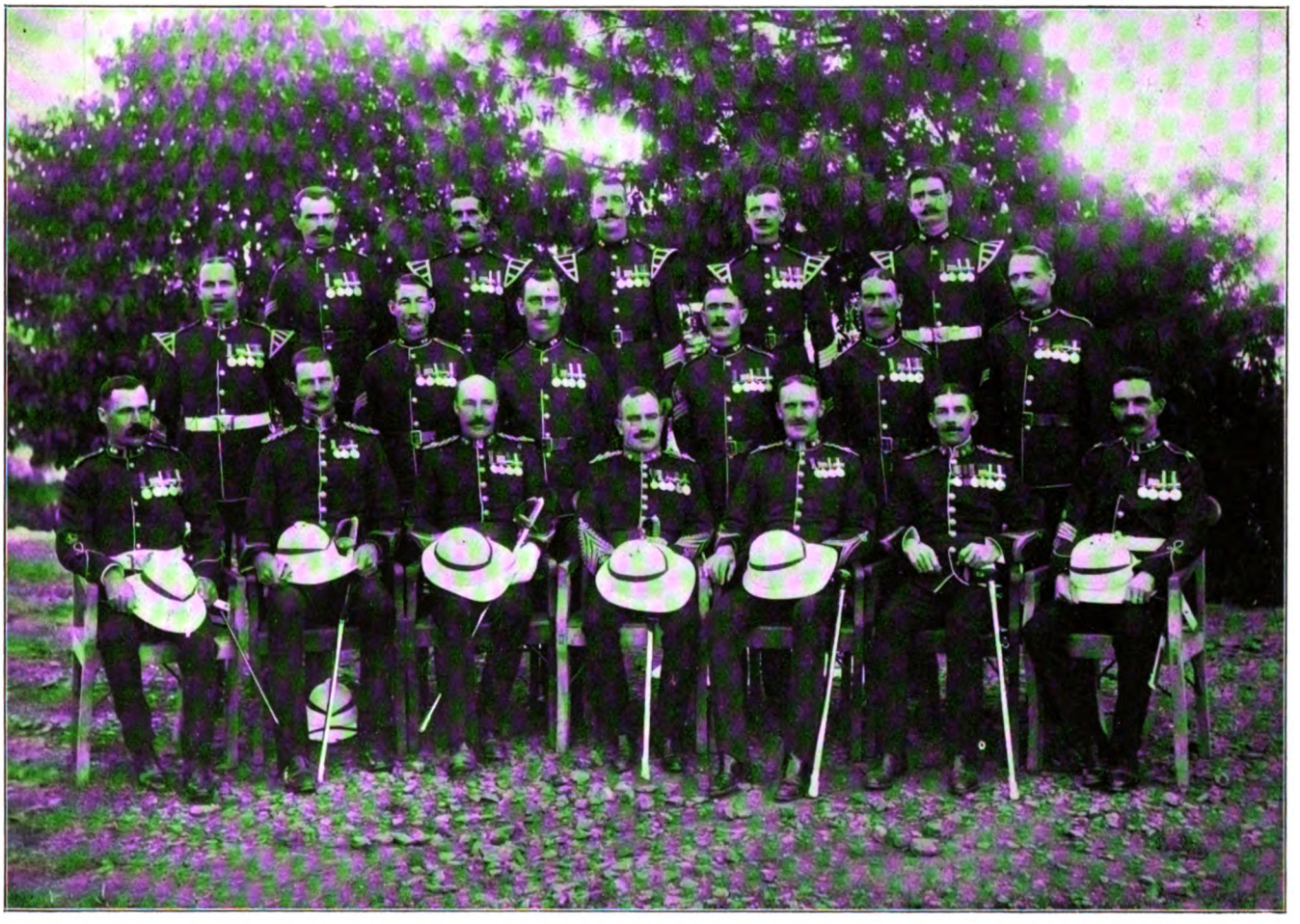
RAWAL PINDI, INDIA,
23rd November, 1910.

THE present writer of these notes, not having been with the Battalion at all during the past month, is ill qualified to act as 1st Battalion correspondent; however, the exigencies of the Service have, sad to say, rendered him absolutely the only man available for the job.

We have once more been converted from hardy hillmen to dwellers in the plain. The Battalion marched down from Gharial on the 18th and 19th inst., leaving Pindi again yesterday to take part in brigade training and manœuvres.

There is a long-standing annual joke in these parts known as the Christmas rains. The word Christmas is euphemistically applied to this refreshing break in the weather in the vain hope that the rains will postpone their advent till the day when, plenteously supplied with turkey and plum pudding, we may sit snugly in our barrack rooms and defy the elements. Experience has proved to the sturdiest optimist that the correct term should be "Manœuvre Rains." The cloudless sky of the last three months might send a new-comer rejoicing to manœuvres, but it doesn't fool us.

If we could only have the glorious weather earlier in the year that we get in the last three months of our sojourn in the hills, one would not hear so many hard things said of poor Gharial. Unfortunately, when the fine weather comes, people begin to pour back to the plains, and we are left to enjoy the climate in solitude. No one complains of a good climate, but at our age we want something more to make life worth living, and this is difficult to get. We try our best with gymkhanas and chikor shooting, but competitors for the former become almost as scarce as are birds for the latter amusement.



SURVIVORS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, NOW SERVING, WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE FALL OF OMDURMAN, 2ND SEPTEMBER, 1898.
*(From a photograph by Baljee, Gharial.)*

The following simple problems should prove useful practice for candidates studying for the next examination for 1st class certificates:—(a) If five officers, after climbing 2,000 feet, shoot three chikor in six hours, give to two places of decimals the number of chikor which one officer would shoot on level ground in one hour. (b) In a mess of

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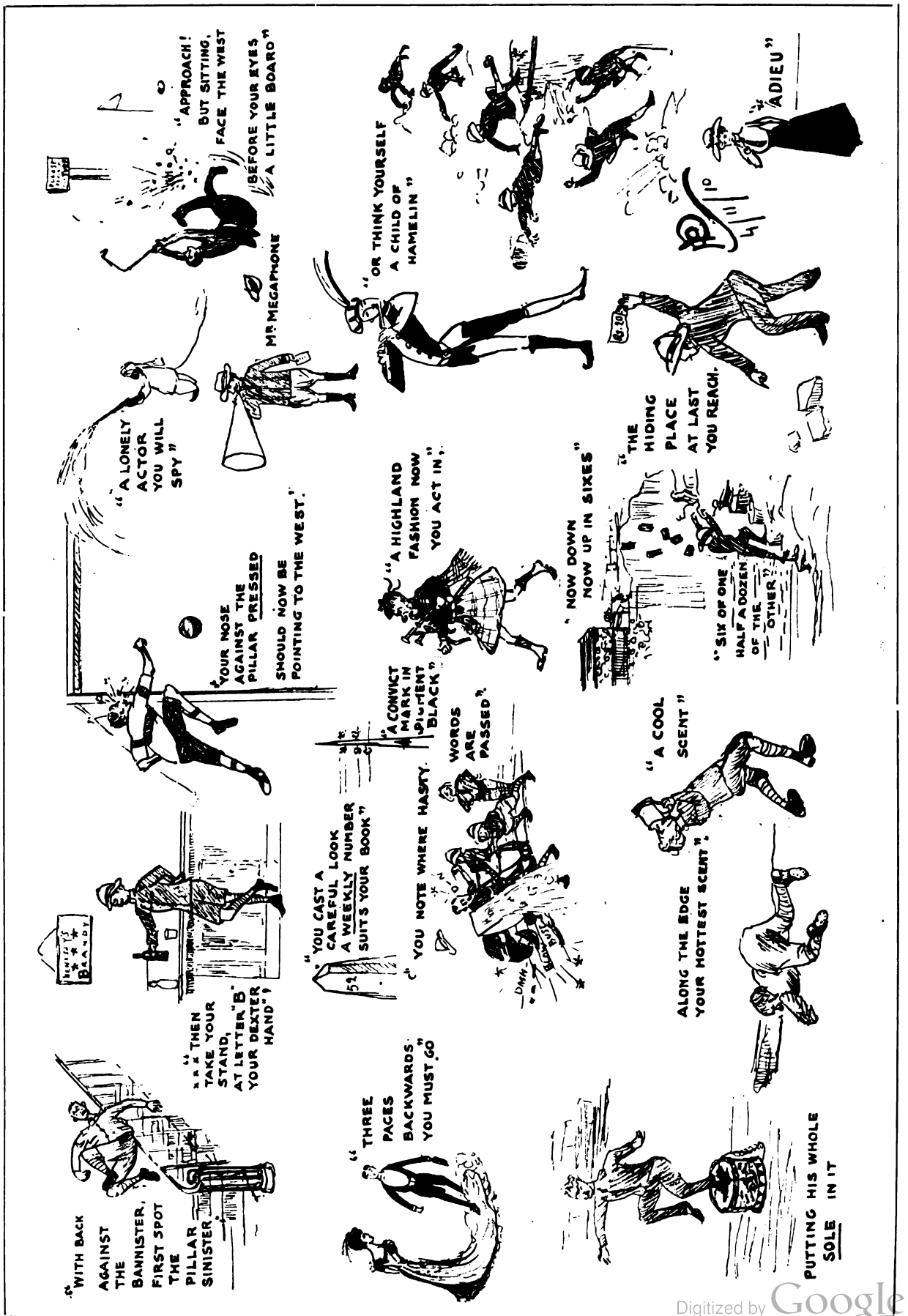
"WITH BACK AGAINST THE BANNISTER, FIRST SPOT THE PILLAR SINISTER"
"1 2 3 THEN TAKE YOUR STAND, AT LETTER "B" YOUR DEXTER HAND"!
"THREE PACES BACKWARDS YOU MUST GO"
"YOU CAST A CAREFUL LOOK A WEEKLY NUMBER SUITS YOUR BOOK"
"A CONVICT MARK IN PIGMENT BLACK"
"YOU NOTE WHERE HASTY WORDS ARE PASSED"
"YOUR NOSE AGAINST THE PILLAR PRESSED SHOULD NOW BE POINTING TO THE WEST"
"A LONELY ACTOR YOU WILL SPY"
MR MEGAPHONE
"A HIGHLAND FASHION NOW YOU ACT IN"
"NOW DOWN NOW UP IN SIXES"
"A COOL SCENT"
ALONG THE EDGE YOUR HOTTEST SCENT"
PUTTING HIS WHOLE SOLE IN IT
"APPROACH! BUT SITTING, FACE THE WEST BEFORE YOUR EYES A LITTLE BOARD"
"OR THINK YOURSELF A CHILD OF HAMELIN"
"THE HIDING PLACE AT LAST YOU REACH"
"SIX OF ONE HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER"
"ADIEU"

A TREASURE HUNT AT GHARIAL—THE FIRST BATTALION IN DIFFICULTIES.
*(From sketches by our Special Lady Artist with the 1st Battalion.)*

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twenty members, relying for their food on result of the shoot, express in vulgar fractions the remarks of the mess president on the return of the shooting party.

It was the immortal Captain Bridoon who, long since, in the pages of *Punch*, laid down that the role of cavalry in modern warfare was to give tone to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl. It is presumably, therefore, with the idea of borrowing some of this tone that the authorities nowadays attach infantry officers to cavalry regiments. We have, for the third time, an officer undergoing a "tone course." Should we be so fortunate as to again go brawling on the frontier, it will be the duty of these three officers to be present in the firing line and to immediately suppress any signs of vulgarity or bad form that may show themselves in the ranks.

The final gymkhana at Gharial was held in the last week of September. The events were competed for on this occasion by the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiments in the Murree Hills, and by their wives and families. A very successful afternoon's entertainment included a Treasure Hunt. The discoverer of the treasure had been stolidly standing over it the greater part of the afternoon, watching the diligent searchers engaged in their fruitless quest. Inspired at length to make some effort himself, he made a start where he was, and promptly fished out the booty.

Private J. Garland, 1st Royal Dragoons, has transferred to the Battalion.

No. 2019 Pioneer-Sergeant H. Bracey has re-engaged to complete twenty-one years' service.

The undermentioned have beeen appointed unpaid Lance-Corporals :—

No. 894 Private J. Pearce — No. 1949 Private E. Wood
„ 1413 „ D. Jukes — „ 1029 „ F. Oxford
No. 1334 Private A. Moat

## 2nd Battalion Notes.

HILLSBOROUGH BARRACKS,
SHEFFIELD,
Christmas Eve, 1910.

SHEFFIELD from an exterior point of view is as gloomy and grimy as ever, only more so. As the winter months progress the grime thickens and the gloom deepens. What a comfort, then, to watch the Christmas decorations spreading gradually over barrack-room walls, or suspended in graceful lines from corner to corner. An Army blanket never looks so attractive as when it hangs, gracefully pleated and bespotted with cotton wool, to form a background to some hearty seasonal greeting carried out in bright colours. We commend this idea to some of our great ladies' dressmaking establishments. There is no end to what can be done with it, quite apart from tucking it well under the chin on a cold morning, or spreading it over the pay-table, or any of its more accustomed uses.

We were all glad to welcome Major Shoubridge, who has taken over temporary command of the Battalion till he goes to the Staff College in January. Congratulations to him on his nomination to that establishment.

Hunting is as popular as ever, and our loves are divided between no fewer than four packs—the Barlow, Fitzwilliam, Badsworth and Grove. Several excellent runs have been recorded, and among them one which was no doubt very much more agreeable than it sounds. This was the thrilling experience of a certain officer who wrote to another —equally busy, though in the less exciting atmosphere of barracks—that he was "for fifty-five minutes without a cheque." Probably it was in the hip pocket of his breeches all the time, but it's the dickens getting at it when you're taking fences *ventre a terre*.

A course of military equitation now forms part of the officers' winter training. Every Saturday morning the subalterns—grey-haired second-lieutenants and all—may be seen, without any fee for admission, going round and round over the tan. A course of sword drill is also thrown in to ensure the correct military poise and seat. None of your Tod Sloan attitudes in the military riding school!

A very successful Boxing Tournament took place in the Gymnasium on the 12th inst., the combatants being ourselves and the 22nd Brigade Royal Field Artillery. There was a large number of entries, and our representatives acquitted themselves nobly. Among the Novices engaged much talent was displayed, which promises well for the future, when some of the veterans perforce retire from the scene.

In the first round of the Army Football Cup we defeated the Royal Scots Greys. In the second we were drawn a bye, our prospective opponents in the third round being the Scottish Rifles, and if we crack *that* nut—well, there's no saying what we may do.

Lieutenant Bonham-Carter paid us a visit recently, and very glad we were to see him. He is home on three months' leave from India.

Colonel Riddell, we are sorry to hear, has met with a hunting accident. We hope that it is not a serious one, and in any case wish him a complete and speedy recovery.

From the Pontefract Detachment there is little news. They do not live, as some of us do here, in a whirl of gaiety. It is said that one who had not been previously acquainted with a mining district shortly after his arrival there had occasion to walk in the town. There he saw what in no way surprised him—for do they not live in every town, and possess a shrill cry peculiar to themselves ?—a sweep passing by. A little further on he was struck by a coincidence. A second sweep was making towards him, and when round the corner two more were espied, he began to wonder how, with an apparently normal number of chimneys for each house, they all got a living. Then it came on him all of a sudden, and he is now as touchingly interested in the miner's welfare as of his work-a-day appearance he was formerly ignorant.

They carry things to extremes at Pontefract, however. Witness the theatrical poster in the Market Place the other

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day :—" The Man in the Iron Masque ; correct costumes ; real iron masque." Now, if nothing had been said of its reality, nothing would have been suspected.

B COMPANY CRICKET TEAM—WINNERS OF CHALLENGE CUP, 1910.
*(From a photograph by Sergeant A. Wells.)*

Sounds of Christmas revelry borne across the square at the moment of writing remind one to express our best wishes for the season, on behalf of the 2nd Battalion, to all friends at home and abroad. Judging by the preparations going on, it looks as if the usual celebrations were going to be no whit behind those of past years, and that in spite of the very small numbers who are not with their own relations and friends in other parts. The only question, so far as the Pontefract Detachment is concerned, is whether, even with the removal of the parallel bars and other obstacles, the gymnasium will be large enough to hold the men, women and children who will assemble round the Christmas Tree in a few days' time, there to enjoy the good things, edible and inedible, in store for them. At Fleetwood we trust all is well. More cannot be said, for nothing is to be heard from that direction but a prolonged and eloquent silence.

## BOXING.

The results of the Boxing Tournament mentioned above were as follows :—

### LIGHTWEIGHTS.

FIRST SERIES.

Lance-Corporal Geraldine (5th Fusiliers) beat Driver McDonald (Royal Field Artillery).

Driver Simpson (Royal Field Artillery) beat Private Reed (5th Fusiliers).

Remainder byes.

SECOND SERIES.

Private Cousins (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Johnson (5th Fusiliers).

Private McGeever (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Carter (5th Fusiliers).

Private Cowell (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Wilkinson (5th Fusiliers).

Lance-Corporal Geraldine (5th Fusiliers) beat Driver Simpson (Royal Field Artillery).

B COMPANY FOOTBALL TEAM—WINNERS OF THE PONTEFRACT DETACHMENT LEAGUE.
*(From a photograph by Sergeant A. Wells.)*

Private Cowell 5th Fusiliers) beat Private Cousins (5th Fusiliers).

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SEMI-FINALS.

Lance-Corporal Geraldine (5th Fusiliers) beat Private McGeever (5th Fusiliers).

FINAL.

Lance-Corporal Geraldine (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Cowell (5th Fusiliers).

This was a ding-dong battle, Cowell sending his man to the mat twice in the first round, once for nine seconds and immediately after for eight, time coming to Geraldine's relief. In the second round Geraldine surprised all by coming up very strong and sent Cowell down for five seconds on one occasion, and with a splendid left almost wiped the arrears off. In the third round Geraldine again had slightly the best of matters; an extra round was ordered, at the end of which Geraldine was declared the winner.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS.

FIRST SERIES.

Gunner Crowther (Royal Field Artillery) beat Private Buglass (5th Fusiliers).

Private Gill (5th Fusiliers) beat Driver Smith (Royal Field Artillery).

Private Worsston (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Crozier (5th Fusiliers).

Private Morton (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Smith (5th Fusiliers).

SEMI-FINALS.

Gunner Crowther (Royal Field Artillery) beat Private Gill (5th Fusiliers) after an even fight.

Private Morton (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Worsston (5th Fusiliers) after an extra round.

FINAL.

Private Morton (5th Fusiliers) beat Gunner Crowther (Royal Field Artillery).

Both men started at a terrific pace, Morton knocking Crowther out in the first round with a heavy blow under the heart.

CONTESTS.

6 ROUNDS.

Private Falcus (5th Fusiliers) beat Private Wilkins (5th Fusiliers).

Falcus seemed in better condition than his opponent, was stronger and faster throughout the fight and knocked his man out in the fifth round. Falcus displayed many good points and has the makings of a really good boxer. Wilkins deserves credit for the way he stuck to his task under heavy punishment.

6 ROUNDS.

Private Middleton (5th Fusiliers) beat Gunner Holmes (Royal Field Artillery).

Although Middleton was giving away half a stone in weight he quickly displayed his superiority, knocking his man out in the first round.

6 ROUNDS.

Private Richardson (5th Fusiliers) beat Bombardier Boswell (Royal Field Artillery).

This proved the fight of the evening. Boswell, who was about a stone heavier, held an advantage in height and reach, and had slightly the better of the first round. Richardson during that time was apparently taking the measure of his man. In the second round both dealt out heavy punishment, Richardson having slightly the best of the exchanges. In the third round Richardson had his man groggy with some terrific rights. Boswell struggled hard to stem the tide, but seemed to weaken. In the fourth round Boswell was down for the count, but managed to last till the call of time. The fifth round was the last, Richardson twice flooring his man with heavy rights on the point. Boswell struggled to his feet to receive a blow on the jaw which finished the fight.

We were all agreeably surprised to find so much new talent and especially in the great improvement shown by Geraldine, Falcus and Cowell.

At the conclusion the prizes were distributed by Major Turner, a splendid evening of sport being brought to a close by the Band playing "God Save the King."

H COMPANY FOOTBALL TEAM.
*(From a photograph by Sergeant A. Wells.)*

## FOOTBALL.

As regards Regimental football we have done very well since our arrival in Sheffield, having played 19 matches, won 15, drawn 1, lost 3. We reached the third round of the Amateur Cup, being beaten by York City 3—0. The Army Cup is still open to us, having passed two rounds. The third round is to be played during January.

The Companies at Headquarters have just completed a novices' league, all that have not been registered in the first or second teams being eligible, with the following results:—

| | Played. | Won. | Drawn. | Lost. | Points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C Company ... ... | 6 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 12 |
| F ,, ... ... | 6 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 8 |
| A ,, ... ... | 6 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| E ,, ... ... | 6 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 |

## RUNNING.

An inter-section relay race was run off on Monday, the 12th inst., sixteen teams competing, each team consisting of ten non-commissioned officers and men, the winning teams being as follows:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st —C Company | (1) ... ... ... ... | Prize | £1 | 5 0 |
| 2nd—E ,, | (2) ... ... ... ... | ,, | £1 | 0 0 |
| 3rd —A ,, | (2) ... ... ... ... | ,, | £0 | 10 0 |
| 4th —C ,, | (4) ... ... ... ... | ,, | £0 | 5 0 |

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## SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

On Friday, the 2nd inst., we journeyed to Pontefract to take part in a series of games, our opponents being the Sergeants of the Combined Depôt (York and Lancs. and King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry), assisted by the Pontefract Detachment of the 2nd Battalion. The first amusement provided was a football match, and those that played said that the final whistle sounded all too soon, which speaks for itself. During the evening we played whist, crib and billiards with varying fortune, and the result was a draw. It worked out as follows :—

| | Won. | | | Lost. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Football ... ... | 4—1 | | Billiards ... | 466—597 | |
| Crib ... ... ... | 9—8 | | Whist ... ... | 5—10 | |

After the series of games had been concluded we were treated to a "sing-song," many enjoyable items being rendered. Of ours Colour-Sergeant Hamilton sang in his inimitable style and Sergeant Williamson also rendered a song. After tiring of music of one sort we repaired to the gymnasium and indulged in music in which the feet take the place of the voice, and a most enjoyable time was spent dancing with the fair ladies of Pontefract ; it is possible, indeed, that if another visit were paid to Pontefract the number of our single members might be considerably reduced. We hope to meet our friends of Pontefract in Sheffield early in the New Year.

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Our best wishes are due to Sergeant Cochran on his marriage, also to Pioneer-Sergeant Avery on his approaching wedding.

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No. 307 Private G. Bowles extended his service, to complete 12 years with the Colours, on the 26th November, 1910.

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No. 2224 Sergeant R. Avery extended his service, to complete 12 years with the Colours, on the 1st December, 1910.

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The undermentioned Recruits enlisted during the month:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2967 | Private | A. Webb | from 2/12/10 |
| ,, 2772 | ,, | A. Fowler | ,, 2/12/10 |
| ,, 2971 | ,, | J. Brookes | ,, 2/12/10 |
| ,, 2974 | ,, | T. Waller | ,, 9/12/10 |

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The undermentioned have been awarded Certificates of Education as stated :—

*1st Class :—*

No. 6339 Lance-Sergeant R. Pincher, E Company, dated Kneller Hall, October, 1910.
No. 2277 Lance-Corporal Gibbs, G Company, dated Aldershot, November, 1910.

*2nd Class :—*

(Dated Sheffield, December, 1910).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1555 | Sergeant | H. Budd | A Company |
| ,, 6544 | Lance-Corporal | J. Parker | C ,, |
| ,, 2831 | Private | J. Buchan | E ,, |
| ,, 2905 | ,, | J. Hamilton | C ,, |
| ,, 2442 | Boy | M. Farrell | |

*3rd Class :—*

(Dated Sheffield, December, 1910).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2880 | Private | C. Hardy | F Company |
| ,, 2944 | ,, | J. Williams | C ,, |
| ,, 2171 | ,, | J. Dunbar | H ,, |
| ,, 2930 | ,, | A. Watson | A ,, |
| ,, 2964 | ,, | C. Elders | E ,, |
| ,, 2580 | ,, | G. Tatton | C ,, |
| ,, 2176 | ,, | H. Burns | F ,, |
| ,, 2789 | ,, | S. Cundell | F ,, |
| ,, 2586 | ,, | W. Titterton | E ,, |

(Dated Longmoor, 29th November, 1910).

No. 1418 Lance-Corporal H. Workman

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1751 | Private | A. Crann | E Company | 2 from | 10/11/10 |
| ,, 2467 | ,, | J. Thompson | B ,, | 1 ,, | 19/11/10 |

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

*To be Corporals :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2066 | Lance-Corporal | J. Hustwayte | A Company | from | 19/11/10 |
| ,, 5492 | ,, | O. Musgrove | A ,, | ,, | 20/11/10 |

*To be paid Lance-Corporals :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2492 | Lance-Corporal | Collingworth | A Company | from | 18/10/10 |
| ,, 2536 | ,, | G. Panter | A ,, | ,, | 19/11/10 |
| ,, 2433 | ,, | F. Routh | C ,, | ,, | 20/11/10 |
| ,, 2482 | ,, | R. Ramshaw | C ,, | ,, | 18/12/10 |

## *2nd Battalion (Mounted Infantry Detachment) Notes.*

LONGMOOR,
20th December, 1910.

SINCE writing our last notes the principal topic of conversation (and not very polite conversation) has been the weather. The best that can be said of it is that it has taught us to be amphibious, though we cannot recollect having spent much time on dry land.

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On the 2nd a combined assault was made by the whole Battalion on the jumps. To cross an obstacle hanging down in front of your horse like a chest protector, with both arms round his neck, is not as easy as it looks. Yet it was done.

---

On Monday, the 5th, those who went with the H.H. had a good day's sport. Both the representatives of the FIFTH were with the Chiddingfold that day, where sport was only moderate. They hunted all the morning in the big woodlands round Churt and killed one fox, chopped in covert. Monday, the 12th, was good for neither man nor beast. With the H.H. the going was very heavy, especially on the rides in Oakhanger, which were of the consistency of chocolate soufflé or "spotted dog." Most of us returned before lunch, drenched to the skin.

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On Monday, the 19th, the H.H. were at Colmore (which has a familiar sound), and had a capital hunt of two hours forty minutes, which began with a very fast thirty-five or forty minutes from Goleigh Wood and ended with the death of the hunted fox, killed in the open after a couple of hours more woodland hunting. Those who were with the Hambledon at Butser also had a good day.

---

The drag has been hunting regularly two days a week, and seems to have a knack of finding good going even in the wettest weather, and with scent once or twice none too good. On Saturday, the 17th, we had a first rate run from Warren Corner to East Tisted. The going was capital and hounds raced all the way.

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From the 13th to the 15th Lieutenant Gower, now of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, was here on a visit. We were glad to see him looking well. On the day of writing we have had a flying visit from Captain Archer and Second-Lieutenant Rushbrooke who are taking a rest cure in the neighbourhood.

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## Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
22nd December, 1910.

COLONEL Ovans, C.B., Commanding No. 5 District, inspected the Depôt on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 6th and 7th inst.

On Friday, the 25th ult. the Depôt of the 19th Regiment brought down a hockey team to play us. After a very even and pleasant game we managed to get home by 2 goals to 1.

No. 4222 Colour-Sergeant W. Smith proceeded to the School of Musketry, Hythe, on the same day, to attend a refresher course.

No. 8744 Private J. McLean, has been permanently posted from the 2nd Battalion, dated 27th November, 1910, and appointed Drummer.

No. 2541 Bandsman W. Peatling, 1st Battalion, is granted a pension of 1/6½ per diem for life.

Twenty-six recruits were posted to the 2nd Battalion on the 28th ult.

Certificates of Education, dated 5th December, 1910, have been awarded as under :—

*3rd Class :—*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 2933 | Private | W. Offord | No. 2942 | Private | T. Green |
| ,, 2950 | ,, | J. Selby | ,, 2949 | ,, | J. Murphy |
| ,, 2960 | ,, | J. Worley | ,, 7867 | ,, | T. Fairhurst |
| ,, 7868 | ,, | J. McConnell | ,, 7878 | ,, | F. Honeyball |

## 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
23rd December, 1910.

A DINNER of the Officers of the (late) 3rd (Militia) Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers was held on Tuesday, the 13th inst., at the Imperial Restaurant. The guest of the evening was Colonel Lord Algernon Percy, A.D.C., who has been connected with the Regiment for upwards of fifteen years, during the greater portion of which he commanded. Having been previously in the Grenadier Guards, of which he was for a time Regimental Adjutant, and the 3rd Battalion Berkshire Regiment, he was posted to the Battalion as Major during the command of his brother, Colonel the Duke of Northumberland, the present Honorary Colonel of the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion, whom he subsequently succeeded as Commanding Officer. Lord Algernon commanded during the embodiment of the Battalion in 1899-1900 during the Boer war, and served with it at Portsmouth and in Malta. Along with many of the Officers he transferred with the Battalion to the Special Reserve on the abolition of the Militia in 1908, and continued his command under the new conditions. He finally resigned to the great regret of all ranks after the Battalion training of 1909, being succeeded as Commanding Officer by Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Roddam.

The Officers present at the Dinner were :—Colonels the Duke of Northumberland, A.D.C., Lord Algernon Percy, A.D.C., and H. Kilgour; Lieutenant-Colonels W. Orde, R. J. Roddam (commanding 3rd (Reserve) Battalion) and R. Scott (commanding 7th Battalion); Majors J. R. Hutton-Squire (3rd Battalion), J. Bett (Adjutant, Kneller Hall), Powell Cotton, Hon. J. A. Joicey (7th Battalion), G. F. T. Leather and T. H. Lindberg; Captains J. Westmacott, P. C. du S. Leather, E. Leather, N. T. Lloyd, M. L. Sant (Chief Constable of Surrey), C. P. Hawkes (3rd Battalion), Hon. W. H. Littleton (3rd Battalion North Staffs Regiment) and E. A. Andrewes (North Hants Imperial Yeomanry); Lieutenants Hon. S. J. D. Joicey, G. C. Anne (3rd Battalion), E. J. Lamb (3rd Battalion), J. F. Lambton, Heber-Percy, W. S. Pilcher (Grenadier Guards) and W. A. C. Mitchell (7th Battalion).

The following are the results obtained in the competitions in connection with the Militia Rifle Association shot for at the annual training at Moor Laws in June last :—*Queen Victoria Challenge Cup*—Best Shooting Battalion—3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, 3rd; average, 17·5; Average of winning team, 18·7. *Best Shooting Company Competition*—F Company, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, 4th; average, 20·6; average of winning company, 22·2. *Bingham Cup*—H Company, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, 4th; score, 200; score of winning company, 215. *King's Prize (Officers)*—Officers, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, 18th; average, 85·5; average of winning team, 110·7. *Special Reserve Sergeants*—Sergeant Laws, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, 8th; score, 127; best score, 158.

We offer best congratulations this month on his marriage on the 20th inst. to Captain Cyril de Putron, late of this Battalion but now belonging to the Lancashire Fusiliers and an Instructor at the School of Musketry, Hythe; the wedding took place at Rathfarnham Church, Co. Dublin. The bride was Miss Annie Kate, the eldest daughter of Colonel Frederick Shaw, Bart., D.S.O., of Bushey Park, Terenure, Co. Dublin, the officiating clergy being the Rev. J. Percy de Putron, Vicar of Stow Bardolph, Norfolk, brother of the bridegroom, who was assisted by the Rev. Sandys Bird, Rector. All his old comrades in the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers join in wishing both bride and bridegroom every possible good wish.

## 4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
Christmas Eve, 1910.

ON Sunday, the 11th inst., Captain B. T. St. John took over the duties of Adjutant of this Battalion, *vice* Captain H. C. Hall, who has proceeded on leave of absence pending his retirement.

We are now in the midst of our Annual Prize Presentations. Sir Hugh Blackett of Matfen presented the prizes to the Corbridge Company on the 16th inst. A successful dance followed the presentation.

The Haydon Bridge Company prizes were presented on Thursday, the 22nd inst., by Colonel J. M. Clark, V.D., who also presents the prizes at Prudhoe to-night.

The Haltwhistle and Hexham Prize Presentations took place on the following day, the prizes being presented by

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Mrs. J. B. Lowes and Mrs. B. D. Gibson respectively. At both places a dance followed the presentations.

We have read with much interest the conditions of the new "Queen Mary's Prize" to be shot for at Bisley this year. It is hoped the new competition will be the means of reviving that interest in musketry which in the Territorial Force has, for a variety of reasons, been lately on the down grade.

## 5th Battalion Notes.

WALKER-ON-TYNE,
19th December, 1910.

COLONEL R. Saxton White, V.D., who retired on the 5th October last, after being eight years in command of the 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, was, on Tuesday, the 29th ult., the recipient of a handsome Loving Cup from the Officers of the Battalion. Major Rowell made the presentation.

The prize shooting for ten Challenge Cups and some seventy other prizes has now commenced, and will continue until the end of next month.

Owing to our Newburn Company being transferred to the 4th Battalion on the 31st October last, we are forming a new D Company at Wallsend.

## Editorial Notes.

111, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
27th December, 1910.

FOR the fifteenth successive year it is the Editor's privilege to wish his readers the compliments of the season, and although these sentiments, in so far as Christmas Day is concerned, are perforce somewhat belated, still they hold good with regard to the year 1911, now dawning. Whether the present Editor will occupy the honoured office stool at 111, Jermyn Street in another twelve months' time no one can tell, but we must not anticipate, time alone will unravel the future. For the fifteenth time he thanks his contributors, and all those who by their unstinted generosity have contributed their quota in the shape of £ s. d., and thus enabled the Editor to produce a monthly paper, which he hopes keeps up to the mark, and is worthy of its place in the field of regimental journalism. The Editor is grateful to those who have remembered him and his for the many cards and greetings sent him during the festive season.

All ranks of the FIFTH congratulate their Chief—Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Milman, K.C.B., on attaining his eighty-ninth birthday on Friday next the 30th inst.; commenting on the fact *The Army and Navy Gazette* on Saturday last, the 24th, writes as follows:—

"Lieutenant-General Sir George Bryan Milman, Colonel of the "Northumberland Fusiliers, will on Friday next enter his eighty-"ninth year. Sir Bryan, who joined the 5th Fusiliers as ensign "in May, 1839, served with his regiment as major during the "Mutiny, and was present at the relief of Lucknow and the "defence of the Alumbagh, and subsequently through the Oude "campaign. He retired in 1884, and was appointed to the colonelcy "of his old regiment eleven years ago."

To these remarks, on behalf of his Regiment we can only add the wish—may he have many happy returns of the day.

This month there is another old FIFTH officer to whom we wish to offer congratulations on his recent marriage. The victim this time is "the Frenchman," Captain A. G. L'E. "Alphonse" Le Gallais, who was married in London on the 17th of this month. This Officer joined the 1st Battalion during the South African war, and with that Battalion was present at the actions at Magato Nek (when De Wet made his final escape) and at Lichtenburg when that place was attacked by General De la Rey. When the 1st Battalion left Mauritius for India he remained as A.D.C. to the Governor, Sir Cavendish Boyle. On vacating that appointment he was posted to the 2nd Battalion, and eventually transferred to the Royal Scots Fusiliers when our 3rd and 4th Battalions were murdered. He is now Adjutant of the 1st, or West Battalion, Royal Jersey Militia. Captain Wreford Brown, D.S.O., of the FIFTH, was the best man.

Readers of this paper will note an innovation this month, which we hope will be appreciated; hitherto it has been the custom to give our Retrospect for the past year with our January issue; commencing with this number, we give that article with our December paper, it has been pointed out to us that by so doing, it would appear at the natural time, instead of perhaps five or six weeks after the new year had begun, and also because by this procedure we can give a certain amount of prominence to the April and Christmas numbers, the former on account of St. George's Day, and the latter on account of Christmas. The only possible objection we can see to the new style is that the other method always was so, and that in our opinion is no excuse at all.

Our readers may remember that in the issue for last March our 1st Battalion correspondent wrote as follows:—
"We were visited early in February by a French photo-"grapher, who took the Battalion in various positions, "with all its component parts, for a Regimental album. "The charge for these albums is very small, only four "rupees fourteen annas for bound copies, and three rupees "six annas for unbound ones; we understand that the "charge would have been even less but for the fact that "one plate inadvertently broke when exposed to the "Maxim gun. The *entente cordiale* between ourselves "and our neighbours across the Channel was proved still "existent by the cheery conversation that took place "between Mr. Garnier and the photographer." We then added to that paragraph an observation to the effect that we hoped our 1st Battalion correspondent would make us a present of one of these books. Our correspondent, or some 1st Battalion reader, very kindly did so, for early in the month this handsome book arrived at the office, and we take this opportunity of thanking the sender whoever he was. One of the pictures—"The Colours"—we are reproducing as a very interesting and suitable Christmas supplement. We hope our 1st Battalion correspondent will send a copy of this *Gazette* to the French gentleman who took the original photograph, and thus increase, if possible, the *entente cordiale* which, to use the language of his countrymen, we hope *durera à jamais*. Our reproduction of another print has lost nothing in the second process, and to our friends *The Western Mail* of Cardiff, who made the last block, our very cordial thanks are due for the excellent result achieved by them.

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The photograph on page 191 shows an interesting group of the Officers, Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 1st Battalion who were present at the fall of Omdurman, on the 2nd September, 1898, and now serving with that unit in India. It is interesting to note that the Battalion joined this expedition 874 strong, but now number eighteen only of all ranks, ten of whom are members of the Sergeants' Mess; to quote from the words of the Secretary of the Sergeants' Mess, who sends us the photograph, "as not one of our "members who took part in "this expedition has more "than eighteen years' service, "we hope to be able to con-"gratulate them every 2nd of "September for many years "to come." A sentiment in which all the Regiment and the Editor can but join.

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We note that the well known firm of gunmakers, Messrs. Charles Lancaster and Company, Limited, gunsmiths to H.M. the King, 11, Panton Street, Haymarket, S.W., have opened a new Shooting School at Uxendon Club, adjoining Preston Road Station on the Metropolitan Railway. The grounds of this up-to-date shooting school are well wooded and picturesque, and are now available for all descriptions of shooting, either with the gun or rifle. There is a special rifle range for all distances up to 300 yards for practice with, and test shooting of high velocity rifles in all bores. Everything that the sportsman can possibly require in the shooting line can be obtained at the Uxendon Club, while a twelve months' season ticket for unlimited practice, with attendance and including membership of the Club may be had for the moderate sum of £2 2s.; we have much pleasure in giving publicity to Messrs. Lancaster's venture, feeling confident that the scheme has only to be known to be fully appreciated by many officers in His Majesty's Army.

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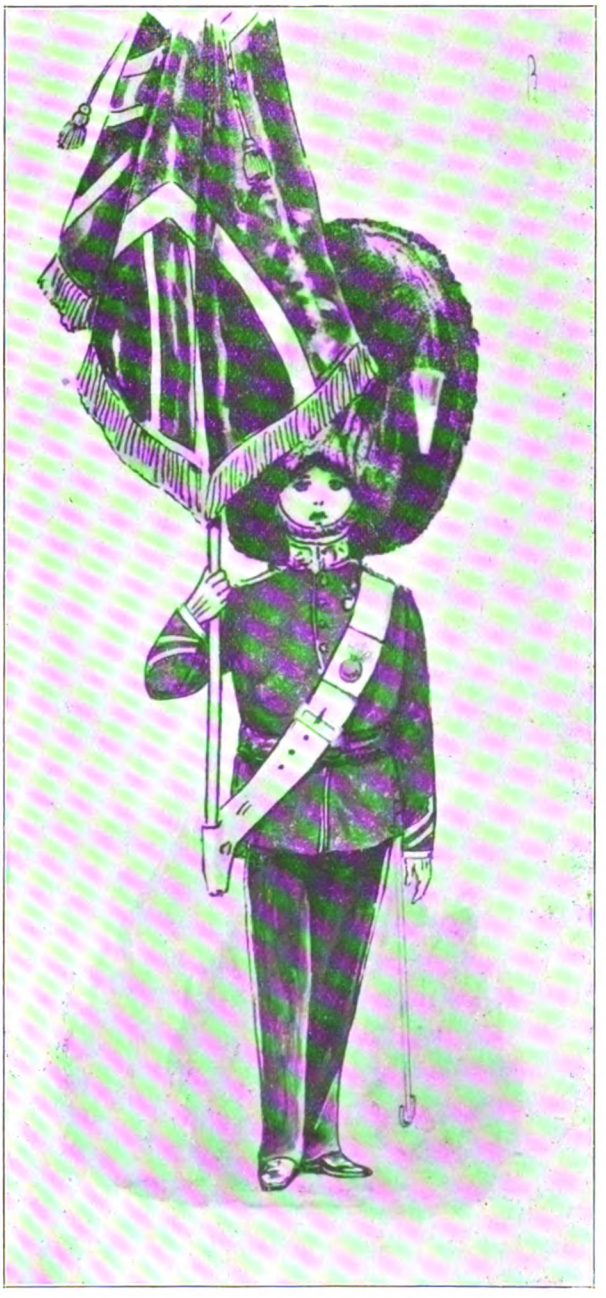
In these somewhat degenerate days, when it is too often the fashion to belittle the British soldier, it is satisfactory to note in the pages of the *Standard of Empire* a telegram from the Sydney correspondent of that paper, to the effect that the British Immigration League of Australia has congratulated Mr. G. A. Williamson, Secretary of the Emigration Committee of the Central (Unemployed) Body of London, on the work done and being done by the body he represents, which has already sent over 1,000 British emigrants to Australia. It was added that a considerable proportion of these emigrants were ex-soldiers and Reservists. On enquiry from the Clerk to the Central (Unemployed) Body, a representative of the National Service League was informed that their "correspondents in Australia frequently dwell on the "superior physique, bearing, "and politeness of the ex-service man as compared with "the civilian, and express a "preference for him." On page 202 will be found some interesting facts in regard to the work and plans of the Naval and Military Emigration League, an article to which we should draw particular attention, after the remarks just made.



ONE OF THE "OLD (?) AND BOLD" WISHES ALL READERS OF "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.
*(From a painting by an occasional artist.)*

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One of our subscribers from India is anxious to know if we can supply him with certain bound volumes of *St. George's Gazette*. If any reader has such to dispose of and will let the Editor know, he will be glad to put anyone in communication with his correspondent. Those who reply to this paragraph should state the condition that all the volumes are in when writing to India, and of course quote the price expected. The bound volumes required are from the first volume for 1883 to the XIth. for 1893 inclusive, the Editor, however, has himself supplied the following copies:—Volume VII. for 1889; Volume VIII. for 1890; Volume IX. for 1891; Volume XII. for 1894; Volume XIII. for 1895; Volume XIV. for 1896; Volume XV. for 1897; Volume XVII. for 1899; Volume XIX. for 1901; Volume XX. for 1902; and Volume XXI. for 1903.

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Reference to the next page will show a "Letter to the

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Editor" signed "S.R.H." which describes the full page picture that forms one of the illustrations of the 1st Battalion Notes this month. We received this just as we were going to press and of course are glad to be in a position to give a description of the clever sketch, which was sent to us by a lady artist, who wishes to remain anonymous.

The bound volumes of *St. George's Gazette* for 1910 will be ready in about a month's time and the Editor will be glad if subscribers wanting copies will send in their names and addresses, together with remittances, as soon as possible, so that the names may be registered and the copies sent direct from the binders when ready.

## *Letters to the Editor.*

SHEFFIELD,
5th December, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I send you a copy of a snapshot, taken shortly after our arrival here, showing the Band playing on the Barrack Square after Church, surrounded by a large crowd of civilians. Visitors are allowed into Barracks on Sundays between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m., and the picture gives an idea of the popularity of this privilege, and the extent to which it is made use of.

Yours truly,
W. M. ALLAN, Lieutenant,
Quartermaster,
2/5th Fusiliers.

RAWUL PINDI,
6th December, 1910.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I sent you by last mail but one a sketch by our lady artist, of a Treasure Hunt at Gharial. At that time I had not the directions for finding the treasure on which the sketch was based, but now send these on, and if the picture has not yet been published perhaps it would be better to put them with it. The poetic instructions are as follows:—

CROWD ON SUNDAY MORNING LISTENING TO THE BAND OF THE 2ND BATTALION.
*(From a photograph by Lieutenant and Quartermaster W. M. Allan.)*

HIDDEN TREASURE COMPETITION.

(TREASURE PRESENTED BY MURREE GYMKHANA CLUB.)

1. With back against the bannister
2. First spot the pillar sinister;
3. On wooden ledge then take your stand
4. At letter B your dexter hand.
5. Your nose against the pillar pressed
6. Should now be pointing to the West.
7. Along your arm now glance your eye
8. A lonely actor you will spy.
9. He offers you a chance of rest
10. Approach! but sitting, face the West.
11. Before your eyes a little board
12. (Now bear in mind the great reward)
13. And when its raison d'être you know
14. Three paces backwards you must go.
15. Eyes left! along the rail your eye
16. Should now a vantage place descry.
17. Around you cast a careful look
18. A weekly number suits your book
19. With hand on each, and eye upcast,
20. You note where hasty words are passed.
21. Now chase them southwards without fail.
22. A post you'll find that's not the mail.
23. And if you've found the proper track,
24. A convict mark in pigment black.
25. A Highland fashion now you act in,
26. Or think yourself a child of Hamelin.
27. Then in the work of five months passed
28. You run the thing to earth at last.
29. But eastwards now your course is bent
30. Along the edge your hottest scent.
31. Now down, now up in sixes each
32. The hiding place at last you reach.
33. I now inform you with much pleasure
34. Beneath your feet you'll find the treasure.

E. H. C.

Wishing you every good wish for the New Year.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours very truly,
S. R. H.

HILLSBOROUGH BARRACKS, SHEFFIELD,
17th December, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—I have received several very hearty letters from Mr. Reid this year, also music for my Band. I think that the following information might be of interest to many readers of the *Gazette*, and forward it to you:—

"WILLIAM REID.—Army Pensioner; enlisted with the 5th Fusiliers, "30th January, 1855, at the "age of fourteen years; "served twenty-six years, "(eighteen years in India); "discharged, 28th September, "1880; wrote the Quick "March 'The Old and Bold,' "1874, for the 5th Fusiliers, "and arranged the Troop "'St. George's' on 'Rural "Melodies' (composer's "name not known). In 1910 "forwarded Troop 'Midlothian,' Quick March 'The "'Fighting Fifth,' Quick "March 'Scotland Yet.'

"Copies of band parts "Troop 'St. George's' on "'Rural Melodies' — The "whole committed to paper "from memory, all found "correct at rehearsal on the "3rd December, 1910.

"Reid will be seventy years "of age next year, and will be "entitled to the old age pension. He thinks of moving "from Belfast to Dublin on "that auspicious occasion."

The Band of the 2nd Battalion had a most successful time at Edinburgh; they played in the Marine Gardens for a fortnight, when the Press notices were highly complimentary and encouraging. They played at Brighton one week and at Herne Bay two weeks, with success, and I am proud to say appear highly appreciated in Sheffield.

I remain, yours obediently,
W. F. COOPER,
Bandmaster, 2/5th Fusiliers.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X.Y.Z."—*We have no means of finding out when or where the event you describe, happened; surely you can get the information you seek from the Orderly Room.* "SILENUS."—*You say that all is fair in love or war, but under the circumstances we hardly think you are playing the game, and most certainly think if you asked anyone else, qualified to express an opinion, they would agree with us.* "PETRA."—*All good wishes to you, to Mrs. "Petra" and all the little "Petras," your kind thought was very much appreciated.* "ORPHEUS."—*Our grateful appreciation for the sentiments contained in yours of Xmas Eve, we wish you the same and very many of them.* "LANCE-SERGEANT G"—*Any old soldier who served with the 2nd Battalion in the Straits Settlements could give you the information you seek, in all probability.*

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## ADDITIONS TO THE SUCCESSION LIST OF OFFICERS.

Page 4—To list of Lieutenant-Colonels add :—

S. H. Enderby .. .. .. 14th October, 1910

Page 6—To list of Majors add :—

C. M. A. Wood .. .. .. 14th October, 1910

Page 25—To list of Second-Lieutenants add :—

M. Blackett Ord .. .. .. 18th September, 1909
H. M. Heyder .. .. .. 9th March, 1910
B. E. S. Mahon .. .. .. 20th April, 1910
R. T. Vachell .. .. .. 13th July, 1910

Page 34—To list of Adjutants add :—

G. R. F. Leverson .. .. .. 26th June, 1910

## FIFTH FUSILIERS POINT-TO-POINT RACE, 1911.

THE Annual Point-to-Point Race for the Cups presented by the Officers who left the Regiment on disbandment, and by Brigadier-General P. S. Wilkinson will take place this year in the vicinity of Sheffield, in connection with one of the local Hunt meetings; date will be notified as soon as possible in the *St. George's Gazette*. Committee:—Major C. Turner, Captain W. Wright, Captain H. W. Archer.

The "Disbanded Officers" Cup is open to all Officers shewn in the *Army List* as belonging to the 5th Fusiliers on full pay, whether seconded, serving with either Battalion, or at the Depôt.

The Cup presented by Brigadier-General Wilkinson is only open to Officers shewn in the *Army List* as serving with the 2nd Battalion (including Officers of that Battalion doing duty at the Depôt).

CONDITIONS FOR BOTH CUPS.

(1) Weights will be "Catch Weights—owners up." If an owner is unable to ride

(*a*) On account of ill health
(*b*) If prevented by military duty
(*c*) If running two horses

his horse will carry not less than 13st. and must be ridden by an officer eligible himself to enter a horse in the race.

(2) Horses competing must

(*a*) Have been the *bona fide* property of the Officer entering same since January 1st, 1911.

(*b*) Have not been in a training stable since January 1st, 1911.

(*c*) Have been hunted at least six times during season 1910-11, with any recognised pack of fox hounds, stag hounds, harriers, or drag hounds.

(3) The decision of the Committee will be final in any question that may arise in connection with the race.

## PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 1st BATTALION AT MALTA SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

(From the pages of Colonel Brown's *United Service Magazine*, March, 1837.)*

WE have peculiar pleasure in putting on record in our pages the following account of the presentation of new colours, at Malta, to the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers—a corps which ranks in reputation with the most distinguished of the British Army. To a long course of honourable service, the Fifth Regiment owes the distinctive appellation by which its Sovereign has been lately pleased to confirm the traditional character of Grenadiers, of which it had long won and worn the symbol. At one period, we expected to have had reason to congratulate the FIFTH on the acquisition of a title the most glorious by which a body of soldiers could be distinguished namely, the British Grenadiers—for such, we understand, was the spirit-stirring addition by which it was at first the Royal intention to distinguish the corps—though the designation, since conferred, was ultimately adopted—no doubt upon well-considered grounds. The difference, however, is only in terms; the FIFTH now "march with fusils" acccording to the brave old quick-step which has so often rattled at their head; they have in Sir Charles Colville a colonel who knew them in many of those fields of which they bear the emblems on their banners; and the Northumberland Fusiliers will know how to preserve, without stain, those colours which they have crowded with trophies.

It is not generally known that the FIFTH formerly bore a third colour—a privilege which, having fallen into desuetude, was abandoned on the Regiment's receiving its late distinction.

The following particulars of the presentation are taken from the *Malta Government Gazette*:—

"Wednesday last, the 14th December, 1836, having been appointed by the "Governor, Major-General Sir Henry Bouverie, to review and to present "the new colours to the 5th or Northumberland Regiment of Fusiliers, this "old and distinguished Corps was drawn up in review order, at ten o'clock, "on the Florian Parade, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel "Sutherland.

"His Excellency, on arriving in front of the line, was received with a "general salute, the band playing and drums beating. The usual cere-"monies for the reception and escort of the new colours having been gone "through, the Regiment, after saluting the colours, was formed on three "sides of a square, open to the front; and the service of consecration was "then read in a most appropriate and impressive manner by the Rev. J. "T. H. Le Mesurier, Chaplain to the Forces; the children of both sexes "of the soldiers of the Regiment, attired in uniform suits of new clothes "that had lately been presented to them, repeating the responses.

"Prayers being ended, Sir Henry Bouverie handed the colours (which "are extremely handsome, and covered with badges, the trophies of as "many victories) to the lieutenants, under a general salute from the square, "and then addressed the Regiment in nearly the following terms:—

"'Officers and Soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers,

"'I am happy that it has fallen to my lot to present to you these colours. "'I do it in the full confidence that they will never be disgraced by in-"'subordination, by loss of discipline, or misconduct at home or in the "'field.

"'The glorious deeds which are recorded in your annals, and inscribed "'upon those colours, will serve to incite in you the determination to "'equal them; to surpass them I believe to be impossible.

"'The inspection, which I shall this day finish, of your Regiment will, "'I have no doubt, furnish me with the opportunity of reporting my entire "'satisfaction with the interior economy and management of the Regi-"'ment, as well as with your movements in the field; and I trust that "'while you remain under my orders, and after you may have been "'removed to other commands, I may never hear anything that may cause "'me to alter the high opinion I have formed of you, not only here, but "'in scenes on service, of which I was myself a witness.'

"The General having concluded his soldier-like and appropriate address "(which we do not pretend to have collected with sufficient accuracy to "render it justice), Lieutenant-Colonel Sutherland replied to the following "purport:—

"'Permit me, Sir, on behalf of myself and the Regiment, to return our "'best thanks for the very kind and flattering terms in which you have "'been pleased to present these colours. It must be a great additional "'source of gratification to all ranks to receive so honourable a charge "'from the hands of a distinguished officer, who, having personally wit-"'nessed the conduct of the Regiment in conflict with the enemy, can "'therefore duly appreciate its conduct; and this will doubtless prove a "'strong incitement to such a discharge of their duty, whenever they may "'have the good fortune to be similarly circumstanced, as will emulate "'those deeds to which your Excellency has so handsomely alluded.'

"The square was then reduced, and His Excellency having rode down the "line, ranks were closed, open column formed, and the review commenced "by marching past in slow and quick time, and in column at quarter dis-"tance. The manual and platoon exercises (the latter also kneeling as "light infantry) were then admirably performed, under the orders of "Brevet-Major Johnson; after which the Lieutenant-Colonel put the Regi-"ment through a variety of manœuvres and firings, in close, extended, and "skirmishing order, with remarkable precision and smartness: a com-"bination which, as His Excellency truly observed, when at the close of "the review he expressed his unqualified approbation of the celerity and "steadiness of the movements, was the object aimed at, to attain what "was believed to be perfection in drill.

"We understand that a most splendid advance in line, over the whole "length of the parade, without an undulation in the dressing, and with "the most perfect and unvaried uniformity of cadence, elicited His "Excellency's particular admiration.

"After the Lieutenant-Colonel had concluded his field-day, His Excellency "called to the front some of the captains and subalterns, who readily put "the Regiment through several manœuvres much to his satisfaction. "The business of the day closed with a general salute; and then His "Excellency, followed by the Regiment, left the ground.

"In the evening His Excellency dined with the officers of the Regiment "at the mess, where a large party of about fifty persons, consisting of "Vice-Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, the captains of the squadron, com-"manding officers of corps, heads of departments, and staff were assembled "to meet him. His Royal Highness the Prince of Capua had also been "invited, but his attendance was unhappily prevented by indisposition.

"On Sunday morning the colours were, according to custom on such "occasions, taken with the Regiment to church; when the duties of sol-"diers, both as men and Christians, were inculcated by the Chaplain to "the Forces in the most impressive manner."

* We have to thank Mr. Herman Long, of 14, Marmion Road, Southsea, for the interesting extract we give above. The subject is deeply interesting to all 5th Fusiliers, past and present, and most appropriate for this number of "St. George's Gazette," not only on account of our full page Supplement we give our readers this month, but also from the fact of our contemporary of seventy-four years ago so graphically describing the subject. —ED., "St. G.G."

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## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

### EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31st DECEMBER, 1885.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS, Dublin, 28th December, 1885.—There has been little or no excitement in this part of the world during the past month, but no doubt next month, when the season begins, there will be plenty of gaieties; we have had several small afternoon dances, but as yet there have been no balls.

The troops here were all confined to barracks while the elections were going on, during the latter part of last month and the beginning of this.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Christmas Day in Barracks this year went off with more than usual festivities; each Company had one room gaily decorated for the occasion, in which they dined. The Colonel went round each to wish all a merry Christmas. When all the rooms were so tastefully decorated it is hard to say which looked best, but undoubtedly the palm must be given to the room used by the Band and Drummer boys, and C and K Companies. In addition to evergreens and devices on the walls, C Company had the Regimental Challenge Shield, as the best shooting company in the Regiment during the past year.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We were all glad to see, amongst other old friends here on Christmas Day, our old friend "Coomah," or rather our late Drum-Major, who came all the way from Naas to spend his Christmas with his old Corps.

An entertainment for the children of the Regiment is to be given here on the 29th inst. in the school-room, but as we are somewhat late with our notes for this month we must defer giving any account of it until our next.

DEPÔT NOTES, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 31st December, 1885.—The rumour which we mentioned last month as being prevalent in the Depôt, that Colonel Rowland, C.B., late of the FIFTH, was to receive command of the District, *vice* Colonel Collingwood, now turns out to be a correct one, Her Majesty having been pleased to appoint him to the command.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We take the following from the "5th Regimental District Orders," by Colonel Collingwood, C.M.G., dated the 12th December, 1885:—"2. *Annual Reports.* It is notified for information that H.R.H. "the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief considers the Annual "Report on the Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, by the Major-"General Commanding the Northern District, to be very satis-"factory."

Major Beamish's term of service with the Depôt has expired. He is struck off its strength, and will proceed to rejoin 1st Battalion in Dublin, on relief by Major Thurlow, who is on leave till the 31st inst.

Colonel Rowland, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, Lieutenants Riddell and Sitwell visited the Depôt during the month.

Christmas Day was observed in this garrison with the usual festivities. The barrack rooms were tastefully decorated, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, winding up with dancing in the evening.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The annual Christmas tree and treat to the women and children was given in A and B Companies' barrack rooms on the evening of the 22nd inst.

A large number of toys and presents were distributed, and a substantial tea was provided.

At the close of the proceedings, three cheers were given for Colonel and Mrs. Collingwood and family.

One of the rooms was afterwards cleared out, when a very pleasant dance till "lights out" concluded the entertainment.

The Sergeants, Depôt Durham Light Infantry, give a dance on the night of the 31st inst., to which the Officers of the Garrison have been invited.

NOTES FROM THE 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, Alnwick, 24th December, 1885.—Colour-Sergeant William Munroe and Colour-Sergeant James Kelly, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, arrived here from India on the 27th ult., on transfer to this Battalion, and were taken on the strength of the Permanent Staff from that date.

The discharge of Colour-Sergeant Francis Murrells has been confirmed for the 29th inst. Colour-Sergeant Murrells enlisted as a boy for the 1st Battalion Fifth Fusiliers at Colchester on the 23rd December, 1861, at the age of fifteen years and ten months; he, therefore, completed his twenty-fourth year on the 23rd inst.; he served for several years as a drummer in that Battalion. The dates of his promotions are as follows:—Corporal, 1st September, 1879; Sergeant, 6th February, 1882; transferred to the 3rd Battalion, 21st April, 1883; appointed Orderly-Room Clerk, 1st September, 1883; promoted Colour-Sergeant, 27th April, 1885.

## THE NAVAL AND MILITARY EMIGRATION LEAGUE.

THE above Institution has been founded (1) to advise ex-Service men on emigration; (2) to find employment for them in the Colonies; (3) to advance, when necessary, their emigration expenses; and (4) to look after their interests when they arrive overseas. For this purpose the League is prepared to co-operate with Regimental and other Associations at home interested in the welfare of ex-Service men, and it has appointed representative committees in Canada and Australia.

In Canada, a branch has been established, under the presidency of the Governor-General, the Right Hon. Earl Grey, with the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia as vice-presidents, and Committees have been formed in Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria and Vernon. There are openings in Canada at the present moment, in the Military forces at Halifax and Quebec, and there are a few excellent opportunities for civil employment in Vancouver and other parts of the Dominion offered by the local Committees.

In Australia the British Immigration League, whose headquarters are at Sydney, N.S. Wales, and which has branches in all the Australian States, has undertaken to represent the League, and is prepared to find openings for men of the right stamp who are willing to take up work in the country districts as boundary riders, stockmen, cooks, rough carpenters, handy men and agricultural labourers. The New Zealand Government are also favourably considering the matter of granting facilities to ex-Service men to settle in that country.

South Africa is not yet ready for immigration, but as soon as the policy of the new Government on this subject is defined the League has been assured that consideration will be given to the case of ex-Service men, especially those who have served South Africa in her hour of need.

One of the objects of the League is to advance money to suitable men of good character, who are without means, but who can find some portion of their fare (either from their Regimental or other Associations, or from their friends), or who can furnish a guarantee for the purpose. But to carry out this proposal funds are needed, for which it is intended to make a public appeal shortly. The amount so advanced will be treated as a loan, to be repaid by the recipients, under the direction of the Government Authorities, or the local Committees in the various Colonies. The organization will not, therefore, be, in any sense, a charity, and as the men who will be assisted will be required to pay a small charge, by way of interest on the money advanced, it is hoped that it will become self supporting.

Already a considerable amount of useful work has been done on behalf of Military Pensioners and ex-Service men without pensions who have been able to pay their own fares, many of whom have been found openings in our oversea States, where they are now happily settled. A number of men have also been sent to the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery, Quebec, by arrangement with the Canadian Military Authorities and the War Office. Hundreds of enquiries by correspondence and interview have been and are being dealt with, and full proof has been afforded of the urgent need of an organization of this character, both in the interests of men, many of whom have families, and who cannot find employment here, and of our oversea Dominions, to which such men would prove a valuable asset.

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The League was formed by the British Empire Agency, Limited, as a part of the Imperial work of that organization, in order to continue the work begun by Mr. E. T. Scammell, whose advocacy of the commutation of Naval and Military Pensions for the purpose of enabling ex-sailors and soldiers, who desire to do so, to emigrate to our Colonies is well known. It is, however, an entirely independent institution, and will be free to co-operate with all organizations or societies interested in emigration, whether commercial or philanthropic, provided they can aid the work it has in hand.

## THE "BURRA DIN."

*The lay of the Sub. who joined his Corps on Christmas Eve in India, and was told that Christmas is called the "burra din."*

I.

'TWAS India, 'twas down country and 'twas Yule-tide,
'Twas five o'clock a.m. one frigid morning;
A raucous cock crowed and a plaintive mule cried—
I woke to find the *burra din* was dawning.

II.

Then drowsily I turned beneath my sheeting,
The room before my closing eyes waxed smudgy—
I slept again—I woke—a voice was bleating
*Châ tyar hy, huzoor, abhi sât bajé.*

III.

To mutely acquiesce were act of craven,
To rise from downy couch were coward fear—
Again I dozed—again those accents even
*Hajâmat tyar, saré sât baj gya.*

IV.

I rose; there also rose in more than one key
Creakings of ancient carts which mournful byls pull,
Shoutings of those that drive the mule or donkey,
Babel of hawkers' voices all of wiles full.

* * * * * *

V.

A few more years have rolled since at that station
I joined: I've found at length (I'm now a colonel),
Our *burra din's* one annual celebration,
The natives raise a *burra din* eternal.

"X. Y. Z."

## BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BAROTSELAND.

(By C. G. L.)

Illustrated with Photographs by the Writer and "S."

(*Continued from page 186.*)

We started out to hunt again in the cool of the evening while the wagon meandered on about five miles to the North-East where we were going to camp.

Towards dark I saw a group of three or four Reedbuck (Matobo in Mashukulumbwi), wandering in and out amongst the bush-grown ant-hills. There was one very nice looking ram. Although I had seen a good many at various times I had not yet shot one. This appeared to be the best head I had come across, so I decided to try to get him. After a good deal of crawling on very prickly burnt grass, I got near enough for a certain shot in the dusk and succeeded in knocking him over. He had a very good head with horns fifteen inches long.

*Some Mashukulumbwi and Batonga natives.*

*"Skinning and cutting up a buck."*

(This photograph gives a good idea of the native head dress, and every-day "clothes," and a native axe may be seen on the ground).

I had gone almost due East and now had to cover a good five miles in the dark before seeing the welcome light of our camp fires. The place was called Bachili, being named like nearly all the other places I have mentioned, after the Induna of the biggest kraal in the neighbourhood.

Bachili was a person of some importance, and living testimony to this was borne by a couple of members of his community whose ears had been shorn off because of their fatal beauty. They had proved over attractive to some of his wives!

An Induna and his wives are distinguished by wearing large ivory bangles, seven on each arm. The value of the ivory is perfectly understood so that these bangles are an expensive adornment.

An enterprising trader did send a sample one home to be copied in the best celluloid and for a time knocked the bottom out of the native market. Alas! for the march of science, the innovation was but short-lived, and more than one family circle was broken up as it sat warming itself round the fire, by one of its members suddenly bursting into flames.

The Mashukulumbwi have some peculiar ways of beautifying themselves. They knock out their front teeth which spoils the beauty of the better-looking and adds to the hideousness of the ugly. The only explanation that they offer is that they want to be cattle, not horses. Young girls have their woolly hair drawn out and plaited up with beads into a number of little tails. When they marry their heads are shaved. The men have the front part of the head shaved and on the back they build up a sort of pointed cone made of hair, which has been cut off their own and their wives' heads and worked up with some kind of clay. This cone is hard and shiny, and those who wish to be in the first flight of fashion decorate it with brass-headed tacks or buttons. A darning needle stuck through the top is considered especially distingué. The men wear the very scantiest apology for clothes, a cat-skin hung from a raw-hide string round the waist being considered ample. On special occasions they wear a strip of trade calico thrown over one shoulder and under the arm on the other side like a sort of toga. Dark blue is the most fashionable colour, but any dark background with plain white spots or stripes, is good for trading purposes. They show an innate good taste in avoiding gaudy colours.

One of the most striking things about them is their extraordinary handiness with their spears. These have a blade of soft iron, smelted out of the stone by the natives themselves, and a hard wood shaft. They are about eight feet in length and, with their axes, are the only cutting implements they possess. They can throw them with great accuracy, and use them for every conceivable purpose from taking thorns out of their feet to skinning and cutting up a buck.

Their one and only agricultural implement is a hoe. It has a head very much like the blade of a cooper's adze and a handle about two to two and a half feet long, and is used in one hand. There is generally a pick-like projection on the opposite side to the blade for breaking up hard ground. Having been in use in Savage Africa

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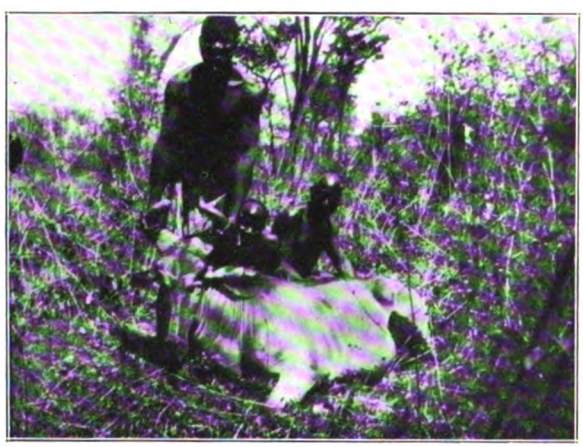
for countless ages, it has recently been introduced by the brain of our Army as a *new* intrenching tool.

To return to Bachili, where we started this digression, a herd of Buffalo was reported to be somewhere in the locality. The wet season had been a *very* wet one and this made the hunting of Buffalo a difficult business. After a comparatively dry season when there is water in a limited number of places only, it is possible to find out where they are drinking and catch them in the open at day-break as they return to the bush for the day. When there is water everywhere it is a very different matter. The chances are largely against finding them at any particular drinking place although they may have been using it recently. What generally happens is that you find the morning's tracks after they have gone into the bush and follow them up for the rest of the day.

The bush is almost impenetrable, and, although these ponderous beasts can cleave a passage through it without any difficulty, it closes up behind them to its former solidity.

They are extraordinarily crafty animals, and, when wounded, very dangerous. Living during the day in dense bush or reed beds, they only come out at night to feed. In the heat of the day they like to lie up in some shady place, and it is the hunters' business to track them up to this spot. Before lying up, however, they always make a circle back and halt down wind of and close to their own tracks, so that they get his wind before he can get up to them.

A wounded one usually leaves the herd if badly hit, and either charges at once or deliberately sets to work with all his native cunning to make an end of his pursuer. Having gone for some



*"We were in a small, more or less open glade in the middle of the bush."*

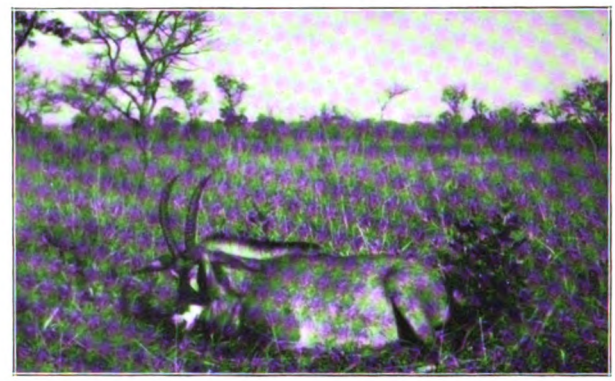
distance he circles back and hides at a point usually within a few feet of his own tracks. Sometimes he will be concealed in the thickest bush, at others he will stand against a background of his own colour in a thin place, knowing that he will not be looked for there. Here he remains quite quiet until his enemy comes labouring along through the bush, and then, crash! and he is on him.

A small-bore rifle is not much use for this sort of work as your only chance is to stop him as he charges. Once he has you down it is small consolation to know that, having crushed the life out of you, he will himself expire!

If the true definition of sport be the circumventing of a perfectly wild animal in his own haunts, and if its value be enhanced in proportion to the difficulties encountered, then hunting Buffalo in the bush takes a good deal of beating.

As we had only had reports of one herd we decided to toss for first turn at them, the winner to start operations next morning, but our one hitherto reliable time piece took the opportunity of asserting its independence during the night by stopping. The result was that we got up too late and day had broken before we left camp. We decided to hunt in the usual way and leave the Buffalo till the next morning unless we either of us happened to cross fresh tracks.

I had a long stalk after a herd of Roan, but some Reedbuck, which were very plentiful about here, continually got between us and gave the alarm by their whistles. Finally I turned my attention to them, the Roan having by this time decamped. Having



*"He turned out to be an old bull with thick, but not very long horns."*

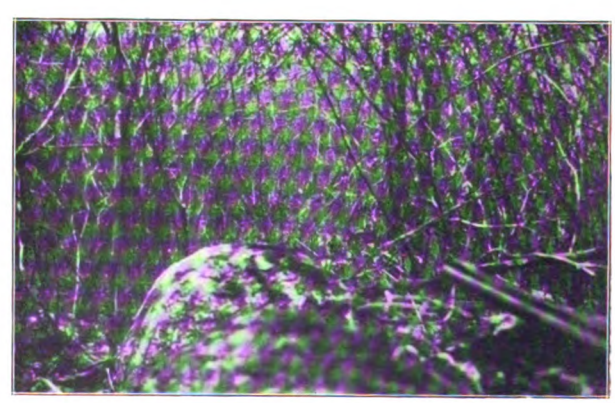
marked down a ram with a very nice head, I had one of the best stalks I had yet had, which occupied the rest of the morning. In the end I arrived, after a long détour, behind an ant-hill within about forty yards of him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him still watching for me in the other direction.

S— got in very late and quite exhausted. He had run across fresh Buffalo tracks in the morning and hunted them in the bush all day. He managed to get up to them and hit a very fine old bull twice. Unfortunately he only had soft nosed bullets with him and, as their hide is very thick, these will often do but little damage where a solid bullet might be fatal. In this case the old bull went on with the herd and seemed little the worse, though S— tracked them for several hours afterwards. It was a great disappointment, as the head appeared to be an exceptionally fine one.

Next day S— went off again at cock-crow to have another try for his Buffalo and I went to try my luck in a fresh direction, taking a couple of natives from the kraal as well as my two gun bearers.

In a fairly open valley, dotted with scattered bush and an occasional ant-hill, I came on a herd of five Hartebeest, consisting of four cows and one very nice bull. They all behaved reasonably, grazing along and taking an occasional look round, except one cow who appeared to be on duty. She caused me a great deal of trouble and delay, insisting, as she did, on standing with her head up, looking straight in my direction. A very slow and cautious advance at last brought me within close range of the bull and I had my shot at his shoulder.

He staggered away and then galloped after the cows, who had already disappeared into the adjoining bush. On arriving at the spot where he had gone into the bush, I soon found his blood spoor



*Buffalo bush. Taken in a thin place where there was enough light.*

which, by its bright colour and frothy appearance, showed that he

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was hit in the lungs. It was easy to follow it for a short distance, and, by the time it was becoming difficult, my boys came up. The blood was soon reduced to an occasional drop on a leaf or blade of grass at long intervals, and, the bush here being choked with undergrowth and long unburnt grass, the footmarks were very hard to follow.

After a couple of hours' hard work one of the local boys, who was a short distance ahead of me, caught sight of him lying down about thirty yards away. The double-dyed villain, instead of waiting for me to come up, threw his spear, sending the Hartebeest off again into the bush with nothing worse than a grazed shoulder, and then stood in the way so that I couldn't get in a shot before he disappeared. There was nothing for it but to start again as soon as possible which I did after addressing a few winged words to the perpetrator of the outrage. After a further two hours of hard work I came up with him again. He was now on his last legs, and I gave him his *coup-de-grace*.

I had been pursuing this particular animal for five hours without a break, the time was half-past one, a tropical sun was blazing down, and I was parched with the dust of the bush so I lost no time in starting to make myself a billy of coffee.

We were in a small, more or less open, glade in the middle of the bush, and the ground was covered with grass and undergrowth as dry as tinder, so I carefully scraped a clear space for my fire and left Johnny, my second gun boy, to watch it and stamp out any attempt on its part to spread. I had just cut a stick with which to stir the coffee when, turning round, I found the bush on fire, and Johnny deep in conversation with the other boys who were skinning the Hartebeest.

My first thought was for my rifles, camera, and other impedimenta which were leaning against, or hanging on, sundry trees. By the time I had collected these and set the four boys to work with branches to beat out a ring, the fire was closing round us with an ever-increasing roar. When the ring had been made we hauled the Hartebeest into it and put my belongings on top of him to prevent their being scorched by the freshly burnt ground, and then set to work again to fight the fire back and widen our ring inch by inch. It was now right round us, roaring and crackling through the bush, with great red flames twenty feet high. The heat was terrific, the air was full of smoke and fine ashes, my feet were getting scorched through the soles of my boots, and the boys were hopping about from one foot to the other on the hot ground. We must have experienced most of the sensations of being cast into a fiery furnace.

At last our ring was big enough and we retired to the middle of it thoroughly exhausted, where we sat and were roasted till the fire had receded into the distance.

One lesson I learnt from this, and that was never again to allow my rifles and other belongings to be scattered about in different places when I halted in the bush.

I got back late in the afternoon with a hunger and thirst which made eating and drinking pure ecstasy, not the least of the joys of being in the wilds. S— had had no luck with the Buffalo and was back before me.

I had a long day in the bush next day, but got nothing until the evening, when, on the way back to camp, I came up to a big herd of Roan. After a long look through my glasses I picked out what looked like a good one. He turned out to be an old bull with thick, but not very long, horns.

"*His horns were very massive in the palm.*"

On the following morning at daybreak, as we were making for a pool where we hoped we might find Buffalo, we suddenly came on the fresh tracks of a good sized herd crossing our path. They led into the bush and we were soon in hot pursuit. The freshness of the droppings made it clear that they could not be far ahead and my hopes of getting up to them ran high.

After following the tracks as quickly and noiselessly as possible for about half an hour we suddenly came on a young calf standing quite close to us with its back turned. I knew that we were now up to the herd and was trying desperately to see where the rest of them were in the dense bush when they got our wind and went crashing away. They had been within twenty yards of me the whole time, and to make matters worse, as the alarm was given I caught a fleeting glance of the tail and hindquarters of what looked like a full grown bull which had been standing, hidden in the bush, close to the calf. A mad rush through the relentless bush to try and cut them off was both unsuccessful and painful, and we settled down to follow up the tracks again.

Gentle reader, imagine yourself arrayed in the scantiest of clothing compatible with decency, held fast in several places by the cruel "blaauwhaak" thorn, as sharp, as curved, and as unyielding as a leopard's claw. Imagine yourself with a thick rope-like creeper round your neck, another twined about your legs, your body bristling like a hedgehog's with the sharp spines of a tall thistle-like grass, your hat suspended behind you in the bush which also holds your rifle in an octopus-like grasp. Imagine all this and a good deal more, and you will arrive at a fair idea of the normal condition of the would-be slayer of Buffalo in their native strongholds.

On this occasion we followed the herd for more than five hours. We came up to them again twice, and, each time, the result was the same. A stampede somewhere within twenty yards, a wild rush to try to cut them off, and then the pursuit resumed in a silence more expressive than the most lurid of language.

At last a change came over the tracks. The hitherto zig-zag course became a more or less straight line, with continuous trotting spoor. This meant that they were now thoroughly disturbed and did not intend to give us another chance of getting up to them. The only thing for it was to give them up for the day and turn our attention to getting out of the heart of the bush where they had landed us.

The boys, who had been told to keep some distance behind us so as to avoid scaring the Buffalo, had followed some wrong tracks and were lost, and with them all our belongings and, worst of all, our water.

After several hours of trudging in what fortunately turned out to be the right direction we got out of the bush and back to camp.

The weather was very hot and sultry, which made it impossible to keep meat for any length of time, and, the larder being empty, I went out in the evening after Puku and got one.

I started before daylight next morning with Kameel for some water where I hoped we might find Buffalo.

They were not there, but, about six o'clock, we came on the fresh tracks of a small herd. The state of the spoor showed that they had passed about an hour before, so there was no time to be lost. After following them for about two and a half hours in the bush, we came up to them, the first intimation being, as usual, their noisy but invisible departure,

Their tracks showed that they had been moving at a leisurely

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pace, and the fact that we had caught them up so soon went to prove that they had probably been resting for some time when we arrived. They seemed to be a fresh herd which had not been interfered with, and this became more evident when we found them lying up again about half-an-hour later.

As usual, they got our wind and made off before we got a view of them. Leaving my gun bearers well in rear, I now went on alone with Kameel, crawling along as stealthily and silently as possible.

In what must have been a little more than half-an-hour, the spoor showed that three big bulls had branched off to the left. We followed them and soon it became clear from the droppings that we were rapidly overtaking them. They had probably left the herd to have a rest by themselves, and we might now be up to them at any moment. Crawling along, scarcely daring to breathe, and putting our heads to the ground at intervals so as to get a view where the bush was thinnest, we advanced foot by foot.

At last Kameel's head came slowly up from the ground and a face, tense with excitement, turned slowly towards mine as he pointed to a dark blur in the bush fifteen or twenty yards away.

I doubt if there be any greater trial to human patience than that which demands, under such circumstances, a slow and deliberate change of position preparatory to shooting. Inch by inch I crawled round into a sitting position expecting every moment to hear that all too familiar crash. Inch by inch the big double ·470 came up and settled on what looked like the business end of the blur. Then bang! a heavy thud, a cloud of dust, a quick rush up to give him two more barrels before he could get up, and I had got my first Buffalo.

After the suppressed excitement of the stalk I felt inclined to execute a Salome dance over his remains, but, the surroundings being unsuitable I took two photographs instead, neither of which came out.

He was a fine old bull and had a nasty scar of long standing across his nose, which looked as if it had been done by a lion. His horns were very massive in the palm, forming a solid helmet over his head, but, in proportion to their thickness, were not very long. He belonged to what the natives call the short-horned kind, which is recognized by them as a distinct type, though I have never heard of any such distinction scientifically.

*(To be continued.)*

## FORTY YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FIFTH FUSILIERS.

(By Mr. L. WALLACE, late Bandmaster, 2nd Batt. 5th Fusiliers).

*(Continued from page 187).*

I must now go back a bit and tell you about Nowshera where the Battalion was issued with the Snider breech-loading rifle. The weapon in use before was called the Enfield rifle which, though only a muzzle-loader, had struck fear into the mutinous sepoys. During the fighting of '57 they were never sure when they were out of its range. The men used to call it "firelock" or "musket" or, occasionally, "rifle," but, though old names die hard, they took to the Snider at once and gave it its proper name. Its popularity was largely due to the fact that it was easy to keep clean. In fact the barrel after being cleaned would shine like a looking-glass. At the time we received it for use I had noticed four different kinds among the troops white and coloured, for besides the Enfield, Snider, and Martini-Henry, I saw a native Regiment using a musket that fired a ball bullet and was only sighted up to 300 yards.

Jhelum was the next place reached on our journey to Delhi. For the rest of the way we were in the train and finally encamped behind the ridge, famous in military history, that overlooks the capital of the Moguls. We were, in fact, on the very same ground that our troops had occupied during the siege.

Soon after our arrival the news arrived, casting a gloom over the whole camp, that Lord Mayo, the Governor General of India, had been assassinated. It was only a few months before that he had inspected us in Peshawar.

The military authorities were not long in showing us that a camp of exercise was very far from being a slack time, and parades, field days and inspections quickly followed each other. In this great gathering of troops we all felt that something beyond the ordinary effect was intended. Rajahs and chiefs of various grades were constantly visiting the camps and attending the field days, and they were welcome, as far as we were concerned, to hear the crackling of our Sniders and watch the damage they could do. Of course they were nothing like so accurate as the rifles of the present day, nor could they be fired so quickly, but the size of the bullet, which was entirely of lead, had the advantage of stopping the most dangerous fanatic, and would have made impossible such an event as occurred at the Malakand Pass some years later when a man of the enemy's forces came in for hospital treatment with no less than fourteen bullet wounds in his body and left, fit for work again, in a fortnight's time.

When holidays came round I used to take the opportunity of visiting different parts of the city and was amply repaid for the trouble by all I saw. The view from the Flagstaff Tower on the ridge was a most impressive one. Before me lay the imperial city of India surrounded by a long line of wall, itself broken here and there by massive bastions which the trees partly hid from sight. Peaceful looking enough now, they had been the scene of many a desperate fight. Straight through the city ran the broad Chandi Chouk, fringed by rows of trees which rose above the labyrinth of streets and lanes. All around the sunlight shone on stately houses and graceful minaretted mosques, and on the left could be seen the high red walls and round towers of the palace. The interior of this great building seemed to me, though still beautiful, to be showing signs of neglect.

Walking about by oneself was rather a lonesome occupation. The only sound was the vague hum of the city life which only made one feel that one had no business to disturb the silence, especially with the unmistakeable clatter of an ammunition boot. I felt that I owed some apology to the ghosts of the past who must certainly be going the rounds as I was and were perhaps—certainly the great and proud ones—annoyed at this intrusion of an English soldier into their sacred places. At all events it was a relief to get out into the sunshine again.

When outside I began to walk through some gardens, where I found that I was being pelted with stones. The only living creature visible was a monkey tied to a tree, and thus secured and with his back towards me I could not accuse him of the impropriety. But I kept my eye on him and presently saw him with equal intentness watching me and every now and then picking up a stone and throwing it, backwards and underhand, in my direction. The Hindus believe in the transmigration of souls, and if their creed is true can there be any doubt that the soul of some defunct fanatical mutineer was lodged in the body of that monkey? As I approached him he chattered and shewed his teeth as if I were his deadly enemy.

The saying that distance lends enchantment to the view is, after all, a very reliable one. Too close an inspection often leads to disillusionment. I never saw the following of a native prince, no matter how grand and gorgeous, but a nearer examination revealed something—it might be merely a *syce* in dirty clothes—to spoil the perfect effect. Better to be on my old coign of vantage and see the city, as from the Flagstaff Tower, with all its glory and none of its blemishes. From there I could admire high up in the middle of the city the white marble domes and the slender minarets of the *Jumna Musjid*, and far away to the south, amid a vast sandy waste strewn with the ruins of what was intended to be the new Delhi, the huge *Kutub Minar*. During our manœuvres we encamped close to this great leaning tower from the top of which there was a wonderful panorama, but the pleasure of seeing it was tempered by the feeling that you might slip and fall off. Straight below the people and carriages looked like flies and reminded one of the inhabitants of Lilliput in "Gulliver's Travels." Near at hand stands an iron pillar about twenty feet high about which there is some mystery. It is dented with bullet marks and cut deep into the metal is an inscription in some ancient, possibly unknown, language. The natives believe that it runs right through the earth and has been where it is since the beginning of the world.

Dotted about are a great many wells which are interesting on account of their structure. A spiral staircase leading to the water's edge gave access to a number of compartments which seemed as if they had been intended for human dwellings. The only use to which I saw these wells put was when they became the scene of native diving exhibitions at which men would dive from the top for the noble sum of two *annas*.

The camp of exercise came to an end in time and we moved on to Bareilly, glad enough to be settled down once more. Bareilly is a nice quiet station, not so hot as many others, with a good race course, shooting not far off, and a pond practically on the parade ground with fish in it up to 15lb. weight. It was here that I took to fishing, and I love it still as much as I did then. Several of the Battalion became keen fishermen, and natives who sometimes

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arrived with bundles of rods were invariably warned off a place that was unanimously considered the private property of the Regiment. There was a day on which a party of strangers came along with some seine nets; but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

On the subject of fish I recollect that our minds were greatly exercised by the numbers of small fish that used to find their way into barracks during the monsoons. It was enough to make a soldier who had broken out unobserved, and wished to return equally successfully, green with envy. They were to be found in almost every little pool. Some thought that India being a land of strange events it must rain fish. Others suggested that when the pools dried up the fish that appeared so mysteriously had buried themselves in the mud to await the next rainy season. My own view was that they used to make their way up from the river that flowed about a mile off along the small rivulets caused by the rains, but I must confess that I never saw this particular kind of fish in the river itself.

The Battalion at this time began to take an especial interest in rifle shooting. Company matches and shooting for prizes considerably aided the movement and the same keenness was maintained throughout the remainder of our stay in India. I used to join in as much as possible, but owing to the fatal habit of "bobbing" I never achieved very much. Our Instructor of Musketry used to say that I had the makings of a good shot, and indeed I believed so myself could I only overcome the tendency to flinch after firing.

Soon after reaching Bareilly, our acting bandmaster, Sergeant Thomas McQuire, left us as time-expired. He had occupied this position since we left England, and as a real good sort and as one who had done a great deal for the Band, we were very sorry to lose him. His successor was Mr. W. H. Dencer, our first bandmaster from Kneller Hall. With us was stationed the 11th Bengal Infantry regiment whose men wore, instead of the usual turban, the old round forage cap which we used to have, and very strange it looked on their heads. It was a badge of distinction given to commemorate the fact that they were the first native regiment to charge in line with an English one, an event that took place during the Sikh war.

A race meeting at Bareilly usually found the officers present in full strength. On one occasion a steeplechase was being run and everyone was on tiptoe of excitement as one obstacle after another was surmounted. One horse was well away in front until an "in and out" jump was reached. It jumped into it right enough, but nothing would induce it to jump out again. The other horses had time to catch it up and all successfully passed over the first of the two walls, but here again not one of them could manage the second wall. The whole lot were bagged, and the race was brought to a temporary stop till the top of the second wall had been lowered and allowed them to get over. It was a very comical sight to watch, and I think the riders of that race must have often laughed at the recollection even if they were not so amused at the time.

The Band was occasionally engaged by a certain Rajah who used to entertain the Officers, and so I had the chance one day of seeing a native play in which one of the characters represented a European as viewed through native eyes. It was not exactly complimentary. The "Englishman" merely rushed on to the stage, thrashed everyone on it, swore loudly at everyone and everything, and then rushed off again. It was about this time that I used to turn *shikari* and go off shooting about fifty miles away. I got my first antelope as it was bounding away from me. The bullet went in just above the tail and came out at his chest with a sound more like a splash than a thud. It proved to be a nice young buck. I got it home and divided the meat among the Band who made of it venison pies, stews and roast, but when dinner time came it was the general opinion that they were not educated up to venison and would stick to the dear old beef and mutton. The result was that nearly all —myself among them—went dinnerless that day.

All this time I was working hard at my instrument. The bandmaster told me one day that he was recommending a clever young bandsman named Webber to be sent to Kneller Hall to be trained for bandmaster, and that after him I was to be the next to go. Up till then such an idea had not entered my head, but after that I never ceased working for that as the goal of my ambition, and though it took me another eleven years I did get there at last.

To leave the track once more, let me repeat a yarn I once heard an old soldier tell. He called it "The Haunted Post." It seems that while the Regiment was stationed at Shorncliffe one of the sentry beats had borne an uncanny reputation. As one regiment succeeded another the story grew more and more ghostly, and you may be sure that it did not lose in the constant repetition. This particular beat, it was said, was haunted by unearthly visitors who played all sorts of pranks on the unfortunate soldier doing duty there. One very dark night, when the wind was roaring and blowing pebbles and gravel all over the place, the sentry had lowered his head for a moment to protect his face, when on turning about he was startled by what he took to be a thunderbolt which caught him just where the old-fashioned pouch used to hang and laid him out on the broad of his back, nearly shaking the life out of him. Knowing well the yarn that the devil, when he wanted a night out, was in the habit of haunting the place where he stood (or rather lay), the sentry scrambled to his feet as quickly as he could and began feeling around with his rifle at the charge. Encountering nothing he stood still and listened. But nothing was to be heard save the wind and the swish of the pebbles whirled this way and that. It was unpleasant to stand still in this hurricane, so once more he resumed his march, giving an occasional glance over his shoulder as he did so. A flicker of rain was beginning, and in the distance he could hear the rumble of thunder. For shelter he thought of the sentry box, but from all he had been told that was the one spot to be avoided at night, so on he tramped. Just then there came a vivid flash of lightning and a crash of thunder and once more he was laid out as flat as before. But the flash had revealed *something*. He had seen for an instant his satanic majesty himself with flaming red eyes and head and horns complete. This was more than flesh and blood could stand. In spite of the cold the perspiration was pouring from him and he was on the point of retiring to the security of the guard-room when the corporal and relief appeared. Now the corporal was a level-headed chap and he resolved to unravel the mystery, as mystery there certainly was in the sentry's otherwise plain and credible story. So the men extended and examined the ground until one of them reported that there was an indistinct figure that kept falling back in front of him. Two of his comrades then went round and closed in on the visitor from the other side. It proved, when caught at last, to be nothing else but a savage and bellicose old ram which charged down on anyone who turned his back on him but retreated when boldly faced. This explained the sentry's unfortunate experiences. The story was too good to be allowed to drop altogether with the discovery and capture of the ram, and later it transpired that certain merry spirits of the garrison endeavoured in various ways to keep up the sinister reputation of the haunted post, but I never heard that they were half so successful.

(*To be continued*).

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

### AN ARMY PARABLE.*

SAID the colonel's wife to the colonel: "Give the children a Christmas tree,
The credit, you see, of the whole affair, is bound to reflect on me."
And the colonel said: "Very well, my dear, you shall have your Christmas show;
I am just going round to the orderly room, and I'll let the major know."

The major said: "Well I'm perfectly sure it's nothing to do with me;
Running a tree is a junior's work, I will tell the adjutant—he
Can detail a couple of subs. or so—or one as a matter of fact;
'Tis simply a matter of passing it on—simply a matter of tact."

The subalterns swore when they heard the news—and sent for the bold "S.M."
"Put on a couple of sergeants here—this is a job for them."
And the sergeant said to corporals twain: "This isn't a job for us;
Get up a party of privates here for the annual Christmas fuss."

So the privates willingly set to work and rigged up a Christmas tree;
Then the children came and enjoyed the same with innocent childish glee,
While the colonel's wife and the colonel came in their carriage so neat and fine,
And the lady said: "What a lovely spread—and the credit I'm sure is mine!"

* A correspondent from Lebong, Darjeeling, India, sends us the above amusing lines, with the request that we do not give his name. The poetry is too good to lose, so we give it our readers as suitable in every way for this our Christmas number."—Ed., "St. G.G."

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## MONSTERS OF THE EAST.

### No. IV.—THE KOI HAI.

THE visitor to India often leaves the country with the impression that Anglo-Indian Society is divided into two broad divisions, the griffs and the koi hais. This erroneous idea is derived from the fact that to a griff, everyone who is not a griff is a koi hai, and *vice versa* to a koi hai everyone, who is not a koi hai, must be a griff. Now in reality they are the extremes of society, between which is a great gulf fixed, filled with rational beings.

The real old crusted koi hai, the Jos Sedley of Vanity Fair, is, thanks to improved facilities for leave to England, rapidly becoming extinct. But a modified form is still to be found in fairly large numbers.

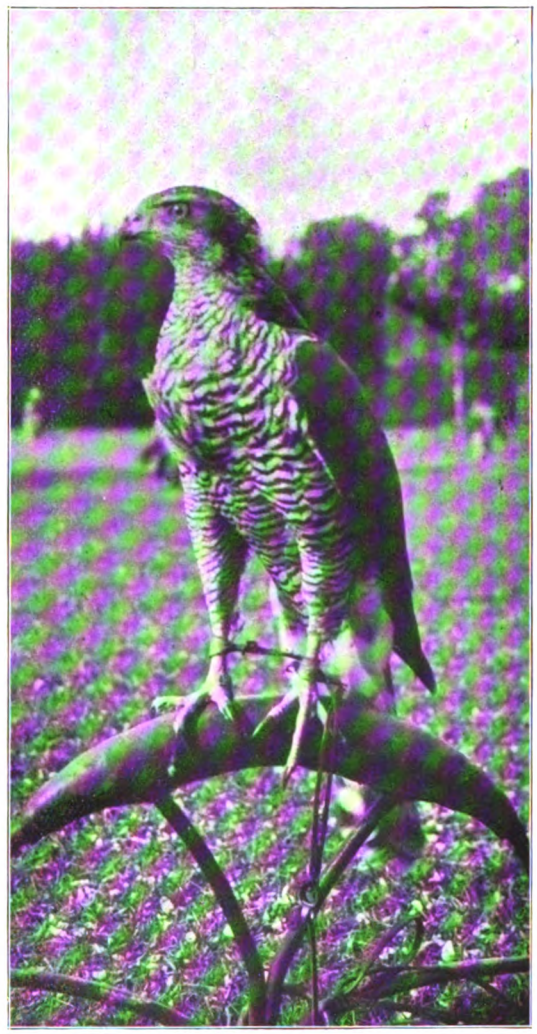
The origin of the term is its best definition, and for the uninitiated this is given. Bells are an almost unknown luxury in India, and where they do exist they are merely ornamental, for it has been long since found that an Indian servant is stone deaf to the ring of a bell, and that the only instrument by which the slumbering native can be roused is the human voice. Occasionally this will also fail, and then—but this is a digression.

The formula adopted by the Anglo-Indian to summon a servant, and it may be remarked used exclusively by him, is the shouting of the mystic words "koi hai." The result of this pernicious habit is, that sometimes a respectable, and apparently sane old gentleman, seized with a sudden thirst, will startle the smoking room of his London club with a sudden wild cry of "koi hai." He has long since been in the habit of interspersing his conversation with meaningless Hindustani words, but this is the limit. Outrageous as is his final offence to his fellow members, it will be no less painful to himself as, with a twinge of liver, he realizes that he has passed the bourne from which there is no returning, that he has left the ranks of rational Englishmen, and joined the army of koi hai's. Though the koi hai's temperament is variable, the particular phase which it will exhibit at a given hour of the day can be accurately judged by those experienced in the class. He cannot be approached with safety before breakfast, and to bid him "good morning" before this meal will elicit at the best a savage glare, at the worst a retort rude and unprintable. It must not be supposed by this that *eating* his breakfast induces a calmer frame of mind. He never eats it, but if the sight of it does not produce apoplexy, it affords him the opportunity of letting off steam by roundly abusing his khidmatgar and anathematising the cook. As the day wears on the koi hai's temper improves, and by the time the wine comes round after dinner it would be difficult to recognise in the genial bore the savage ruffian we greeted at the breakfast table.

There are certain topics of conversation which it is wiser to avoid with the koi hai. If you remark on the heat of the day, he will immediately reply, "Heat! Have you ever spent a hot weather in Multan?" If you refer to the cold, he will retort, "Cold, by gad! You've never been to Quetta," and so on through drought, rain and every phase of the barometer. It is scarcely necessary to warn the reader against the subject of snakes, the Anglo-Indian snake is so notorious that the timid and untravelled mamma believes her dear boy in India to be living in a country which is a crawling mass of them.

To humour the koi hai you must pre-suppose that everything in that mysterious epoch, "his day," was very different, and vastly superior to things as they are at present. Not only was it at the same time both hotter and colder, but regiments knew how to drill, and subalterns were more dashing in that golden age.

But the whole subject is so painful, and the koi hai is so sensitive that we had better not inquire further into his characteristics. We will only add by way of warning to those in India, who dread the prospect of becoming koi hais, that the only sure preventative to meeting this fate is by taking frequent and long periods of leave at home.



A GOSHAWK, SHEWING BREAST.

## HAWKING PARTRIDGES ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

(By H.S.T.)

(Illustrated with Photos taken by the Writer.)

*(Concluded from page 188.)*

Luckily they were inoffensive pedestrians. If they had been beaters driving partridges for a shooting party or a line of guns walking up birds over dogs, mine host would have been a decidedly unpopular member of local society and a shot gun would probably have terminated his hawk's career.

B—— ran across and as he neared the hawk, we, to save time, loosed a second tiercel for the covey to our front which had not yet been flushed. Later in the day we learned it was not advisable to have two hawks on the wing at the same time. Perfectly trained he rose in circles to a tremendous height and then "waited on." No sooner had we advanced than with a whirr of wings the covey got up and scatered.

Someone yelled "Hullo!" others "mark" in various keys. Anything to try and attract the hawk's attention as, soaring quietly right up there he seemed to be thinking of anything but the partridges streaking for cover over the rise.

As a matter of fact he had spotted them as soon as we had and with closed wings he came down and across us like an arrow. There was a thud which ought to have knocked him and his victim out of time, a cloud of loose partridge feathers drifting aimlessly about in the still atmosphere and we realised that the tiercel was planing slowly to earth, wings outspread, clutching his victim in his talons. That was the first time any of us four had seen a hawk kill, and the speed and ferocity of its attack was a revelation.

Moving on, a hare got up running across our line towards the right. The goshawk had been quietly taking in the situation and was let fly. Half-a-dozen flaps of his powerful wings brought him, like some great ghoulish vampire, over the hare which, realising its danger, tried to jink. Diving down, the goshawk transfixed its shoulders with his claws and drove his beak into the back of its head. A rolling, struggling bundle of fur and feathers was soon straightened out by the falconer running up and administering the "coup de grace."

We had now entered a patch of roots and this yielded two more hares. One of them, fighting to get rid of its "old man of the sea," was almost lifted from the ground and then dashed down again by its ferocious attacker. We did not fly the goss any more.

I admit being sorry for hares. Our particular hawk has, I was told, its days and off days, and if it missed its first stoop would sit on the ground and sulk. Its performances on the occasion we were out left one with the impression that a hare had not the ghost of a chance. Before it had gone thirty yards, this nightmare had caught it up and was fluttering a few feet overhead awaiting a favourable opportunity for getting in his death blow.

The first flight after luncheon was curious and instructive. A farm hand had assured us a covey of partridges were in a certain

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patch of swedes. Assuming his information as correct, we lined out, tossed up a tiercel and walked it through, drawing blank.

Our hawk had now been "waiting on" for some ten minutes. There seemed no immediate prospect of putting up a bird for him and we did not quite know how long he would follow us before doing a bit of hunting on his own account.

B——'s instructions were to wheel left-handed and try to flush something from the next field. At the same time he warned the right-hand men to keep clear of a small cluster of fir trees which was near by, saying he had seen a wood pigeon go in. I did not quite understand the illusion, and we had almost passed when out it flew and got the fright of its life.

The peregrine stooped, but thanks to a well-timed swerve on the pigeon's part, missed its mark by inches—recovered and dashed at it again only to miss a second time, deceived by a sudden double somersault and turn, and in less time than it takes to write, the pigeon was back safely in the shelter it had just injudiciously left, and our hawk was soaring skywards again "waiting on" over our line for the next item on the programme.

This turned out to be an old partridge that had evidently seen hawks before. It lay like a stone until nearly trodden on, then, getting on the wing, made a bee line for two ricks close by, dropping under one of them just as the hawk had caught it up and was going to strike.

Again he got his pitch and "waited on," the whole line doubling forward to flush the partridge a second time. By now he had been in the air for half an hour and, foiled twice, we wanted to get him back as soon as possible before he went large.

It did not take long to move our partridge again with the accompanying shouts as it went away, but we were too late.

In the interval everyone, intent on running to the ricks, had taken it for granted the peregrine was still "waiting on." Not so, however, contrary to the ethics of the game, a wretched blackbird had got up behind us, and was now being carried off into the far distance. When last we saw that hawk through field glasses he was sitting on the side of a large wheatstack having a first rate meal and quite indifferent to a cloud of linnets and other small birds that were flying round mobbing him, likewise paying very little attention to Murphy who had followed on horseback and was endeavouring to bring him down to a "lure." He was recovered late in the afternoon.

After another tiercel had been let go and added a bird to the bag, we tried a falcon on some more birds we had put up and marked down. At the moment we put them up she was high in the air but a long way from us and the covey got a good start flying strongly in a compact mass with one outlying flanker. She came down swishing through the air at a terrific pace, took the outside bird in her stride and sailed to ground with it. Before B—— could get up, a sheep dog had startled her and she was off again with her burden to a field of roots 800 yards away. Knowing where the rest of the covey had pitched, the falconer was sent off to bring back falcon and partridge and we put up another tiercel.

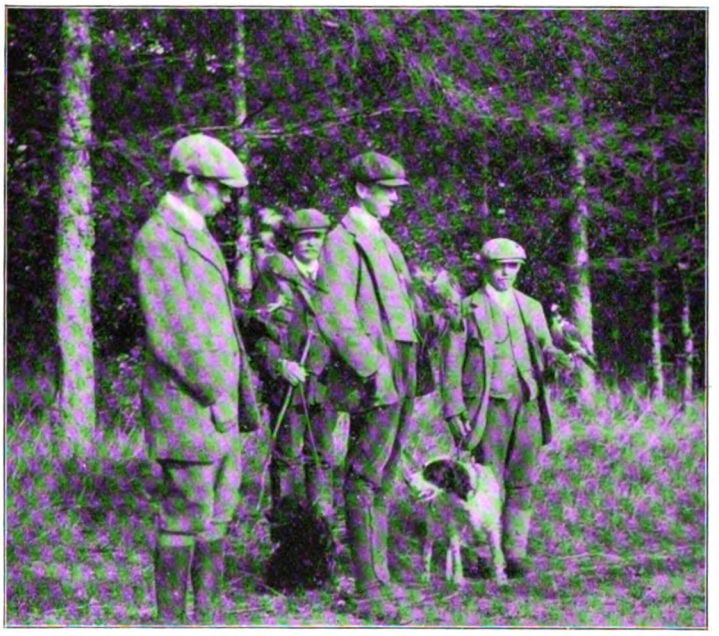
A peregrine's eyesight must be phenomenal, for no sooner did he get his pitch than, spotting his mate sitting on her prey, he made straight for the place and settled alongside her. Not until the falconer arrived and put her on his fist did the tiercel mount into the air again, and then, seeing us waving a handkerchief, came right away back and "waited on," four hundred feet overhead. He only scratched the back of a bird we put up, and it took cover in a thistle bed, the hawk, nonplussed, sitting down outside. Knowing what to do, however, he rose once more, circled easily over our heads, and "waiting on" for the human agents below to move in and flush it again.

A low flying bird—it was taken only a few yards ahead of us with such fury that hawk and partridge crashed to the ground together. When we approached, the hawk was heaving, exhausted and winded by the shock, the dead partridge lying beside him.

A stray bat quartering the stubble, and lengthening shadows, warned us that evening was approaching and that some eight miles lay between us and camp.

Our bag was now three hares, one various, and five partridges—that last kill bringing B——'s score of partridges this season to 200.

Returning to the village by motor we thanked our host for a most entertaining and interesting day's sport, and turned our bicycles campwards.



PEREGRINES BEING TAKEN INTO THE FIELD.

## SOLDIER ANECDOTES.

### LOCAL KNOWLEDGE.

On the occasion of Baden Powell's visit to Gateshead some time ago, some loafers were outside the station when a soldier in quest of Baden Powell's guard-of-honour approached the group. "Can "you tell me where the "guard-of-honour is?" he asked. After a moment's reflection one of the loafers answered, "Wey, mister, Aa "knaa aall the pubs aboot "here, but Aa divent knaa "one called the Guard-of-"Honour."

### "MAGPIES."

Jack joined the Territorials. Arriving home from his first day's practice, his mother asked him how he had got on at the shooting. "Oh," said Jack, "all right, "not so bad for a start. I "got two magpies." "Well "done, Jack," replied the mother, "don't ruffle their "feathers, and we'll have "them stuffed."

### A SAFEGUARD.

A Territorial, who was travelling in a railway carriage opposite an old lady, took the foresight protecter off his rifle to show a companion the bore. Upon which the old lady in a frightened tone said, "Oh, sir, please "put the stopper in again; "you never know when those nasty things may go off."

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ETC.

IT is not wise to live on the past until you have no hopes for the future. But it is open to compare the past with the present at any time. We are shortly entering on another decade; and a return to the place whence I gained my first knowledge of things military has brought the contrast before me vividly, and must be my excuse for comparing the soldiering of the present day with that of twenty years ago.

Probably the last ten years has seen a greater change in our Army than periods of fifty years in days gone by. The South African war is no doubt responsible for this, employing more troops both professional and amateur than we have on any previous campaign, the merits and defects of our Army have been brought home to many, both of those who actually took part in the campaign and also the self-constituted critics (whether their opinion is worth anything or not), and consequently of those who watched the fortunes of their nearest and dearest friends and enemies during that time.

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In these last ten years several new systems have been tried, some to be promptly washed out by a new Government, others of a tentative nature, which the hopeful-minded trust may prove successful and many others look upon as a positive source of danger. But apart from this the Officer of the present day takes his profession in a much more serious spirit than he did twenty years ago; he works infinitely harder for just the same pay and realises that there is much to be done beside seeking a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. I do not intend this to be an academic article on the work we have got to do and how we should do it, but I want to call to mind some of the golden scenes of twenty years ago, and leave you to contrast them with the acute soldiering of the present day.

You can imagine as many of these stories true as you like, but they are all passed round as gospel and may even draw smiles from the "by order" faces of the present day, and their conscience may or may not make cowards of them as quondam partakers therein.

Twenty years ago our minds were occupied with square drill and pipe-clay, and even in what field manœuvres there were, the test of a regiment's efficiency lay more in the accurate dressing of lines as they advanced to attack, than in formations to meet the various types of fire the enemy cared to dish out to them at the varying stages of attack. Except for those who actually did it, it seems almost incomprehensible to imagine fellows lying not behind cover, and dressed in red coats, with bearskin head-dresses; but we need not go so far back as twenty years or anything like it to recall this scene. Square drill lasting an hour or more perhaps three or four days a week was our "metier," and after that was over.—Exit the Subaltern, with his tongue in his cheek, on some devilment bent, with no thought for the morrow. Field days were not of daily or even weekly occurrence, the big ones were honoured as producing a fine show and the smaller ones treated almost with indifference. Witness this scene. Picture to yourself the Captain of the company lying on the reverse slope of the hill, his men are kneeling or lying in close formation on the summit, he has no map or field glasses, but a big flask and a sandwich case, and the edges of a morning paper protrude from his haversack instead of the "general and special ideas." His Colour-Sergeant who was away somewhere on the right flank of the company, rises, slopes arms, and marches majestically, along the sky-line, until he comes to the Officer; he advances arms and salutes. "Beg pardon, sir, the enemy are advancing on our right front." Officer, not shifting his position—"All right, poop off at 'em." Depart the Colour-Sergeant. A pause.—The Subaltern next appears, his sword is drawn, and with it he salutes. "The enemy are advancing on our left front, sir." "All right, go on pooping off at 'em." Depart the Subaltern. Captain remains recumbent, and refreshes himself from the flask.

The big field days were a source of great excitement. There were crowds of onlookers—Black powder, Colours, Bands and Drums, Gold lace tunics, levelled bayonets, Wind-blown plumes, and Snorting cavalry charges; now we crawl like the serpent in garments the colour of the earth and distinctly earthy—every regiment clad in the same way, you can recognise no distinction between thee "Fighting Fifth," or the "Pompadours," or "Diehards"; not a fife, not a drum, no bayonets to be fixed, and an absence of enthusiasm; and on this wise day succeeds day and month succeeds month with a similar programme right up to September 30th, the end of the military year as far as training goes. But on October 1st the military year begins again—winter training programme,

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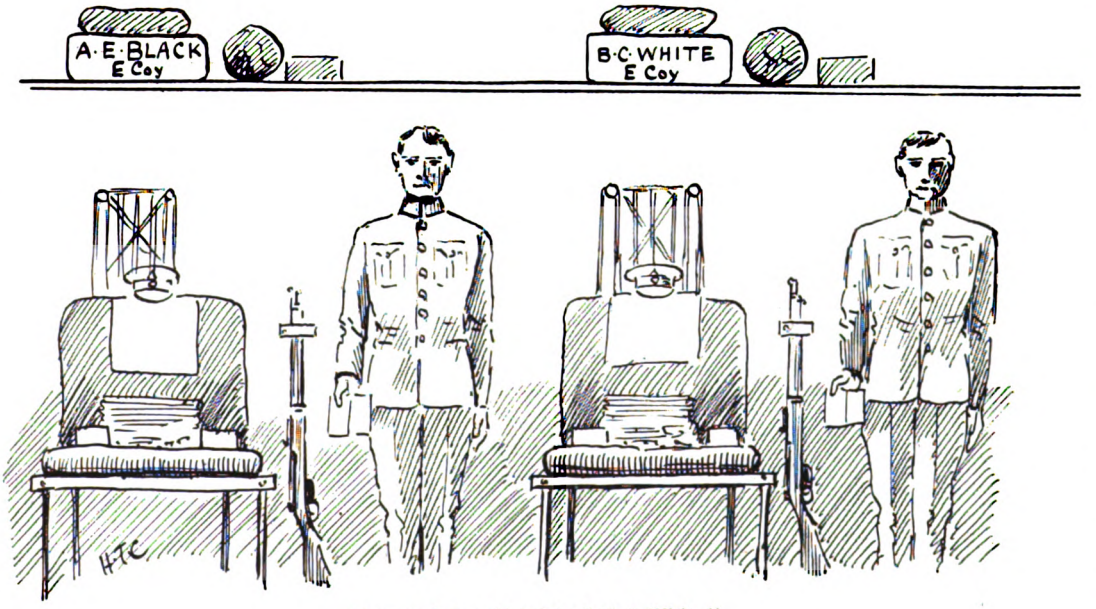
Route marching, Courses, Company, Battalion, Brigade, Divisional training, followed by Divisional manœuvres and Army manœuvres, and from this summit to which we have crawled so laboriously stage by stage, we are ruthlessly hurled down by critics of the Gadke stamp.

Twenty years ago we used to drink three glasses of port at dinner and go to rest with little thought for the morrow. Now no sooner is dinner over than in twos and threes we slink away. The field day has been long, it finished ten miles from home, and there looms before us an early start next morning.

Orderly room, too, is a different entertainment to that of twenty years ago, when there was generally a very fair show of malefactors drawn up outside, chiefly "drunks"; now it is the exception and not the rule to find any prisoners—I beg their pardon, "Soldiers in arrest." In some Regiments it is still called a Levee, but sparsely attended, and instead of every Officer being present they are mostly away busily employed on something else. What would be thought of the Commanding Officer nowadays who, when he found a more formidable array of prisoners than usual outside the Orderly-room, and was in a hurry to be off, used to say "Right files ten days' C.B., Left files admonished," and then clear out, leaving half of them blessing their luck and the other half scratching their heads.

Then the medical inspection—the Medical Officer probably having his breakfast, and the Sergeant prescribing a cough mixture for all those with a pain above the belt, and a "No. 9" pill for all those with a pain below it. Fortunately the standard of hardihood was in inverse proportion to the medical knowledge and care of those days.




*Prepared to call "Black," "White."*

When it came to Route marching we used to think we had done a devil of a march if we went five miles out and back. We were dressed in red, with full-dress head dresses. Pioneers with snow-white aprons, brass-hilted swords, and beards down to their belt. Band and drums and colours, and our transport men, with red and white polo caps, with lots of refreshment in the cart. Now we carry them on twice a week, progressing in mileage to the "$n^{th}$" and even having our route mapped out for us for fear we cut any corners.

*Company Training*—we used to call it "Military" training, as if it were the exception and not the rule of our military life. Whether we knew much what it was about I am not prepared to say, but I don't think twenty years ago it was taken seriously either by those who performed it or those who initiated us into its mysteries. I remember going to Pyestock Wood with my Captain, who is now a distinguished General. The amusement consisted chiefly in his taking a blood pony over most of the neighbouring banks, much to the delight of the men, and when the pony had been satisfactorily schooled then we returned to barracks. There was one spot whither certain companies used to go. It was shaped like a basin, and having posted sentries on the edge of the basin, the companies used to indulge in sports. The sentries were far more concerned in what went on in the centre of the basin, so much so, that they forgot their arduous duties which consisted in signalling the arrival of the second in command, whose duty it was to visit the various companies at training. Well, he happened to walk in just about the finish of a three-legged race, and the difficulty was to account for the various grotesque attitudes in which most of the couples were lying, for at least half the competitors were sprawling on the ground and the whole company had their coats off and rifles piled. If I remember right this was indeed a high standard of a three-legged race, for to make it more difficult the couples were lashed together facing different ways so that one in every couple had to run backwards. It certainly did make it more difficult, and the amount of "grief" reached a very high percentage and probably accounted for the extra contortions in which the majority of the company were found. Now we jolly well have to do thirty or more solid days' Company Training and Sundays and holidays are knocked out of this. Four hours have to be spent on the ground, which is very often only a few acres in extent, and every moment and spot is mapped out so accurately that the Inspecting Officer can swoop down on you by aeroplane or motor car and be sure of "having a good meal."

But for the summit of all these glories commend me to "General's inspection." In some ways the procedure is unchanged. By which I mean the pile of military books is still tied up with string or red tape and the visiting card is still attached to the top book. The string is rarely broken even now save by an ultra energetic Brigade-major. But the Subaltern still forgets to carry them back from Orderly-room, and sometimes they remain there until the following year when a clean visiting card is again inserted under the string and the books perform their annual duty once more. Red Books they must be, and if you have lost your "Manual of Military Law" don't put in "Burke's Peerage or Hart's Army List" to fill the space, you will only overdo it and may be detected by your own Adjutant.

Then there was the sword exercise. It always took place after lunch. The Officers had been previously instructed in it by the senior major. Why by the senior major I don't know, except that he probably knew least of all the meaning or intention of "Circular cut one"; but as I heard a dry Scotsman remark the other day—"I'm not a finished swordsman, but I'd bet anything I could have got in my prod somewhere in the middle long before 'Circular cut one' had ever reached my devoted head." We all had drunk port at lunch, the General was full of good humour, and even if "Circular cut two" had come out of its turn, much to the detriment of 2nd-Lieutenant Buggin's shin, who happened to be busy with "Parry No. 4" at the time, it only tended to the harmony of the entertainment. The General, controlling his amusement to the best of his ability, would say "Thank you, gentlemen, I'm sure you have done your best, but anything more like a Drury Lane pantomime I never saw." The sword exercise is now, as they say,

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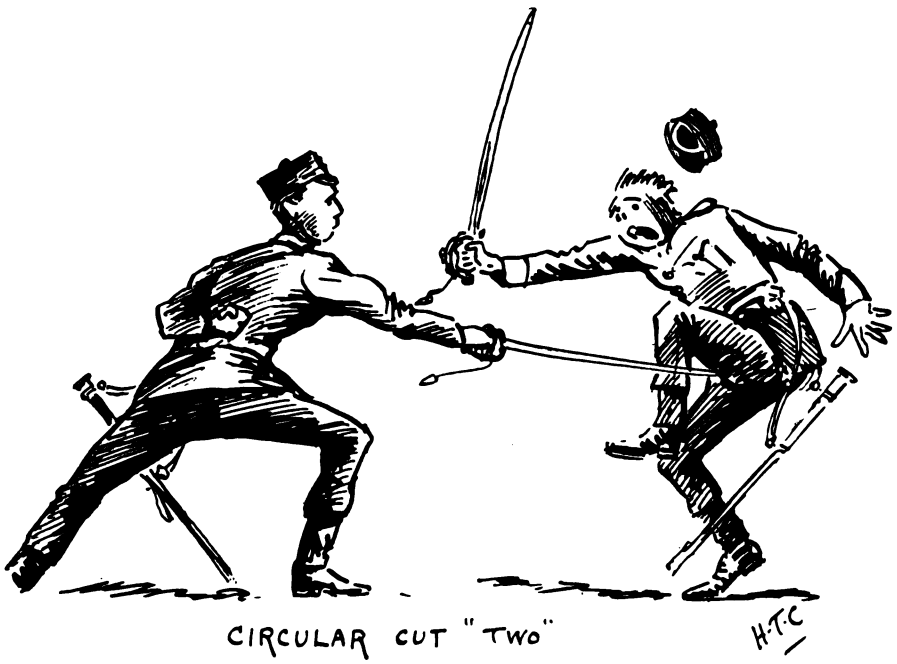
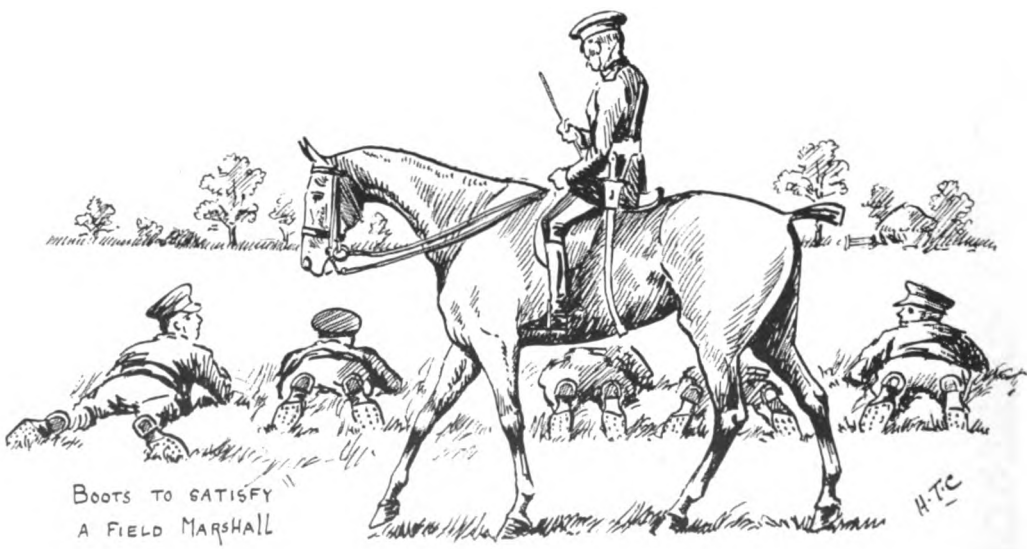
relegated to the limbo of the past, at any rate at General's inspection. Likewise the examination in bugle calls. This was only natural,




when to sound a field call now means death or penal servitude for life; and the test of your knowledge of the names of all places and public houses within a three mile radius of your station—simply silly in these days of motor cars, etc., and when your section of company training ground happens to be an eight mile walk from your barracks. Nowadays the General sees you every day at field manœuvres and knows what everybody is worth, and square drill hardly receives its just due or encouragement. But you may still be asked the name of any man in your company, and it is no good looking at the black bag on his shelf, be his name lettered therein in white never so clearly, if you don't know which side of the bed a man stands, because you may get 'em all wrong that way; and you may be asked the price of a man's shirt, and don't say "half a guinea," like Joey White, because the "Fifth" is not an extravagant regiment; and if asked why your men pay more for washing than a kilted regiment in your Brigade, you may get a good mark for being "full of resource" if you answer "Because we wear drawers sir."

Whilst on the subject of General's inspection some of us may call to mind the annual inspection at Sandhurst on "Duke's Day," as we used to call it. The march past, the parade of the riding troops, the bayonet exercise, the gymnasium, the sketches. These sketches and note books, with their weird and sometimes very amusing pictures, used to be laid out for inspection by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and the Cadet of the period was previously reminded that if spoken to by the Duke he was to say "Your Royal Highness." I don't know what the old Duke thought of the sketches, but I can imagine his face when he asked a Cadet "With what instruments had he done a certain sketch," and got the answer "With a royal compass your prismatic highness." Or to go further back. If you read a book called "The First Gentleman in Europe," you will find that George IV., when Prince Regent, came down to inspect the R.M.C., Sandhurst, soon after it was built. The inspection of wines at luncheon, however, was of so minute a character "that the 'first gentleman in Europe' and all his staff got hopelessly drunk and saw nothing else." You can hardly imagine the Prince of Wales carrying out an inspection now in the same glorious way.

In Sir Evelyn Wood's book he calls to mind a scene in the 1st Battalion, when he was commanding the troops at Colchester, and was inspecting the Regiment in outposts. Unfortunately he began on the left of the line and found nobody knew what they were doing; most of them had their backs to the enemy and the scheme in their minds was a negligible quantity. He was furious with them and said he would see the regiment another day at outposts. Afterwards he was told by an Officer he had not played fair because he began at the wrong end of the line and all the show Officers and men were on the right and not on the left. Good old 1st Battalion. I believe they have nothing but show Officers and men now. Last manœuvres I had an anxious few minutes, when the same Field-Marshal was riding about, and seeing my Company lying flat in extended order, said he would just go down the line and see what their boots were like. Thank goodness. Never had there been such boots before! Like the armoured plates of a battleship were they studded from heel to toe with nails and rivets. They were caulked, they were sewn, no water could have squeezed its way in; the soles were thick, the uppers soft as velvet. They were fit to go from Land's End to John o' Groats. The Field-Marshal remarked there was not a single bad boot in the Company, and I heaved a sigh of relief that none had failed me.




"TICKLETOBY."

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# HISTORY OF THE SECOND BATTALION,

## THE FIFTH OR NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

*(Continued from April, 1910, Supplement).*

| Religious Denominations:— | Officers. | Warrant Officers. | Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Church of England | 24 | 1 | 399 |
| Presbyterians | — | — | 3 |
| Wesleyans | — | 1 | 31 |
| Baptists | — | — | 2 |
| Roman Catholics | — | — | 63 |
| Total | 24 | 2 | 498 |

Number of men serving born in Northumberland, 57.

Ages of Non-Commissioned Officers and Men:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Under 18 | 31 |
| Between 18 and 19 | 93 |
| „ 19 and 20 | 56 |
| „ 20 and 21 | 41 |
| „ 21 and 25 | 125 |
| „ 25 and 30 | 89 |
| „ 30 and 40 | 55 |
| „ 40 and 50 | 8 |
| Total | 498 |

*London Gazette.* Extract from the *London Gazette*, dated the 13th December, 1904:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. Second-Lieutenant H. L. Ovans to be Lieutenant, *vice* R. S. Fletcher seconded, dated the 5th November, 1904.

*London Gazette.* Extract from the *London Gazette*, dated the 17th December, 1904:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. Captain the Hon. N. C. Gathorne Hardy to be Adjutant, *vice* Brevet-Major B. T. Buckley, whose tenure of that appointment has expired, dated the 17th December, 1904.

**Officers.** Major and Brevet-Colonel P. S. Wilkinson is appointed Second-in-Command of the Battalion. Authority War Office letter 549/70/12, dated the 5th January, 1905.

Brevet-Major B. T. Buckley has been posted to the 3rd Battalion on absorption. Authority War Office letter No. 112/785, dated the 16th January, 1905.

**Officers.** Captain A. E. Wilson was posted on promotion to the 3rd Battalion.

Captain the Hon N. C. Gathorne Hardy was posted on promotion to the 2nd Battalion.

*London Gazette.* Extracts from the *London Gazette*, dated the 27th January, 1905:—

The Northumberland Fusiliers. Gerard Orby Sloper, from Royal Military College, to be Second-Lieutenant, to complete establishment; posted to 2nd Battalion. Authority, War Office letter, dated the 2nd February, 1905.

**Exchange.** Lieutenant R. M. St. J. Booth, 2nd Battalion, is allowed to exchange with Lieutenant G. C. Holderness, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. Authority, War Office letter No. 112/3/788 (A.G. 8), dated the 8th February, 1905.

**Draft.** A draft of 19 Recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 14th February.

**Draft.** A draft of 1 Non-Commissioned Officer and 29 Men left Headqnarters on the 21st February, 1905, for Bloemfontein to join the 3rd Battalion under the command of Brevet-Major B. T. Buckley, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

**Presentation.** On Sunday, the 19th February, 1905, Bandmaster Wallace was presented with the Long and Meritorious Service Medal by Brigadier-General H. E. Belfield, C.B., D.S.O.

**Honorary Distinctions.** In accordance with Special Army Order, dated the 21st December, 1904, the Regiment becomes entitled to bear upon the Colours and Appointments the words "South Africa, 1899-1902, and Modder River," in recognition of services rendered during the South African war.

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**Organisation.** On the 1st March, 1905, the double Company system was adopted as a tentative measure. The following old Companies were linked together: A and C, B and G, E and H, D and F.

**St. George's Day.** Owing to St. George's Day falling on a Sunday the Colours were not trooped. A special service was held at All Saints' Church, the preacher being the Rev. S. L. L. Dove.

**Draft.** A draft of 101 Recruits and 2 Non-Commissioned Officers joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 2nd May, 1905.

**Draft.** A draft of 100 Recruits and 1 Non-Commissioned Officer joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 1st August, 1905.

**Statistics.** Extracts from the Annual Return, dated the 1st October, 1905, showing strength, nationalities, ages and denominations of the 2nd Battalion on that date:—

| | Sergeants. | Drummers. | Rank and File. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength on 1st October, 1904 ... ... | 39 ... | 16 ... | 443 ... | 498 |
| Strength on 1st October, 1905 ... ... | 40 ... | 16 ... | 684 ... | 740 |

Causes of increase:—Re-enlisted, 2; Recruits joined at Headquarters, 82; joined from desertion, 13; from other Corps, 6; from Depôt, 266; from Battalion abroad, 50. Total, 419.

Causes of decrease:—Died, 2; discharged, 58; deserted, 7; to Army Reserve, 36; to other Corps, 7; to Volunteers, 1; to Depôt, 36; to Battalion abroad, 30. Total, 177.

Educational acquirements, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. Certificates held 1st October, 1905:—1st Class, 9; 2nd Class, 106; 3rd Class, 198. Total, 313. Number not in possession of Certificates, 427.

Certificates obtained in last year:—1st Class, 3; 2nd Class, 16; 3rd Class, 55. Total, 74.

Nationalities:—

| | Officers. | Warrant, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. |
|---|---|---|
| Born in England ... ... ... ... ... ... | 22 ... | ... 683 |
| „ Wales ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 4 |
| „ Scotland ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 15 |
| „ Ireland ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 28 |
| „ India or Colonies ... ... ... ... | 1 ... | ... 9 |
| | — | — |
| Total ... ... ... ... | 23 ... | ... 739 |

Religious Denominations:—

| | Officers. | Warrant, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. |
|---|---|---|
| Church of England .. ... ... ... ... | 22 ... | ... 612 |
| Presbyterians ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 5 |
| Wesleyans ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 42 |
| Baptists or Congregationalists ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 4 |
| Other Protestants... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | ... 2 |
| Roman Catholics ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 ... | ... 77 |
| | — | — |
| Total ... ... ... ... | 23 ... | ... 742 |

Number of Men serving born in Northumberland, 84.

Ages of Non-Commissioned Officers and Men:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Under 18 ... ... ... | 40 | Between 30 and 31 ... ... | 6 |
| Between 18 and 19 ... ... | 105 | „ 31 and 32 ... ... | 8 |
| „ 19 and 20 ... ... | 211 | „ 32 and 33 ... ... | 5 |
| „ 20 and 21 ... ... | 156 | „ 33 and 34 ... ... | 2 |
| „ 22 and 23 ... ... | 28 | „ 34 and 35 ... ... | 4 |
| „ 23 and 24 ... ... | 35 | „ 35 and 36 ... ... | 7 |
| „ 24 and 25 ... ... | 16 | „ 36 and 37 ... ... | 5 |
| „ 25 and 26 ... ... | 11 | „ 37 and 38 ... ... | 5 |
| „ 27 and 28 ... ... | 9 | „ 38 and 39 ... ... | 4 |
| „ 28 and 29 ... ... | 9 | „ 39 and 40 ... ... | 5 |
| „ 29 and 30 ... ... | 13 | „ 40 and 50 ... ... | 6 |

Total ... ... ... ... 690

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A draft of 60 Recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 17th October, 1905. **Draft.**

A draft of 60 Recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 30th November, 1905. **Draft.**

A draft of 1 Non-Commissioned Officer and 65 Men left Headquarters on the 3rd February, 1906, for Calcutta, to join the 1st Battalion. **Draft.**

The new rifle, short magazine Lee-Enfield Mark I., was issued to the Battalion on the 5th February, 1906. **New Rifle.**

A draft of 1 Non-Commissioned Officer and 80 Men left Headquarters on the 14th February, 1906, for Calcutta, to join the 1st Battalion. **Draft.**

A draft of 1 Non-Commissioned Officer and 40 Men left Headquarters on the 28th February, 1906, for Calcutta, to join the 1st Battalion. **Draft.**

A draft of 1 Non-Commissioned Officer and 99 Men left Headquarters on the 16th March, 1906, for Bloemfontein, to join the 3rd Battalion. **Draft.**

A draft of 23 Recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt on the 23rd March, 1906. **Draft.**

In accordance with custom the Colours were trooped, the salute of the accompanying march past being taken by Major-General T. S. Bigge, late of the Regiment. **St. George's Day.**

A new equipment, consisting of webbing great coat carrier, brown leather bandolier and belt with pouches attached, was issued on the 7th February, 1906, the total number of rounds of ammunition capable of being carried being 100 per man. **Equipment.**

Extracts from the Annual Return, dated October, 1906, showing strength, nationalities, ages and denominations of the 2nd Battalion on that date :— **Statistics.**

| | Sergeants. | Drummers. | Rank and File. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength on 1st October, 1905 ... ... | 40 ... | 16 ... | 684 ... | 740 |
| Strength on 1st October, 1906 ... ... | 41 ... | 16 ... | 483 ... | 540 |

Causes of increase :—Recruits joined, 40; joined from desertion, 5; from Army Reserve, 2; from other Corps, 6; from Depôt, 237; from Battalion abroad, 55. Total, 345.

Causes of decrease :—Died, 2; discharged, 47; deserted, 16; completion of service, 99; conversion of service, 1; relegated, 1; to other Corps, 59; to Militia and Volunteers, 3; to Depôt, 23; to Battalions abroad, 294. Total, 545.

Educational acquirements. Certificates held 1906—1st Class, 14; 2nd Class, 129; 3rd Class, 116. Total, 259. Number not in possession of Certificates, 281.

Certificates obtained in last year :—1st Class, 2; 2nd Class, 31; 3rd Class, 67. Total, 100.

Nationalities :—

| | Officers. | Warrant Officers. | Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Born in England ... ... ... ... ... | 20 ... | 1 ... | 492 |
| „ Wales ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 5 |
| „ Scotland ... ... ... ... ... | 1 ... | 1 ... | 12 |
| „ Ireland ... ... ... ... ... | 1 ... | — ... | 23 |
| „ India or Colonies ... ... ... | 2 ... | — ... | 8 |
| British Subjects in Foreign Countries ... ... | — ... | — ... | — |
| | — | — | — |
| Total ... ... ... | 24 ... | 2 ... | 540 |

Religious Denominations :-

| | Officers. | Warrant Officers. | Non-Commissioned Officers and Men. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Church of England ... ... ... ... | 22 ... | 1 ... | 453 |
| Presbyterians ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 6 |
| Wesleyans ... ... ... ... ... ... | — ... | 1 ... | 26 |
| Baptist and Congregationalists ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 5 |
| Other Protestants... ... ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 1 |
| Roman Catholics ... ... ... ... ... | 2 ... | — ... | 49 |
| | — | — | — |
| Total ... ... ... | 24 ... | 2 ... | 540 |

Number of Men serving born in Northumberland, 58,

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Ages of Non-Commissioned Officers and Men :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Under 18 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 17 |
| Between 18 and 19 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 72 |
| „ 19 and 20 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 122 |
| „ 20 and 21 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 109 |
| „ 21 and 25 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 127 |
| „ 25 and 30 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 46 |
| „ 30 and 40 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 37 |
| „ 40 and 50 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 10 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 540 |

**Establishment.**

By Army Order No. 129 of 1906 the establishment of the Battalion was reduced from 831 to 801 all ranks.

**Disbandment of the 3rd and 4th Battalions.**

On the 12th July, 1906, the announcement was made by the Secretary of State for War that with Battalions of other Regiments the 3rd and 4th Battalions would at once be disbanded owing to a reduction in the strength of the Army having been decided upon. Various orders were subsequently issued bearing on the disposal of the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the last named, and a large number were transferred to other Corps. The Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the two disbanded Battalions, together with the remaining Privates, were ordered to join the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot. The Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers remaining supernumerary pending absorption. The Staff Officers of the 3rd and 4th Battalions were directed to proceed to the Depôt on disbandment in order to finally adjust the affairs of their Battalions. The 4th Battalion from Limerick, strength 14 Officers, 226 Non-Commissioned Officers and Men joined on the 13th November, 1906.

The 3rd Battalion arrived from South Africa on the 5th March, 1907; strength, 13 Officers, 279 Non-Commissioned Officers and Men.

The 4th Battalion disbanded on the 26th January, 1907.

The 3rd Battalion disbanded on the 20th May, 1907.

**Change of Station.**

On the 2nd October, 1907, the Battalion proceeded to Dover, there to be stationed, and occupied the Citadel Barracks.

**War Memorial.**

On Monday, the 22nd June, 1908, a War Memorial was unveiled by Lieutenant-General Sir Lawrence Oliphant, K.C.V.O., C.B., Commander in-Chief, Northern Command, to the memory of the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Northumbrian Regiment who lost their lives in the South African war, 1899-1902, erected by their Country and Comrades.

Description :—The Memorial stands on a site given by the Corporation of Newcastle. Surmounting a hexagonal column and with wings outspread is a majestic female figure in bronze, representing Victory. The outstretched right hand holds a laurel wreath; in the left is a sword pointing downwards. The face set to the north is a beautiful study, reflecting magnanimity as well as dignity and courage. From the ground to the topmost point of the figure is 75 feet. The figure itself is 12½ feet high. Lower down the front of the column is a lion's head in bronze with the symbol of law and order underneath, while panelled in the stonework are the words "To those who died in the service of their Country." At the foot of the column is another beautiful female figure representing Northumbria, holding a standard in one hand, while with the other she offers a palm to the memory of her fallen sons, whose names appear on four shields on the base of the column. On another shield is depicted a South African battle scene, Belmont, and the death of Captain Eagar; the fight is taking place in the early morning and the sun is seen just peeping over the range of kopjes up which the British infantry are charging.

The 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers sent from Dover to Newcastle 6 Officers, 150 Rank and File and the Drums. Colonel Riddell, the Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, was in command of the party.

Detachments from the Royal Field Artillery, Durham Light Infantry, Northumberland Hussars, Legion of Frontiersmen, the Newcastle Branch of the Corps of Commissionaires and boys from the training ship *Wellesley* were also present. Canon Sister, Chaplain to the Forces in Newcastle, offered up a prayer, and the Choir sang "O God, our help in ages past." The Lord Mayor of Newcastle delivered a short introductory address. The General then rose and facing over 3,000 spectators, spoke the following words : "In honoured memory of the Officers, Non-Commissioned "Officers and Men of the Northumbrian Regiment who lost their lives during the South African Campaign I unveil this "Memorial."

*(To be continued.)*

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